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North American Edition.

Illustrated.

1901.

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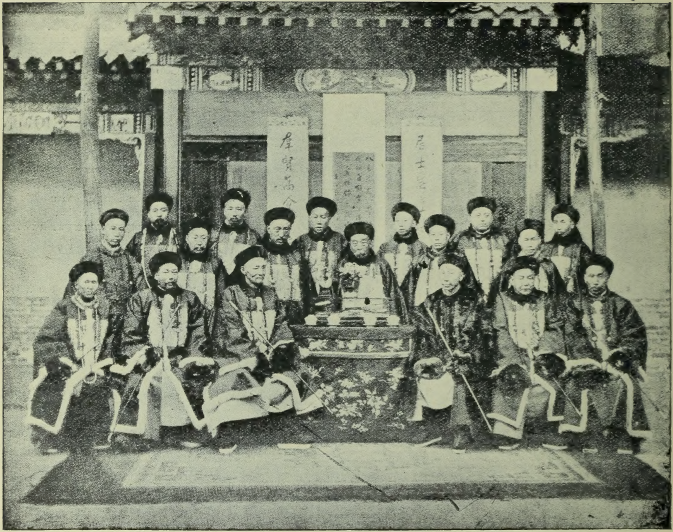

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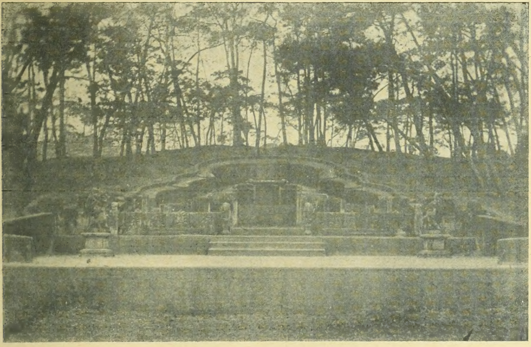

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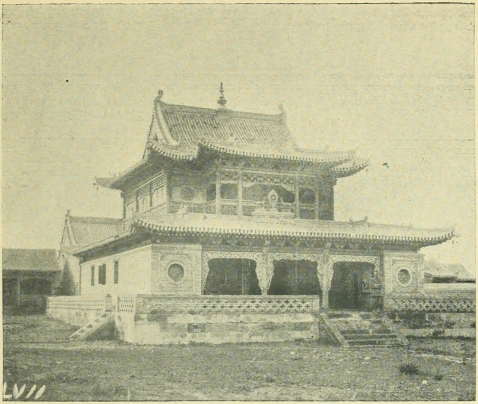

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A NATIVE OF TIBET.

CHINA'S MILLIONS

Farewell Address of Mr. H. W. Frost.

On leaving for China, December 21st, 1900.

YOU will understand it, I am sure, and will pardon me for making the confession at once, that the meeting this night is the cause to me personally, of not a little sadness. We do not part with any fervency of longing from those who are gathered in this room this night; from those who live in this home, and from those who are in our own homes. There has been many a heart tremble; there has been not a little shrinking back; there has been at times even the temptation of feeling that the journey is too much for us, and the service to which the Lord has appointed us, is beyond us. And yet, dear friends, there is joy also, for in spite of all these things, we are looking forward to having that presence with us which makes long journeys sweet and blessed, and which makes even little service, such as we must render, sanctified and glorious. It is not altogether with sadness, it is with sadness and joy that we bid good-bye to you and to those who stand closer to us. So far as one can judge, the mind of the Master, the call to go forth is perfectly clear and plain. We did not seek it in any sense; on the contrary, we almost sought to avoid it, especially from this stand-point—that we feel ourselves unworthy to enter into any such a high and holy service as was to be rendered. And yet the call has come from him who is over us in the Lord—our beloved director; and thus, we believe, from Him who sitteth in heavenly places as the Great Head of His Church. And since we judge that it is God's call, we set our faces toward that far distant land to render the service which He has appointed to us.

It has seemed to me fitting to-night, to face with you for a little time some of the conditions which are existing in connection particularly with our own work, as they stand confronting us at this present time. I do not need to go back over the past; we are all so familiar with what has taken place during the last months, that it would only be the repetition of a well-known tale. I desire rather to turn to the present, and then for a little while to face the future, and to do so with the particular purpose that we may understand just what is the need of prayer and of effort at this present time, and perhaps that you may better understand what our motive is in going forth and why God has called us forth. In doing this, I wish to divide my thoughts into four parts:—First, our losses; Second, our gains; Third, our responsibilities; and Fourth, our opportunities.

First,—our losses, what are they? Dear friends, as one thinks of them, I confess even to this hour the heart almost stands still. A little while ago, only a few months past, something like eight hundred missionaries were scattered through the length and breadth of the land of China. Some four hundred stations and out-stations were manned by willing hearted and skilful laborers. The gospel of the grace of God was being proclaimed far and near, and souls were being won, not only by the ones and twos and threes but also by the scores and by the hundreds. A strong, vigorous, energetic, and evangelistic native church was being built up and many a heart was reaching out unto the regions beyond. The eyes of Missionaries and native Christians alike were being lifted to the fields that were white to the harvest, with a desire that reapers might enter in, and that the harvest might be gathered, to the glory of the Son of God. And now we are face to face with desolation, with ruin, with suffering, and with death. With one single exception, so far as the interior stations are concerned, not a single missionary station is occupied to-day—not one. Many Missionaries have come to the coast utterly broken in body, and sometimes also in spirit. Scores have had to fly off to the homeland for rest and for the upbuilding of their physical frames, which their sufferings have demanded. Others stand in the city of Shanghai or in other treaty ports, perfectly helpless before the condition of things which exists at this present time; and we have to add to all this, as you know, that far away there in the North, and in another place in the South, there are new-made graves where the precious bodies lie of those who are earth's newest martyrs of our Lord Jesus Christ. Our loss, dear friends, whoever could put it into words. It is a loss which means the taking away friends who were dearer to us than life; and worse—far worse that that—the taking away from the native Christians in China, and from the poor Christless heathen, the only ones who loved them, and who could tell them of Him who is mighty to save. Is it too strong language to use, in the face of such things, to say that the bursting of the storm-cloud has meant ruin and desolation? This is the loss before which we stand to-night.

Second,—what are our gains? I think that I may say, first of all, that there has been the immeasurable gain in having an altogether new illumination cast upon God's Word. I do not know whether this thought has entered into your minds; but it certainly has been pressed upon mine, and that in two directions; first of all, as related to the heathen: and secondly, as related to the Church of Jesus Christ. Do you know, I am afraid that we have needed just what has taken place, to realize once more that these Christless millions out there are lost—lost! We have been talking about the heathen as being in a most pitiable condition; and some perhaps have even thought at times that, unless there was a change of some kind, these men and women stood in danger of going downward instead of upward—that they stood in danger of going out into darkness instead of into light. But I am afraid, dear friends, especially as touching the Church of Jesus Christ at large, that most of God's saints did not realize that it was a real question of life or death, and not a mere peradventure. That these men who had not the Lord Jesus Christ were a great deal more than merely unfortunate;—that they were in deed and in truth, as God's Holy Word has declared, dead in trespasses and in sins, and so wholly lost; and it seems to me that what has taken place in these last months has given most of us a new conception of the testimony of God's Word concerning their fallen condition. What has all this persecution meant. What has it meant—this lifting up of hands against the Lord's anointed? It has meant that the story of that place which stood outside the gates of Eden has been taken up and carried on into our present time; where that man Cain, stood over his brother Abel as his murderer. It has pointed back to Calvary's Cross, where fallen man took the Christ, killed Him, and cursed Him to the very last. In short, it has picked up the awful tale, that men have fallen and that there is no hope for them except in believing on Him who died to save, and who lives to keep. We have been hearing about this persecution being anti-foreign and not anti-Christian. I think that thought is largely true, but I do not think it is wholly true, by any means. I do not believe that the Church of Jesus Christ can escape quite so easily as that from all responsibility in this matter; and I say frankly, that if the Church, after all of these scores of years of service in China, could escape so easily, I would not think much of the service of that Church. Added to all the anti-foreign element, there has been added to it the fact that the gospel of Jesus Christ has shaken the empire of China in many parts. Back of all anti-foreign hatred, lay the enmity of him who saw what progress there had been, and what progress there was going to be; and by that master mind moving upon those who because fallen, were his servants, the deadly work has been done against those who had dared to follow the Lord's Christ. And so what has happened comes as a new testimony, that these men in China in their natural condition are in such utter darkness that they are but one step this side of the great darkness beyond; and it becomes plain that unless you or I, or somebody like us goes and takes to them the glorious light of the grace of the Son of God, there is no hope, whatsoever, for the four hundred millions in China. I say also, it has caused a new illumination on the Word of God as touching the Church of Jesus Christ. I think that a great number of Christians had forgotten that one of the purposes of Jesus Christ for His Church in this present time was suffering. We have had for one hundred years past, as we all know,—speaking of the Church at large—a comparatively easy time in our service. We have taken up our Bibles and have read of apostolic days when those who founded Christianity suffered as their Lord had suffered. We have taken up our religous histories and we have traced the line of suffering even down to Reformation times. We have gone a little further, to modern times, and have seen just a little kindling here and there of vengeance fires. But these for many years past have only been little flashes, the fire that had been kindled dying away quickly; for the most part, there has been a calm—a comparative quiet for a hundred years past, and thus. many of God's saints had come to the conclusion that persecution was quite in the past, and that there was no likelihood whatever of God ever asking His children to suffer for Him and with Him as in the days of old. Possibly too, had we forgotten the words that have been written in our Bibles for present times as well as for the past. But we are brought backward now to first principles. If the apostle Paul were here to-night, and if he were speaking of things that concern our time, would he tell us that the days of suffering are quite gone? No, rather would he not say that those who enter into the kingdom must suffer much persecution; and that, if any body would live godly in this present age, he must pass through persecution. If our Lord Jesus Christ were here to-night, would He speak of these present times, and of coming times, as those which should know no suffering? Nay, rather, would He not say that the servant is not greater than his Lord, that as they have hated Me, they will hate you also, and as they have persecuted Me they will persecute you also? We had forgotten these old sayings many of us. And so God has opened up the Word through the experiences which He has given to us in these days; He has reminded His Church again that we are to be a suffering people to the end; and I dare to call all that, dear friends, a gain—a very decided gain, for if anything has made us know and understand the Word better, and our position before Jesus Christ and this world better, then we are immeasurably better off than we were before.

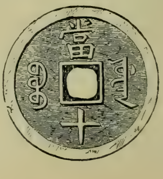
The second gain that I would speak of is this: I think, in all of these events which have taken place, a new inspiration has been given to the people of God on earth. I take it for granted that these events have affected you as they have affected me. First of all, they have solemnized us. Then, they have drawn out our hearts toward God with an altogether new desire to be like those who have suffered in our place in the regions beyond. And this has awakened in us a new fervency of desire to press on unto the highest things that God has for us, no matter what the cost may be. There have been beckoning hands in all these things which have taken place. We have seen saints suffer and we have seen fathers and mothers, young men and young women, and even little children, cut down to the earth, laying their bodies down quietly and peacefully for their dear Master's sake; and as we have watched them they have seemed to summon us to themselves; or rather, to that Lord who made all these things possible for them. It is one of our joys, in connection with all that has taken place, that there has not been one word of vengeance on the part of those who have written or spoken to us, and there has not been a word indicating that they wished that it might have been otherwise. Nay rather, each one has bowed his head beneath the yoke in whatever form it has come; and has been meekly submissive—even joyfully accepting the will of God. More than that, those who still live and have suffered most, are the ones most anxious to press back into the work, and to go into their old places of service that they may have one more opportunity of witnessing to the Lord Jesus Christ. And they choose all this now, with no misunderstanding of what it may mean, but with the full consciousness that in a little time, possibly, another storm-cloud may burst, and find them there like those who have gone before—the martyrs of the Lord Jesus Christ. And to my heart, beloved friends as to your hearts, I do not doubt, all this comes as an inspiration that nerves us to an altogether new endeavor in the service of our beloved Lord.

Third.—What are Our Responsibilities? Who can describe these? We are face to face with a calamity so great, that is pressing so hard upon us, that we know not which way to turn. The one thing of outward kind that is possible, is being done, namely, the gathering together in conference in China, and the falling upon our faces there before the Living God and crying out to Him for the solution of all the problem that is before us. And, Christian friends, let me remind you, that we cannot make severance between the Missionaries out there and the Church of Jesus Christ at home; and it seems to me that you and I who are here for this present, are equally called with those who are there to face these responsibilities;—responsibilities which we have not fulfilled in the past, and which we must fulfil in the future if the work is to be renewed and prospered. And these responsibilities are on the old lines—those things which have been so often suggested to us, but which, alas! so many of us have turned from. There is the responsibility, to begin with, of prayer. How many of us, as we look upon these past events, have not to say in the secret place of our hearts, "Oh Lord, if I had been more faithful in prayer, might not the result have been somewhat otherwise? If I had known more lonely watching with Thee, might not the storm have been a little less severe?" I do not know whether it would have been so or not; but this much is certain, that in proportion to the upgoing of prayer from hearts the work in the future will be prospered in its highest and truest sense. And connecting with that thought this added one, that God willeth not that sinners should perish, and would not willingly have taken the Missionaries from the heathen who are in danger of perishing, one cannot help asking oneself whether there has not been something of judgment, in what has taken place, and whether the Lord does not write over our lives, and especially over our prayer-lives, the word, failure. Whether this is true or not, we are face to face with the fact that the gates of China are closed—absolutely closed; and we are face to face with the thought that these gates will never be swung back except as you and I, realize anew our responsibility of prayer, and deal with Him who holds the key of David. Let us not look to governments and allied armies for the opening up of China. Wars may multiply instead of cease, if we do not deal with the Living God; and there is not a prince who sits upon his throne in whom you and I may put confidence in such a time as this. Our responsibility is to deal with Him who is the King of Kings, and who holds the hearts of kings in His hands. Our responsibility is to get back to the secret place, beloved friends, and to pray as we have never prayed before.

And there is another responsibility that of *giving*. It is not often that one speaks in a meeting like this, or in any other of our meetings, concerning such a grace as this; but I do so to-night for I cannot but fear that there have been some who have hid in their stuff the wedge of gold and the Babylonish garment; and I fear that it is for this reason also, that the Lord's hosts have been turned back before their enemies, and that victory has not been ours. When we come to this fact—which is a fact—that there is in the possession of the Christians of the United States and of Canada alone, in hoarded wealth, the sum of Thirteen Billion Dollars, do you wonder that calamity in any sense has befallen the Church of Jesus Christ as related to China? On the contrary, is it not wonderful the calamity is not far greater and more widespread? I am no prophet, yet it seems to me true in the light of the teaching of God's Holy Word—that unless a great change comes over the Church of Jesus Christ as touching the one matter of stewardship, we shall see China repeated before long in other lands, and other doors will be closed instead of opened as they are now.

But we pass on now to our last thought, the opportunity which is before us. How great it is! Is it not as great as God Himself is great? Measure all these things which exist in China along side of our power, yea, along side of the power of the whole combined Church of Jesus Christ, and there is no hope for us, for there is no hope that we could ever go out and prevail against an enemy like this and against obstacles so great. But suppose we take the upward look, and gaze into the face of God, and into the face of Him who sits at His right hand; suppose we enter into the conception that God has committed unto our Lord Jesus Christ all power, and that He holds this in behalf of His Church; suppose also we look at our enemies from the standpoint of the purpose of the compassionate heart in the glory; then, dear friends, what is our opportunity? It is, I say, as great as God is great. This therefore is no time for turning backward. It is a time for going forward in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ; this therefore, is no time for fearing the giants in the land; this is the time for counting up what the great fruitage is beyond the giants, and for going in to possess the gate of our enemies. This is the time when faith must be supreme; when one must chase a thousand and two must put ten thousand to flight. This is the time when we must go up, as a little Gideon's band it may be, but in the name of our Lord with our pitchers of our lives in our hands ready for the breaking, so that the light of Christ may flash out that will lighten all the darkness that prevails in the land of China. This is the time when you and I have the opportunity of taking definitely before God the place where we shall not count our lives dear unto ourselves, but shall go forward whatever the cost, that we may finish our course with joy and the ministry which He has committed to us. Thus, beloved friends, this is our opportunity, that we confess ourselves nothing, but God everything, panoplied by God Himself, we may go forward, with our cry of victory rending the skies, until the work to which He has appointed us is finished, and the chosen of the Lord in China are gathered out.

I say "good-bye" to-night, with the desire that the grace, mercy and peace of God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ may rest upon you. The great longing of my heart toward you all is, that you may abide in Christ. And what I ask God for you, dear friends, I do request you to ask God for me, and for my beloved brother, Mr. Nasmith, who goes with me; that, going forth upon this mission, we may be found wherever we travel and witness always, without ever an interruption, abiding in Christ and thus in God. And so, whatever may befall you, or may befall us, it will be well; for hid in Him, we shall be at the centre of His will, and at the centre of His will is the love that never worketh ill. Upon the banner of Peter the Hermit was inscribed these words—"God wills it." With that motto, he shook the whole of Europe. We raise our banners in the name of our Lord this night, and we inscribe on them, "God wills it." He wills that you and I shall abide in Him, that we may be to the praise of His glory in bringing the Gospel to this weary world, that souls here, and souls beyond, may fall captive at the feet of the Lord Jesus Christ. And so the few weary, yet blessed days of pilgrimage being over, we shall hear at last that sweet voice saying, "Come hither;" and we shall be with Him whom we love, to go no more out forever. Let us, therefore, here and now dedicate ourselves to Christ, saying with Zinzendorf of old, "I will be Thine, dear Saviour, if Thou wilt be mine!"



CHINESE CASH.

Famine in Shansi.

MR. F. C. H. DREYER.

IT appears that the cup of sorrow of the Church in Shan-si is to be filled to overflowing. To the horrors of the Government and Boxer persecutions are now added the horrors of famine.

The autumn crop in 1899 was in many districts a complete failure, and, owing to the continuance of the drought, the spring crop of the present year could also be but partially sown. The fields, which in the early months of the year usually are carpeted with a beautiful green, were this year barren and desolate. Only here and there could patches of young grain—thin and sickly-looking—be discovered, and with sad hearts we watched even these gradually wither and die. Thus there was no harvest at all this spring in some districts, while in a few the farmers succeeded in recovering their seed.

All hoped against hope that, at least, rain would fall in time to enable the sowing of the autumn crop of this year; but, alas, this, too, failed in most districts, and in consequence a famine now prevails throughout a large section of the province.

As early as May and June, the distress was acute. The prices of all varieties of grain had risen to thrice their normal value, and were still continuing to rise; so that many of the poorer classes were eking out a miserable existence on weeds and roots of various kinds, prepared in various ways and on the bark and seeds of trees etc., together with the scantiest allowance of coarse, adulterated flour. Pitiable appeals for help were made to us. We repeatedly heard of deaths from starvation, and it was painfully evident to all that each succeeding week would but deepen the distress and enlarge the circle of those affected.

The people in general were naturally much exercised by the gravity of the situation. The various guilds supported the officials in exhausting

THE LONG LIST OF DEVICES

for securing rain suggested by the various forms of divination and by the "three religions." Frequent and prolonged public fasts were proclaimed, the southern gates of the cities were closed, frogs were buried alive, famous temples, shrines and springs were visited where sacrifices were offered and the gracious rain implored—in fact, all that superstition could suggest was done, but without success. The people were under tremendous strain of anxiety and suspense. This fact has perhaps been undervalued in considering the Boxer outrages in Shan-si. With the indescribable horrors of the great famine of 1877-78 still fresh in their memories, it is little wonder that they shrank from the repetition of such heart-rending scenes. And well they might, for to the thoughtful the outlook seems even darker than it was in '77. Then, the people, on the whole, were in comfortable circumstances—now, they are poor; then, they had houses, lands, valuable furniture and other things which they could dispose of—now, most of the houses are destroyed, and those that remain have, with the lands, greatly depreciated in value, and would in but few cases sustain them through a famine; then, the great majority of the people were strong, robust and able to endure much privation and hardship—now, large numbers of men, women and children are physical wrecks through the terrible opium habit, so that, with the double craving of hunger and opium, neither of which they are able to satisfy, they must succumb the more easily; then, there were large reserve supplies of grain on hand—now, there are practically none, owing to the tremendous increase in the cultivation of the opium poppy, requiring as it does, the choicest land, there is much less grain on the market, and through official corruption the government granaries are practically empty; then, there were but few emigrants from other provinces to cause terror by their lawlessness—now, they are a powerful element, greatly feared and dreaded by the natives themselves, and even the well-to-do look into the future with fear and trembling.

THIS OMINOUS OUTLOOK

could not but affect the Church. At P'ing-yang Fu, the ordinary conference of the Church was not held last autumn on this account, and, as matters did not improve, the annual South Shan-si workers' conference usually held in P'ing-yang at the Chinese New Year was also cancelled. During all this time, prayer for rain was continually upon the lips and in the hearts of God's people. Special days for prayer and fasting were set apart. In the private devotions of the individual Christians, as well as in the public services of the Church, the cry for rain was constantly heard. And frequently the answer seemed within reach, as if God were showing us that it was not for any want of power that He was withholding the rain. The sky would be covered with low, watery clouds, and all hearts rejoiced to think that the long-deferred blessing was at last at hand, and then, in a little while, all hopes were dashed to the ground as the precious drops ceased and the sun again broke forth. Matters have not improved since we left the province. Elder Chang-chï-heng,, who has rendered such valuable services to the missionaries during this crisis, in a recent letter, closes a lengthy description of the persecutions of the native Christians in Shan-si with these words: "Very many of the Christians have been without food and clothing since the commencement of the persecution, and at the present time (September 19th) rain has not yet fallen. The Christians are helpless, and those who have not been killed by Boxers will die of hunger or cold. I have ventured to take 200 taels of the money which was left in my hands, and have sent it to P'ing-tang to be distributed among the suffering Christians." The usual "rainy season," minus the rain, was therefore almost over when Mr. Chang wrote, and the hope for rain in time to sow the winter grain was nil. But, supposing that since the date of Elder Chang's letter rain has fallen, and that protection is once more being given to the native Christians who are still alive in Shan-si, what must be the outlook for those whose relatives have been killed, and who are without homes to live in, without agricultural implements and the necessary animals to work with, without seed to sow and without the means to keep body and soul together until the harvest can be reaped next spring. Their condition is inexpressibly sad, and unless something is immediately done for their relief we fear the whole Church in this province will be utterly blotted out.

The Missionaries, whose interest and sympathies lie in the temporal as well as in the spiritual well-being of those among whom they live and labour, assured that a famine was imminent resolved to do all they could to help the people, especially the Christians, in their distress. Early in June it was felt that the time had come to acquaint the world with the seriousness of the situation, so a statement was drawn up by Mr. Duncan Kay, of K'üh-u, setting forth, in substance, the facts recorded above. As far as is known, this statement was signed by all but one of the Missionaries of South Shan-si. Dr. W. Millar Wilson undertook to secure the signatures of the missionaries at T'ai-yuen Fu, and then forward it to the coast, but needless to say it never got farther than T'ai-yuen.

The area affected is very great, for we learn that in many parts of Chih-li, Shantung, Northern Ho-nan, and Shen-si, as well as in Shan-si, the continued drought has caused great distress. But confining oneself to the district represented by those who signed that letter, it is roughly 20,000 square miles with

A POPULATION OF ABOUT 4,000,000.

Perhaps it may help us to get a better idea of what these figures represent, if we remember that both in area and population, this is about equal to that of Scotland.

A careful estimate of the money needed was made at the time, and it was found that at least $50,000 would be required to keep the Christians of this district and their immediate families alive until the wheat harvest could be reaped next spring, supposing, of course, that rain came in time. If that were to fail, as it appears to have done, the needs would defy computation. At P'ing-yang Fu the Building Fund contributed by the Church was used in purchasing grain, and the missionaries themselves united in buying a considerable quantity of wheat, intending to begin the relief work necessary ere outside help could come. To this fund, the late Dr. W. Millar Wilson, who had postponed his furlough on account of the drought, subscribed the lion's share, and when it became imperative that he should leave, his one comfort was the hope that he might serve Shan-si best by his presence, for a time, in Britain. It is also sadly touching to recall that Dr. Wilson, on the eve of his departure for Taï-yüen, gave the writer a check for 500 taels (£75), as his first contribution towards a relief fund, promising additional help as the needs increased.

The more we discussed the subject, the darker the outlook appeared. To our sad hearts the famine seemed a terrible calamity; and almost overwhelmed us. We believed, however, that ultimately good would result therefrom. Famine was the door through which the Gospel gained its first entrance into Shan-si, twenty years ago; why might not another famine be the instrument for an abundant increase of blessing throughout its length and breadth? Coming, as it does close upon the heels of terrible persecution, is it not at least an opportunity for Christians in our more favoured lands to literally obey the command: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head," Rom. 12 : 20? At all events, there is in Shan-si a scattered remnant of the Church of God in sore distress, and no one will dispute that our brethren, the native Christians, need and deserve our sympathy, our prayers, and our help. "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith," Gal. 6 : 10. May we not hope that many who read these lines will definitely join in earnest prayer, that ways and means may be found of helping these persecuted, naked, destitute, and starving Chinese Christians.

Flight from Kansuh.

BY MISS ALLEN.

FOR some weeks before leaving, things at our station were looking somewhat dark. Letters and remittances were very much delayed, so much so that our prayers literally became, "Give us this day our daily bread"; but we never wanted. God's time is never too fast or too slow, and where the need was, there He supplied. The people were not as they had been, owing to the excessive drought; prospects of famine were ahead, for which they blamed us, and also troublesome rumours were abroad. We thought it best to remain in the house, and to be seen as little as possible. Then the telegraph wires were cut, and poles dug up, and we knew that all workers of other Missions had been ordered to leave. We did not know what a day would bring forth, but all this time the Lord gave us great peace, and took all fear from our hearts, even when the people told us we only had a few days to live, and we heard officially that the Boxers were but a few days' journey away.

At last our telegram came, and as soon as it was read, I had only to go to my room and ask the Lord to make me willing. You will think this strange amid all the danger, but I never doubted for one moment that the Lord had sent me there, and I was indeed happy. However, the Lord gave me this verse: "And when the Lord commanded the children of Israel journeyed," and He made me willing. Back I went to the room in which the friends were still speaking about going, when I found we could only take one small box with us. Again I had to ask the Lord to loose me from my things, and again He answered by this verse, "For all things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee"; also, "The Lord is able to give thee much more than this." But how gently He was leading. We four ladies started from Lan-cheo, having to go to Tsin-cheo (about ten days' journey overland) to meet Mr. and Mrs. Bland, who were to accompany us. Here we were told it would be dangerous to take even one small box. This time I could look up and say, "Willing, Lord, willing," and so taking a few things out in a small bundle, we left the remainder. Still so gently He was leading.

On the borders of Kansuh a few

days later, we heard of trouble ahead. After praying, we decided to stay at an inn about three li from the town, thinking we could go through the place before daylight the next day. The inn-keeper did not want us, but took us in (to serve his own purposes, as we afterwards found out). We had prayer and lay down. As there were mules and donkeys in the same room, also our Chinese chair-bearers, we could not undress. We had just rested a few minutes, when we heard the inn-keeper express the desire to kill us. I can assure you it was not very comforting. At last we heard him go out, when one of our men came and told us that he had gone to gather men to waylay us the next day. We did not sleep that night. We got away about three a.m., and passed through the town quietly. As we were ascending a very high mountain, four soldiers came to say they were to escort us; but our trust was in a higher escort than that, and it was well that was the case, as was afterwards proven. The mountain we had to climb, was seven miles (English), high, and very rocky, and not having had any breakfast, we were very tired when we got to the top. It was here that we heard of a band of men who were waiting for us. Just at this time, a loud gong rang out from the temple near; we afterwards heard that it was to warn the men of our arrival. We knelt down on the top of the mountain and committed our lives to Him who reigneth. Just then a native Christian, who had been sent with a private letter, met us and verified the statement that a band of armed men were below, waiting to kill us. It was useless to go back. The letter was to warn us to change our route, and was headed with this, "The mountain was full of horses and chariots." Again we thanked God for His message of encouragement, and we felt strengthened. As we descended about a mile down, coming into a very narrow and rocky gorge, we saw about thirty men, all armed with swords, staves and knives (our escort all this time keeping very slowly behind). At first they spoke of killing us, but the mighty hand of God restrained them, as suddenly their thoughts were turned to our money; and then, on the mountain, with our escort sitting down smoking opium, every cent of money was taken from us. We afterwards heard that our escort shared in the plunder. Again our lives were spared only by promising not to report, which we gladly did, and again knelt down and praised our heavenly Father for sparing us. Such a contrast—these thirty men all armed, and our party of six ladies and two gentlemen, with no earthly weapon but a smile on every face and the peace of God in our hearts!

SCENE NEAR FOOCHOW.

As we had had no breakfast, and it was nearly five o'clock in the evening, we could travel no further, so we remained at a small inn in the valley of the mountain. Some of the men gave us their bread, while they waited for some to bake. They also brought us cups of tea, for which we were thankful, and praised the Lord for putting it in the hearts of these men to be so kind. After dark, we heard the robbers come in, and once more we spent another sleepless night, as there was only a very thin curtain between us and them. But the Lord had entered with us, and although they frequently spoke of killing us, the restraining hand of the Lord was upon them. Next morning, at daylight, we continued our journey. But the Lord had been working for us, for some eye-witnesses on the mountain (Chinese) who must have travelled nearly all night, had gone to the next place and informed the officials there of our robbery, and after we had been on the road for about two or three hours, we were met by a large band of soldiers, headed by the military officer, who escorted us for the rest of that day. He took us to an inn, and sent us as a present, two legs of mutton, two chickens and a duck, besides giving us money to take us on our way. After that, escorts were provided for the rest of the journey.

And now, will you join us in prayer for Peh-shui-kiang, the place where we were robbed. Mr. Bland, in behalf of the party, has pleaded for the lives of the men who attacked us, as we heard they were to be beheaded. We have refused to demand our money back. I do feel that this three hundred taels has been given to the Lord for Peh-shui-kiang, and I do pray that when the doors of China are again open to the Gospel, the people of Peh-shui-kiang will be among the first to believe.

It would take too long to tell how wonderfully the Lord has provided all the way, and all we can do is to marvel as we look back and think of the very narrow escapes we had. We passed at one time within a few hours' walk of five thousand soldiers who were going to protect the Empress, and who had orders to kill all foreigners on the way.

Some Friendly Chinese.

BY MISS AGNES GIBSON.

OUR hearts are full of praise to God for His wonderful kindness toward us. The text that has been with me the past two months is Ps. 78 : 72, "So He fed them according to the integrity of His heart, and guided them by the skilfulness of His hands." We have sought every day and hour to be led as He directed us, and only His skilful hands could have led us.

As I receive the North China Herald weekly, I was conversant with the difficulties in the north; at first they did not seem to affect us, but through time rumours were afloat that I had left the city. However, this was soon changed, because when I returned from our outstation, Huang-kin-ling, I visited several Christian families in the city. While I was at this outstation, the Pao-kia-choh (Superintendent of Police), Mandarin, called at onr house. After my return we had several visits from the Teu-shan Hsien and Ri-fu's ushers ;all assured us that we would have no difficulty, that the people loved us, and they didn't expect any trouble.

Rumours were circulated that all the foreigners were to be killed, also the Christians. Often the Christians were awakened in the middle of the night by their anxious relatives to tell them of what awaited them, and to encourage them to flee to the mountains for protection. None of them took their friends' advice. They attended the services as usual. We had a good attendance of men up to the last. The women Christians all came, but some of the enquirers dropped off. By this time we heard of a local rebellion having broken out in the Ku-cheo district. A great many refugees from Uh-shan and Kuang-feng had come to Ho-k'eo in boats, and this increased the fears of the people in the city, so many of them removed to the mountains. One old man, an enquirer, came for us. He said there was a mountain with water to drink near his house, so he had come for us. He advised our leaving soon. Rich merchants in the city were very anxious, and many of them engaged boats and had their goods removed. The pawn was to be plundered, also the bank, etc. Our Christians were much brighter than the heathen, some of them were very anxious. Of course the rowdies tried to circulate the rumours that our place was to be destroyed, and that from henceforth we would not be allowed to preach the Gospel in the interior. I asked one of our Christians, who is very bright and has been the means of the conversions of his five brothers, their wives and other relatives, what he would do supposing the foreigners were not allowed to live inland. He said, "We have still the Word of God. I would read that and gather my relatives together and have a meeting in my village." Then he quoted that text, "Heaven and earth may pass away, but My Word shall never pass away." I feel sure that if persecution arises, and Christians are killed, he will be one, as his whole district has been influenced by him. When walking along the road going to the Jesus Hall for the Sunday services, those who were acquainted with him, asked him why he went, "Oh," he said, "I have a rich reward in heaven. You carry coal, and make, say, one and forty cash a day, but your reward is nothing to be compared to mine." The people all respect and love him; whether they will turn against him or not, time will prove. He comes twenty li and returns the same day, every Sunday, has his dinner with his relatives, and never misses a Sunday. We do praise God for what we have seen of the Holy Spirit's work in the Christians. One man, a Mr. Lo, came into his wife one day, and said, "We must pray that God will shut the mouths of our adversaries, as He did the lions when Daniel was in their den." One of his friends told him that he would be killed, but he said, "They may kill my body, but they cannot kill my soul."

NATIVES STEADFAST.

FELLOWSHIP IN SUFFERING.

On Sunday, July 22nd, there was a quiet hush all over the audience, and we noticed that even a Mr. Chu, who always seemed filled with the Spirit, was quiet. We understood the experience of that day, when a week later we heard from Mrs. Lachlan that there was a report that Mr. Ward had been killed on the 22nd. also Mr. and Mrs. Thompson the day previous. We were having fellowship with His sufferings. "Whether one member suffereth, all the members suffer with it," 1 Cor. 12 : 26. Our dear friends have gone before; they are in His presence, we do not mourn for them, but for the relatives and friends at home. We trust their thoughts may be lifted upward, "For our light affliction, which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory," 2 Cor. 4 : 17, R.V.

The Mandarin sent for me twice to have an interview with him to consult over the situation of affairs. Once he proposed his coming to us, but I thought it would attract less attention to communicate with him through the Superintendent of Police. He wanted to assure us of his protection ,and arranged for ten soldiers and ten volunteers, to reside within a minute's walk of our home. Every night the Mandarin and others walked around our house, also through the other streets, as they were on the lookout for men of bad repute. They were parading the city from 11 p.m. until 3.30 a.m. Once the Mandarin had the watchman beaten because he had not shut the gate soon enough. We were sorry for the poor man, only we knew the Mandarin wanted to show the people that he was going to protect us.

WARNED BY MANDARINS.

One day I was asked by the usher to meet the Mandarin. I went as though I was visiting a lady who resides in the Yamen, whose door is at the back. I had a talk with some ladies, then I was asked to meet the Mandarin. He had sweetmeats arranged on the table, and in a fatherly way remarked upon my health, the heat, and asked for the other ladies. (We resided two months in his Yamen last year, when he was excedingly kind to us.) He signalled to those in waiting to retire, then almost in a whisper informed me that the Hsien Mandarin had written him saying that the Governor of our Province (who is very friendly towards us), heard from the Consul-General in

Shanghai, that it was necessary for us to retire from Ho-k'eo for a short time. He expressed deep regret, seemed comforted with the thought that we might soon return, and also expressed anxiety regarding local rebellion, and said he feared the rebels coming to Ho-k'eo. He advised us not to leave until we received letters from Kiu-kiang confirming his information.

After I had seen the ri-fu Mandarin, a special messenger came from Kiu-kiang, with a telegram from Mr. Stevenson, asking us to leave at once: "All ladies on the Kuang-sin River, leave at once." When the gentry heard we were thinking of leaving, they were very much distressed. Our departure at the end was rather sudden. Some two thousand soldiers were sent from the capital to Uh-shan to fight with the local rebels or robbers. Two of these came in saying, "Burn the Jesus Hall." They attracted a crowd as they went up the street, calling this out; however, one of the gentry hastened to the Yamen, and informed the Mandarin and the Pao-kia-choh (Superintendent of the Police) Mandarin; policemen and others were soon in the district, and so nothing came out of it.

We left Ho-k'eo escorted by soldiers; at Kuei-ki the Mandarin sent a chair, asking us to pay him a visit. He would take no refusal; he had heard of our riot and of the kindness that had been shown to the rioters, and said he wanted to meet me. He received me very kindly, had grapes, coffee, tea, etc., all prepared for my coming, talked about things generally, and said we need not fear any trouble arising in his district. His son can speak English. Mr. Woodbridge, an American Missionary, was his teacher. The Kuei-ki ladies had made a number of visits to the Yamen, principally when the Mandarin's wife and others have been sick.

We were escorted by runner and soldiers to Kiu-kiang. We praise God for preserving our lives although we were ready to lay them down for the Gospel's sake. We trust the Lord will preserve the lives and property of our native brethren and sisters. We also trust that our chapels will not be destroyed by the rebels, who were in the Uh-shan district when we left Ho-k'eo.

Chinese New Year Customs.

MRS. WM. COOPER.

DEAR CHILDREN,—At the beginning of this year, doubtless many of you who love the Lord Jesus have been asking the question, "What would Jesus have me to do for Him this year?" and He has put a thought into your heart that you might do something for the boys and girls away in far-off China. You say, "What can I do?" Well, you can pray daily for them, and plead that many of them may learn to love your precious Lord and Saviour.

I want to tell you something about the way they spend New Year, and as their New Year's Day falls about a month or six weeks after ours, they will be having their holidays while you are reading this, and you can pray specially for them at the very time they are in need of special prayer. New Year is

THE ONE GREAT HOLIDAY

in China. All the rest of the year shops are open, and business and school goes on Saturday and Sunday alike, but at this time all work is stopped for several days, and great rejoicings are held. For weeks beforehand the women of the households are very busy making new garments and shoes for all the family, and the children watch the proceedings with great interest, rejoicing in the thought of being dressed in grand clothes. The house must be cleaned thoroughly, and then decorated with red paper, on which Chinese characters are written, wishing happiness and every other blessing to the occupants of the house. Only once a year have they a house-cleaning, so you may guess it is a lively time.

At the close of the year they take down their kitchen god from his position over their fireplace, and with great noise of crackers, burning of incense, etc., they set him on fire and thus send him to the spirit-world to report on the doings of the family during the past year. On the last night of the year they set up

ANOTHER NEW IDOL,

and believe the spirit comes back and takes up his abode in their midst again.

You and I know that no idol can report anything, but these poor people dread their idols and imagine they can do all sorts of harm to them if they are not faithfully worshipped.

Our God does watch our lives, and knows all about us. What record is written about us for 1900? Oh, how much wrongdoing and sin was therein told! Let us ask the Holy Spirit to dwell in our hearts, and keep our lives pure during 1901. "Thou God seest me."

On New Year's Day the little folks don their new clothes and then go to k'oh-t'eo to their fathers and mothers and all relatives older than themselves. To k'oh-t'eo is to knock the head on the ground before an idol, or a superior person, and is the way they worship their gods. After burning incense and worshipping the ancestral tablets, the fathers and sons set forth on a round of visits. At every house they are treated to sweetmeats, cakes, oranges, nuts, and tea, so they have a very good time. The little boys are very proud of their new caps with a red tassel dangling down behind; also their red jackets, long blue gown, green trousers, white stockings, and wadded shoes. You can hardly recognise in the little gentleman who comes to wish you

A HAPPY NEW YEAR,

the dirty little boy you saw a few days before. They end the day with a real good dinner at home.

The second or third day the ladies and girls pay their visits, and then, oh, the grandeur! Your eyes would be dazzled to look upon such a variety of colours, just like a lot of rainbows all mixed up together.

The little girls have wonderful head-dresses of all colours, and silk fringes and beads dangling all round. Their faces are powdered and painted, and, like their brothers, their garments are of many colours. Red jackets trimmed with blue satin or variegated ribbons, green trousers and fancy shoes, all combine to make these Chinese girls like little flower gardens.

Items from Shanghai, and Personalia.

EXTRACTS FROM REV. J. STEVENSON'S LETTERS, SHANGHAI, DEC. 8.

I AM glad to say that I continue to receive good reports of Mr. and Mrs. Green and their little boy. Mr. Mills telegraphs to me on the 4th inst., to say that they and the Griffiths were leaving T'ien-tsin that day for Shanghai. It is a very distinct answer to prayer that they have been enabled to leave before the river is frozen up. If the steamer left on the date mentioned, they should be here to-morrow."

"Miss Gregg, when last heard from, was in Chefoo. She may come on here soon. After all that our friends have passed through, it seems necessary that they should have a thorough change at home."

"We are greatly distressed at news which has just reached us to-day from Chefoo, that little Florence Cooper, Mrs. Cooper's third child, who was in her ninth year, has passed away after a brief illness with scarlet fever. A short time ago, this disease broke out in the Preparatory School, and a number of the children are ill with it. Mrs. Cooper brought the other four children with her, when she returned about a fortnight ago. We are all deeply grieved at this fresh sorrow that has come upon Mrs. Cooper, and are earnestly praying that the God of all comfort and grace will sustain her." (Note.—Mrs. Cooper's dear husband, Rev. Wm. Cooper, was murdered at Pao-ting Fu.)

"Bishop Cassels is making arrangements for returning to Si-ch'uen, leaving Mrs. Cassels and the children, for the present, in Shanghai. The Consuls here and in Hankow, see no objection to Missionaries returning to Ch,ong-king, or visiting their stations. At the present time, Mr. Meadows is in Shao-hsing; Mr. Charles Thomson and Mr. Wilson are in the Huang-ien district. A letter received from Mr. Thomson, received to-day, says that everything is perfectly quiet, and the officials are very friendly. The native Christians have been spared persecution and loss of property."

WITH THE ALLIED FORCES IN THE NORTH.

THE MARTYRS' GRAVES.

Extracts from report sent to Mr. Bondfield, by Mr. D. Evans, Interpreter with the British Forces operating against Pao-ting Fu, Oct., 1900.

I PASSED the site upon which the houses of the American Presbyterian Mission formerly stood. If Mr. Lowrie had not told me where they had stood, it would have been difficult to find out the site, as even the foundations had been taken up and the bricks had either been sold or taken away by the neighbouring villagers. I tried to pick up something that would be of interest as a memento but could see nothing. So far as our information goes, all the members of the American Presbyterian Mission who were in Pao-ting Fu, perished in the flames.

"In the afternoon, I went out in search of the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall and Mr. William Cooper. First of all, I found Mr. Pitkin's grave. He was buried just outside the American Board Compound. The place we first dug, turned out to be wrong; close by was another place a little sunk in, and the grass had grown between the bricks, so that it did not look anything like a grave. However, I got a man to dig down, and there we found the corpse of Mr. Pitkin, on the top of half a dozen native Christians. The pit was dug by the police, and they were buried not for pity's sake, but merely to lessen the inconvenience to the neighbours during the hot weather.

"From that spot, I went in search of the Bagnall's grave. I had been told they had been buried somewhere outside the south wall, so I made for the south-east corner, where there is a piece of land which is no man's land. Here, where the beggars are buried, and where any other man who has no one to look after his burial! It was a big hollow where Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall and child, Mr. Cooper and the two ladies, Miss A. A. Gould and Miss M. S. Morrill of the A.B.C.F.M., and one Chinese woman were buried. There was no doubt about the spot, so I did not open the grave.

"It was difficult to realize that so kind a people as these dear children of God had been to so many persons passing through Pao-ting Fu, should come to their end in such a cruel way.

"One man condemned to die by the court-martial, was the commandant of the three cavalry camps, not far from the China Inland Mission premises. His name was Uang-shan Kuei. He was, or pretended to be, very friendly with the Bagnalls, and also with the A.B.C.F.M., hence the Bagnalls ran to his camp for refuge; but instead of helping them, he simply took the little box in which they had their valuables, from them, sent for the Boxers, and handed them over to the tender mercies of the wicked. The box contained their marriage certificate, also about fifty to sixty taels. What else it contained I cannot say. Uang himself told me where I might find some of the things; as I was leaving next day, I gave the address to Mr. Walter Lowrie, who promised to try and find some of the things."

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER TO MR. STEVENSON FROM MR. MILLS, DATED OCT. 26, 1900.

A COOK of Mr. Atwater's, who has just arrived at T'ien-tsin, confirms the massacre of the Fen-chow Missionaries, with Mr. and Mrs. Lundgren and Miss Eldred, who was with them. He passed through Sheo-yang and saw some of the Mission buildings still standing, but only heard that the Missionaries had gone to T'ai-yuen Fu.

"The man who came in from Kuei-hua-cheng last week says he stayed in Hsin-chow (English Baptist station) one night and saw a party (one hundred or so) of Boxers who had that day been to the northward of that place in search of foreigners and returned, saying they had killed two.

"But to return to the story of our friend who has just arrived. He says there are now no Boxers in Shan-si, but that they are all scattered. The people and Mandarins have heard of the taking of T'ien-tsin and Peking and are now in great fear lest foreign troops should come into Shan-si to punish them. The church members, however, fear to show themselves, though active persecution has abated.

He crossed the route which the Imperial party had taken and was told that there were four yellow chairs with the Dowager, Emperor, and Heir Apparent, and that General Tong-fuh-siang was leading in command of the whole party, which numbered several tens of thousands.

"He spent one night in Pao-ting Fu, and saw the ruins of the Mission premises, but heard no details of the murder of the foreigners. Foreign troops were quartered both inside and outside Pao-ting Fu.

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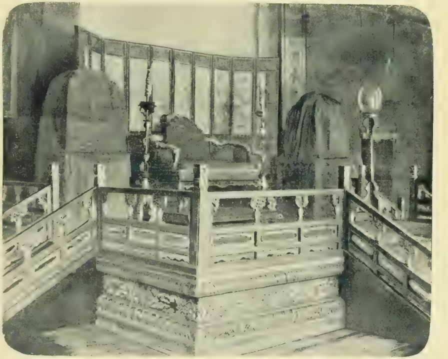
ARRIVAL OF REFUGEE MISSIONARIES AT TIEN-TSIN.

PASSING through the streets on Saturday at about one o'clock, I met Mr. Brown, who had with him two barrows, on one of which was luggage and on the other was the coffin of Mr. Green's little girl, who had died at Pao-ting Fu, on October 10th. These were, after some delay, taken to the C.I.M. The party had placed themselves entirely at the discretion of the army authorities and the Surgeon Major had taken a very serious view of Mr. Green's illness and wished him at first to be taken to the Gordon Hall, now used as Base Hospital for the British.

The doctor in charge knew nothing of their arrival and just as I was going away to look for them elsewhere, Mr. Brown and I found them all upstairs. Mr. Green was delirious and knew no one, not even his wife. He had been placed in the gallery, where a mat partition sheltered him on two sides only. The utter cheerlessness of the place, the lack of comfort and the impossibility of Mrs. Green being able to remain there with him was apparent. The doctor coincided with this view and very soon we had him removed to our mission house and Dr. Irwin called in to attend him. Last night the doctor feared it might be meningitis, or that his mind was temporarily affected through weakness and the long nervous strain and ordered nourishment and medicine. We had a long, trying night, the patient being very restless all night and refusing all nourishment. Feeling the need of more efficient nursing than any of us could give, I appealed to Dr. Stevenson, of the M.E.M., and she has been most ready to help, knowing both Mr. and Mrs. Green formerly. She says that as far as she knows, she will be able to continue the case for a fortnight or so, but then may have to go to Peking.



THE IMPERIAL THRONE OF CHINA.

Praise God, all the others look fairly well, except Mrs. Green who is looking very thin and worn. All of them, however, have had too much strain to be able to continue nursing Mr. Green, and the doctor says it will probably be a long case. I am expecting the doctor in any moment and then hearing what he has to say shall perhaps telegraph for help.

The Griffiths and Mr. Brown suffered nothing from maltreatment, but, of course, mentally, they have gone through a lot. The Greens first of all escaped to a cave then to a farm-house in the hills, where they lived hidden for a month, then they were found by Boxers, who took them to Pao-ting Fu. The Fan-t'ai there gave the Boxers instructions to take them a little way down River and then kill them. Instead of this they released them at Hsin-an. Other Boxers again found them, and tying feet and hands together, carried them on their spear handles into Hsin-an. There the merchants did something for them, but no 1,000 cash a day was given them, only millet, the bare ground to sleep on with only one small piece of bedding between them all. They were never left, night or day, to go a step alone and were constantly threatened with death. The Nieh-t'ai (Provincial Judge) took them to Pao-ting Fu, but at first gave them no better place than the women's "lock up."

When the party left Pao-ting Fu, the British were contemplating shooting or hanging five of the chief officials, including the Fan-t'ai.

Mr. W. Cooper was killed with Mr. Bagnall at the S.E. corner of the city wall outside. There is no longer any room for hope in the case of any of our dear friends there.

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WORD FROM MR. FROST.

As we go to press we have received word of the arrival, safe and well, of Mr. Frost and Mr. Nasmith, at Honolulu, on January 4th.

Monthly Notes.

THE BOUND VOLUME of "China's Millions" for 1900, will be ready soon. Friends desiring copies, may order at once, and the books will be forwarded as soon as received from the printers. Price 50 cents.

With the December number of "China's Millions," we sent out subscription slips. For some years we have not done so, but we are sure many friends who have not already remitted, will be glad to be reminded of the time for renewal of their subscription for the paper.

We have received word from Shanghai, that Miss Louie Hastings was leaving there on December 4th, for England, and is expected to reach Canada some time in the spring of the year.

After six weeks of deputation work for the Student Volunteer Movement among the Colleges and Universities in the States, Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor arrived in Toronto to spend their Christmas vacation. Our beloved friends are being much used of God for direct spiritual results in these institutions, and we would earnestly ask for them, the prayers of God's children that as they begin work once again, they may be endued with special preparation for this service; also that their physical strength may be sufficient for all the demands upon it.

Dr. Harry Guinness, who has been very low for a month past, with typhoid fever, has, we are thankful to say, been rallying somewhat, from what was an extremely critical condition. That such a useful life may be still spared to all the work he loves, has been the constant prayers of not a few who knew of his condition, and we believe God has been graciously answering our cry. May we also plead a place in your prayers for him, and for all the work he represents.

Mr. H. W. Frost, the Home Director, and Mr. J. D. Nasmith, a member of our Council in this country, sailed from San Francisco on the 29th of December for China. We publish in this number of "China's Millions," a full report of Mr. Frost's address and from it will be seen some of the reasons for their going forth to China. Enough to say here, that the opportunity of meeting with so many Missionaries as are now gathered together at Shanghai, is one that in all probability will never occur again, and our prayer is that this visit of Mr. Frost and Mr. Nasmith to Shanghai will result in great mutual blessing.

Our latest news from China is of a most encouraging nature. Many Missionaries are being permitted by the Consuls and Chinese authorities, to return to their posts. In some cases, the Chinese officials and gentry, have petitioned the Missionaries to resume their work. A cablegram has been received from Mr. Stevenson in Shanghai, asking Miss K. B. Stayner who is now in this country, to return to her field of work at Wen-chow. We observe, too, that the Presbyterian Board have also had like messages, asking for the return to China of Missionaries on furlough; also the sending forward of new Missionaries. These are indications, along with others, that the doors so suddenly closed, are once more swinging open, and our hearts are cheered at God's manifest answer to the prayers of His people.

Mrs. Wm. Cooper has been called to pass through another sore trial. Her little daughter Florence died at Chefoo of scarlet fever. Thus has the Lord called to Himself first the dear husband by martyrdom, and now the precious child. We beg for our dear sister, who is soon leaving for England, the earnest prayers of God's children. "Underneath are the everlasting arms."

We draw attention on another page, to the terrible suffering of our native brethren in Shan-si. Surely God has some better thing in store, for those who have gone through such suffering for Christ's sake. Our hearts are full of deepest sorrow for our fellow Christians, and shall we not all join earnestly in beseeching God to raise up for them many who will succour and help them in their sore need.

The Annual Meetings of our Mission, were held on the afternoon and evening of January 4th, in Toronto. A full report of these meetings we will give in our next issue. The gatherings were a refreshing and blessing to many who attended them, and we trust the same will be true of the addresses as they are read.

The year 1900—the last year of the century, has been a sadly memorable one in the history of our thirty-four and a half years' work in China. It has been the Martyr-year of our beloved Mission. No fewer than fifty-eight adults and twenty children have, during its latter half, laid down their lives for Christ's sake. Nor does this number—great as it is—we fear, include all who have been put to death. At the time of writing little hope is entertained of the survival of our six beloved workers with four children who were stationed in Ta-tong, Shan-si. In this province alone, of the ninety-one missionaries who were happily at work there in June last, forty-one are known to have suffered martyrdom.

Shipment.

Friends in Canada desiring to forward boxes or parcels to our Missionaries in China, will please send them to the office of the Mission, 507 Church St., Toronto, as early as possible, as we are now making up a shipment from here.

CHINA'S MILLIONS

Applying our Hearts unto Wisdom.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—Psa. xc. 12.

BY REV. J. HUDSON TAYLOR.

NOTE.—We rejoice that our beloved Director has sufficiently improved in health, to be able to write the following little message, which we have taken from "Life of Faith."

IS not this prayer specially appropriate now at the commencement not only of a new year, but of a new century? We are living in remarkable times. The past century has been one of unparalleled progress in many ways.

How true it is now, as was foretold so long ago, that "Many run to and fro, and knowledge is increased." There are scarcely any untraversed lands or seas left to be explored. The temporal power of the Pope has come to an end, and that of Turkey has been curtailed, and is waning. And alas! the Scripture is also being fulfilled, that "evil men and seducers wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived." The Zionist movement is a most striking sign of the times; the number of Israelites in the Holy Land is increasing, as is the rainfall which is to restore to the land its fertility. And the cause of this increased rainfall, the depression of the Andes, will also affect all the rainless tracts of the Old World, from Sahara to Gobi, until "the desert blossoms as the rose."

Surely these things show that the glad day is not far distant when the Bridegroom shall summon His bride. "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." Shall He find His people prepared "as a bride adorned for her Husband?" Surely we should all apply our hearts unto wisdom, remembering how He said: "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

All nature, animate and inanimate, is fulfilling the purpose of its creation. "Fire and hail, snow and vapours, stormy winds, fulfil His word." Are we doing so, who have been redeemed to show forth the virtues of Him who hath called us out of darkness into His marvellous light?" It is said of David, that "When he had served his own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep." Are we serving our generation according to the will of God—doing all the good we can to our fellow-men while we have the opportunity—never losing sight of the higher privilege and duty of giving joy to the heart of God our Father, of Christ our Bridegroom, by obeying Him and keeping His commandments? How wonderful it is that we may make the Man of Sorrows the Man of Joy, just as loving obedient children give joy to their parents!

To the servants of God in China what a year this has been! Surely God has had a great purpose in allowing it all! Let us watch and pray. We cannot be too thankful for the grace which has counted so many dear native Christians and missionaries worthy to win the martyr's crown, and has enabled bereaved friends at home to glorify Him in their deep trial.

Personally, we are very grateful for the prayer and sympathy which have helped us during the past terrible months. He will say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Annual Meetings of the China Inland Mission.

HELD IN ASSOCIATION HALL, TORONTO, JANUARY 4TH, 1901.

The annual meetings of the China Inland Mission were held on the Afternoon and Evening of Jany. 4th. in the Association Hall, Toronto. As Mr. H. W. Frost the Home Director was on his way to China the Annual Report was sent on in manuscript. It failed to reach however in time for the meetings but it will be found in its place in this report. At the Afternoon Meeting Rev. Mr. DesBarres occupied the chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Parsons, after which the Chairman addressed the gathering.

OUR first thought to-day, is that of thanksgiving. The good hand of our God has been over the Mission for the past year. It is worthy of notice that when the Apostle Paul was addressing the Ephesian Christians, commanding them to be filled with the Spirit, as one of the evidences that they were so filled, the following exhortation is given: "Giving thanks always for all things unto God and our Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." We all know that many precious lives have been lost to the Mission, and that all the remaining Missionaries have been driven from the interior to Shanghai, thus checking all Missionary labour. Still we must thank God for these things; they come within the embrace of "all things." We should thank God that He has so long spared so many precious lives to witness faithfully for Him in the spreading of His Truth, and for bringing so many to a place of safety. We feel confident that God will be with those who remain, imparting unto them a rich spiritual blessing in this resting time, and when peace is proclaimed, that they will go forth in the power of the Holy Ghost to witness for the risen Lord more faithfully than ever. I do not see any reason whatever for discouragement at the present time. Those who have been taken to be with the Lord, have magnified Him in their life and death, and the Psalmist's words are full of comfort, "Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of His saints." The truth is, there never has been any great spiritual work for God that has not met with opposition, persecution and martyrdom. It was so in the early days of Christianity, and should be so to-day. We are not witnessing as we should for the Lord Jesus Christ, or we would be called to suffer more than we do for His name. We praise the Lord to-day for bearing to Himself, His faithful servants, and we believe that He has a gracious purpose towards those at Shanghai, that this resting time will be a time of waiting upon God, so that when called to go forth again, they may do so "Strong in the Lord and in the power of His might."

It is interesting to notice how this Mission was formed and to go back and see how the Lord was with Mr. Hudson Taylor during his preparatory training for years. In 1853, he went forth to China, and while there, gathered a good knowledge of the country, a knowledge that was very helpful in the formation of the China Inland Mission. He met with a remarkable man there, a man distinguished for his spiritual insight into the Scriptures and close walk with God—the late Rev. William Burns, of the Presbyterian Mission. Mr. Taylor gathered much from him that was useful in future plans, and when Mr. Taylor was forced to leave the country through illness and came back to England in 1860, he met another remarkable man, distinguished alike for many graces of the Spirit—the Rev. Mr. Gough, of the Church Missionary Society. These two men were invited to revise a version of the New Testament in Chinese, for the British and Foreign Bible Society, They were associated for several years in the prosecution of this work, and Mr. Taylor has said that he so feasted on the Word of God while engaged in this work, that the China Inland Mission could not have been formed as at present existing, without the spiritual knowledge he had gained. After this service was over, and the time had come for a great work on behalf of China, we find him on his knees before God, asking Him for what? For money? For means? No, indeed. He was calling upon God to send forth men full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. He believed that if God would hear his cry and send forth men, He would also send the means for their support. Mr. Taylor returned to China on the 27th of May, 1866, with sixteen men, and that number now has been increased to 7,000, or thereabouts. We see, then, that God has founded the Mission, and we may be sure of this, that He will look after what he has established. There may be a little cloud over it now, but it is only a testing time, a time for waiting upon God. Let us be fully established in the precious truth that whatever Mission God has founded, He will nurture and sustain until all His everlasting purposes in Christ Jesus, in relation to it, will be accomplished.

Sir Robert Hart has said that there are two remedies for the present disturbed condition in China. One is that the Western Powers should take over the Government of the country; and the other is that there should be a wholesale acceptance of Christianity on the part of the people. He gives it as his opinion that the first is rather a dangerous thing to undertake; he does not say whether the last is dangerous. I suppose, since he had frequent opportunities to become acquainted with the Missionaries and had seen by their work and conversation that they were above reproach, he had settled in his mind that if China could only be peopled by such men and women, all the evils of that land would cease forever. We believe, in this dispensation of the Spirit, that there never can be a universal acceptance of Christianity. The age is clearly elective. I speak for myself, and in all boldness, I say that I could not understand my Bible unless I saw this. When Missionaries are called to go forth to the foreign field, and are enabled to see the purpose of God in this dispensation, this knowledge will free them from discouragement in their work. They will then work in harmony with His plan, and ever rejoice in the sweet assurance that God will be with them to the very end.

There is one person whom we miss very much this afternoon, and whom we would gladly have with us to preside at this meeting, as he has done with such grace and ability in days gone by—Mr. H. W. Frost, the Home Director. But God has called him to a special work. He is now on his way to China. Let us pray that God will give him journeying mercies, that he may reach that land in safety, and that God will specially anoint him for the service to which He has called him.

After prayer and singing Mr. Percy Knight, a returned Missionary from China, said,

LOOKING back over the history of China and of the China Inland Mission, during the past six months, it is with very mingled feelings that one speaks to you this afternoon. Politicians have never had such an extraordinary state of circumstances to deal with as they find to-day; and the Church of Jesus Christ has never seen such a situation as she faces to-day in China. You will hear from after speakers, perhaps, some of the details of the political movements that have marked the past six months. We are all familiar from newspaper reports with the dreadful things that have happened in the land of Sinim. To put it briefly, all the work of Missions in the North of China seems to have been brought to an end. There have been one thousand Missionary refugees in Shanghai—thank God, not so many at present, for some are returning—and the native church has passed through a baptism of blood and fire, with terrible results. Now, if we stop there, ours is a sorry condition indeed. But our dear Chairman this afternoon struck the keynote, which I want to carry on for a moment. We are called upon to win the victory of faith; and to believe God's Word, that He "will make the wrath of men to praise Him, and the remainder thereof He will restrain." And the supreme need that you and I have this afternoon is to hear this God saying—"Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the heathen; I will be exalted among the earth." It is our profound conviction, dear friends, that the door for missionary service is going to swing back on its hinges wider than before. These buildings—some of them in Pekin, pulled down so completely that we are told you could ride on horseback over the place where a two-storey building used to stand—are going to be erected again. The scattered flocks will once more be gathered; and we believe from the bottom of our hearts that we are going to see a day of blessing and salvation, and the manifestation of the power of God in China in such measure as we have never dreamed of. Ah! dear friends, let us remember God's order; it is always the Gethsemane and Good Friday before the resurrection Easter Monday. And out of all this heart-break and anguish and loss of life, and what seems to us so sad, God is going to bring the most wonderful and marvellous and blessed purposes of His grace. The great need at the present moment is for prayer. Let us bear in mind what Mr. Andrew Murray says: "Prayer is indispensable and invincible"; and the great need of China to-day is prayer—prevailing, constant prayer before God. Nothing else can put things right again there; nothing else will solve these delicate and intricate problems that are coming up now for settlement; and so my word to you this afternoon is a call to prayer and to praise. Let us praise God for these dear martyrs. No more the burning, scorching heat of these July days for them; no more the foot-sore weariness as they are driven from county to county, and from city to city; no more the Boxers' club, but "Home, sweet Home"; and surely we can praise God for all these whom by faith we see in the unveiled presence of the Lord Jesus Christ, with eternal rest and bliss with God.

PRAYER NEEDED.

And let us be thankful for the Lord's joy, too. How glad He must be to have 120 or more Missionaries at home with Himself to-day who were not in that glory this time last year; and hundreds of native converts who are now enjoying all that God has for them in the glory land. How His heart must rejoice in having these dear ones with Himself in the place He has specially prepared for them!

CASE OF MR. TING.

A very profound note of praise ought to be sounded for the behaviour of the native converts. It is simply marvellous to read of what they have gone through, and how steadfast they have proved during bitter trials and persecutions. I will mention but one case. We know one beloved man who was working in the Presbyterian Mission in Shan-tong, a man named Ting-li-mei, a very godly pastor. He was taken before a magistrate and asked to renounce his faith in Jesus Christ; but refused to do so. He was given two hundred blows with a bamboo, and the soldiers said they were given in such a savage way that they really counted for one thousand. Then Mr. Ting was thrust into prison but finally released. The cases could be multiplied by the score, and probably by the hundred, of our brethren and sisters, who have everything to lose and nothing to gain from the human standpoint, but who have been faithful unto death, rather than deny their Lord. Let us thank God for this exhibition of grace under great persecution, which has made men and women "count not their lives dear" unto themselves.

We need prayer for more Christian workers. If we send out quite a large number of workers, the Mission will not grow to any extent. The ranks of those who have fallen will merely be filled; and we need much prayer that God would prepare men and women of special spiritual power who may be sent to the work when the door opens, as we believe it will soon, and that they may be ready to enter in and carry on the work as before.

We may draw an object lesson from this condition of matters in China. The suggestion of a military illustration occurs to me. You have an army, and one flank is beaten back and suffers defeat at the hand of the enemy; what happens? The keen-eyed general sees the struggling ranks, and the weakness in that wing; he immediately hurries up his reserves and sees that they are supplied with ammunition, and all that is wanted for strengthening that division. Now, to-day, it seems as if a wing of Jesus Christ's army in China is staggering, and as though the enemy were gaining ground. What is wanted? We want to put our force of prayer and gift of service right there. More prayer, more giving, and more going, until that wing shall sweep forward as never before to glorious victory, in the name of Jesus Christ, our all-conquering Lord. And I beseech you, dear friends, to bring this about by constant and earnest prayer, which alone will avail.

RECENT TROUBLES IN CHINA—THEIR CAUSE.

Rev. Archibald Ewing recently returned from China, then dealt with this subject.

WE must have all been struck by the very remarkable events that the closing months of the dying century have seen in China. In the first place, they have seen the paralyzing and blasting of the Christian fabric, the result of generations of missionary toil in China, and secondly, they have seen the passing away forever, of a China that has existed for some two millenniums—amid ruin, bloodshed and storm. The twentieth century, undoubtedly, has dawned upon a new condition of things there. Glancing back over the past century, let us see what has been accomplished in that time in bringing the Gospel to China. The first British Missionary, Dr. Morrison, sailed for China in 1807, and the first American Missionary, Dr. Parker, in 1830. In the year 1836, there were six converts; and Rev. Hudson Taylor states that when he went to China, in 1853, the native Christians in China only numbered 300. In 1865, that number had increased to six thousand. In 1877, at the Conference of Missionaries in Shanghai, it was found that there were thirteen thousand communicants in the Christian church. But, look to-day, twenty-three years after that time, this number has mounted up to nearly one hundred thousand members in full communion. But mark, these are not the only Christians; the number mentioned is that of full membership in the visible church. If you want to get an adequate idea of the number of Christians in China at the end of the 19th century, you will need to multiply that number by at least five, so as to include all those who are catechumens and earnest enquirers;—those whose hearts have been given to Christ. I say, you must include all these, if you would total up the result of Christian effort in China.

But we have something else to add. Think of the 35,000 children under Christian tuition, of the Bible printed and circulated by the million, of hospitals, dispensaries, and orphanages. Think of the untold influence that has gone forth to brighten many a weary life, of the already large number of native saints and martyrs who are now with the Lord Who died to save them. We rejoice at those things we can see, but more than ever do we rejoice at those things that can only be counted by the eye of faith.

OPPOSITION.

But there is another side to missionary labours. During that time, there have been thirty-five anti-foreign, anti-Christian demonstrations. Many times, men have risen up in different parts of the Empire to kill those who came to them with the Gospel of Jesus Christ; and many Missionaries have fallen as martyrs. During the past year, we know that that number has been added to, and the already long roll is being lengthened out. Some 120 Missionaries, of all denominations, have laid down their lives for Christ during the past six months; and in addition, thirty-three dear little children have suffered to the death for Christ's sake and the Gospel's. A question which naturally arises, is, What has caused this great catastrophe? What has been the meaning of it all? Many have not been slow to say that it is owing to the presence of Missionaries. If I could this afternoon say, and say of a truth, that the Missionaries'going into the land of China, and with the Gospel of Christ, have, in spite of the great walls of prejudice, pride, and ignorance, in spite of their fewness of numbers, and foolishness of preaching, in these few tens of years, shaken the "eternal throne of China," as it is called, to its very foundation,—have sent the "Son of Heaven" a fugitive across his own Empire—that they have "turned the world upside down," as it was said of the apostles of old: If this could be said to be the effect of the preaching of the Gospel in China, it would be the grandest testimony this century has ever seen to the power of the message that the Missionary carries. But we cannot say it, much as we would like to be able to do so. We cannot say that the Missionaries or their message is the cause of the present condition of affairs in China. Some Missionaries have actually saved their lives by proving that they were Missionaries. No, we must look for a more mundane reason, and I am sure that many will welcome what I am now going to say, though one would like others than Missionaries to say it.

REAL CAUSES OF TROUBLE.

If you will look at this map, you will see three black marked areas in the North of China. The most southerly one is the German territory of Kiao-chou; the central one is the British territory of Wei-hai-wei; and the most northerly is the Russian territory of Port Arthur. Now to all competent observers, these three spots are responsible, more than any other one thing, for all the dark tragedies enacted and attempted in China during the past six months. Some three years ago, two Roman Catholics were murdered in Shan-tung. Germany at that time, at the request of the Roman Catholic Bishop, and anxious to have a foothold on the mainland of China, as an emporium for her ever-increasing Eastern trade, demanded a port or territory in which German interests would be conserved, and at the same time build up a great commercial centre, much the same as we have done in Hong-kong. As German trade in the East has been rapidly expanding we might say that their desire was both laudable and legitimate. So, under this pretext, as compensation for the murdered Missionaries, Germany seized that territory. Her right was tacitly admitted. But what happened immediately afterwards? Russia comes forward and wants her share; not that she had any Missionaries killed, but probably in the fear that the dividing of China had at last come, she seized Port Arthur. She went to the Chinese Government and said: " This peninsula that you were driven from by the Japanese, and which we made them disgorge, you must give to us; otherwise we will take it." The Chinese Government appealed to the British Government for assistance, but in vain. Russia took from China a fortified harbour, on which millions had been spent, and which was looked on as the Gibraltar of the East. Leases they are but in name, and no more unjustifiable seizure of a nation's territory ever took place, than the seizure of Port Arthur by the Russians. Britain's answer to Russian diplomacy and spoliation was to order up the fleet from Kong Kong, and seize on the opposite shore our new possession of Wei hai wei, so that we could at least balance the power of Russia in the north. It was simply a matter of going in and taking Chinese territory, to which we had no more right than would China have in seizing Vancouver or San Francisco. When you consider for a moment that we were taking this property from a nation proud, haughty, exclusive--a nation whose people are as loyal to their land, and as proud of their history as any "sons of Britain," we gave the Chinese a just cause for resentment, and this alone would suffice to account for many other movements besides Boxers.

FRANCE AND ITALY.

Immediately after Britain occupied Wei-hai-wei, France seized the Bay of Kuang Chau, on the coast of Kuang Tung Province. Italy then demanded her share, and indicated the Shamen Bay, in the Cheh-kiang Province, as the particular portion she had a longing desire for. The Chinese Government could no longer put up with this process of spoliation. It was the question of the last straw, and so they turned to Italy and said, "If you want it, you must fight for it." The Italian ambassador threatened them with an ultimatum, and when the Chinese Government showed fight, Italy backed down. The ambassador was recalled, a new minister was sent, all passed off peacefully, and Italy did not get her bay. But what happened? I have little doubt the Chinese Government learned this lesson, namely, that they had only to be strong enough, and to show fight enough, and to say to the foreign powers of Germany, Russia, England and France, "If you want to keep these places, you will have to fight for them; if you want the Empire you will have to fight for it." We know how she armed. We know with what surprise we found the Chinese were able to fight at last, and almost to defeat some of our own troops, under Admiral Seymour. They had gotten arms from England, from France, and from Germany. Who trained these men to fight? European drill instructors and officers taught them how to use these arms, and when the Chinese, on the walls of Tientsin, and on the road to Peking, and in Peking itself, showed a nation's hatred to the foreigner, the cry arose, the Missionaries have been at the bottom of all this trouble. My friends, in many parts of China, when this trouble broke out, and when the edict came from the Empress, ordering them to kill the foreigners, some of the officials actually risked their own lives rather than obey the royal mandate. Some of them even warned the Missionaries to flee. Many of the Chinese know that the Missionaries are their best friends; and they did what they could to save them. Had it not been for these enlightened and friendly officials, few of the Missionaries would have ever reached the coast.

BOXER MOVEMENT.

As these claims were being pressed upon her, and being gradually driven to despair, there arose, as a very opportune auxiliary to the Dowager Empress, the Boxer movement. Where did it rise? What gave it occasion? It rose in that very Province where both Germany and Britain have their newly acquired possessions - more likely to be white elephants than aught else—the Province of Shantung. The Boxers had been in existence many years, a kind of nondescript militia, drilling on the village green, and banding themselves together for mutual protection. When the Germans occupied their territory, and began to lay out plans for constructing a railway; when engineers and exploring parties went into the interior, armed with modern revolvers and rifles, the Chinese villagers grew alarmed at these new developments, and in their weak attempts to oppose the incoming foreigners were worsted and shot down. Hardly knowing what to do, these villagers went to the Governor of that Province and said, "What can we do? Here are the Germans occupying our territory, laying out plans for a railway, and killing us off." "What will you do," he said. "Why, I will give you swords"; and he distributed to them large swords, and with his encouragement and smile the Boxers, or Big Knife Society, as they were afterwards widely known, started on its career of revenge, spoliation and massacre. Under such patronage, and especially having such views as driving the foreigners out of China, the fiery cross went from town to hamlet, so that very soon the whole Province was in a blaze. But mark what happened in that Province. The Missionaries, with the converts, were the ones to bear the full brunt of the movement. Instead of the German possessions having to suffer, it was that of the Missionaries, who were defenceless, and who hitherto had lived and laboured in peace and success.

MARTYRS.

The rest of the sad story is briefly told. Rev. Mr. Brooks, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, was the first Missionary victim, nay martyr, and many of the native Christians had been hunted and harrowed. For the murder of Brooks some poor villagers suffered the extreme penalty, while the real reason, and the arch-conspirator were not discovered. Things grew to such a pitch that something had to be done, and the Ambassadors of the Foreign Powers in Pekin demanded the removal of the now notorious anti-foreign Governor, Yü Hsien. The Dowager Empress recalled the man to Pekin, showered upon him fresh honours, and then sent him to the adjoining Province of Shan-si, where he was enabled to perpetrate one of the most atrocious crimes of the century, in the killing of nearly one hundred Missionaries. It was a crucial moment for the Boxers, for the new Governor happened to be friendly to foreigners, and a man of determined will, and commanded a legion of foreign drilled troops. His hands were practically tied, because while the Empress sent him there with a show of putting down the Boxers, and to please the Ambassadors, it is a notorious fact, that he had secret orders to leave them alone. Ere long this was manifest, and bursting like their own great Yellow River beyond all restraint, the Boxers immediately spread all over the Province. They united together, and inscribed on their banners, "Up with the Dynasty; Down with the Foreigners." Mission houses and churches, hospitals and dispensaries went down in the common ruin, converts massacred wholesale, Missionaries fled, and like the great tidal wave of Galveston, they carried devastation and ruin before them, and finally dashed up against the legation barricades in Pekin. But they never could have worked out the havoc they did, had they not been assisted and protected by the Dowager Empress's well-drilled and well-trained army, who, obeying the behests of their royal mistress, stood helplessly by, when had they been allowed to do so, they could have stamped out the movement in a few weeks. Well we know that Boxers, hordes of fanatics from north-west China, and Imperial troops, all combined to wipe out the foreigners in Pekin, and from the now published accounts, they pretty nearly succeeded. Now I have given you the main reason for what seems to many a Chinese puzzle. There were many and cogent subsidiary streams running into that main river, but these are only feeders. You have the granting of political status to Roman Catholic Missionaries in 1899, and all over China, from the time that status was granted, there arose an ominous growl, and there were twelve outbreaks in a very short time against foreigners in different parts of China. To this also must be added the growing commercial jealousy of the Chinese, who could not look with equanimity, at our leases, and cessions of all their valued mineral deposits, and who resented the influx of exploring parties, and syndicate prospectors.

ILL-TREATMENT OF CHINESE.

I have seen hapless Chinese coolies truncheoned by French policemen in Shanghai, because they happened to be on the wrong side of the road. I have seen respectable tradesmen kicked and cuffed by bumptious seamen, proud of their little authority. And not only so, but if we look nearer home we have many things to be ashamed of in our dealings with China which I cannot go into. Take the opium war, for example. Some dispute that point and say it was a war of trade; but there is not a Chinaman in all the broad East who thinks so: his unalterable conviction being that the cursed opium was forced upon China by the Christian British Nation. We have also our poll tax and alien laws against the Chinese. These may seem politic, I even doubt that; it seems to me, the essence of selfishness to shut men out from our great continent, while we go with all freedom and on every errand into the land of the Celestials. The day will come when the Chinese will solve many of the labour problems of this land, and, who if treated in a brotherly spirit would become the best of citizens.

There has been a crisis in China. You have heard a little of what that crisis meant; none feel the great loss of life keener than the Missionaries. Almost all my fellow-labourers during my first four years of service in China, have been called to yield up their lives in martyrdom, and my heart is sad as I think of the dear native Christians who are still passing through dire persecutions, yet we believe God has been working, and though His plan may be slow in unfolding, it can only mean a new era for China. As the veteran Dr. Griffith John has said, the doors are going to be opened in such a way as we have little conception of; but his fears are that the Church at home will not be ready to enter these doors.

OUR DUTY.

Now I have given what I may call an inside view of the troubles in China, not the outside view. The Missionaries have surely had something to do with it. We have had this much—that we have been foreigners unfortunately. We have tried our best not to be foreigners, but to be as one of themselves; we have donned the Chinese dress, and lived in Chinese houses, and in many ways sought to conform to Chinese standards. The hatred that has been directed against the foreign Governments has been largely directed against the Missionaries, for the simple reason that they and they alone were the only foreigners that could be safely touched. Surely in all this there is a message for someone here, and I cannot do better in enforcing that message than tell the following incident. Not many years ago, you remember, there was a massacre of Church of England Missionaries at Ku-ch'eng, near Foo-chow, and how in one dreadful night that Missionary community suffered martyrdom. Amongst them were two young ladies, the Misses Saunders, who not long before had come from Australia, and had given their lives for their Master and His work. When the sad news went over the wires to Australia, did the widowed mother of these two dear servants of God, revile and hate the Chinese ever afterwards? ah, no, very far from that; for not long afterwards she applied to the Church Missionary Society, to take her daughters' place and soon sailed for China, and is now, or lately was, living at the very place where her daughters had been massacred; and here's a letter written in last June by her, of which I will read the closing words. She says: "We do not know what a day may bring forth; but whether here or there, we are the Lord's; and though every one of us may be massacred, what does it matter what happens our poor bodies! A spear thrust, and our real self is released to be forever with the Lord! May the Lord give us grace should the trial come, to meet it as becomes those whose lives are hid with Christ in God."

The spirit of the early apostles is not extinguished, in the Church of Christ on earth, and these very calamities which confront us now, will be but a trumpet call to many a life, to step forward, and lift up the banner of the cross, that has fallen from the hands of God's faithful martyrs.

The gloom is breaking, come, oh, come,
  From yon dear land of Gospel day.
Let China's centuries of tears
  In rainbow glory pass away.

EVENING MEETING.

The Rev. Dr. McTavish occupied the chair and opened with prayer. The hymn "Jesus Saves," was then sung, after which the Chairman read the 67th Psalm. Prayer was then offered by the Rev. Archibald Ewing.

THE CHAIRMAN then commented on the fourth chapter of Philippians, verse 4, as follows: "Rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say, "Rejoice." There are five things in this and the three following verses that the believer may always have, or that the believer may always be:

First.—Joyful, "Rejoice in the Lord alway." Now, how can we be always joyful? The apostle says in another place, "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing." It is then possible to have joy, even when we have sorrow. How can we have this continual joy or satisfaction? We can have it, because we are united with the source of joy. If we are in communion with that source of eternal joy, we may always have joy—that inward satisfaction of soul that rests contented with the will of God. I remember when in Colorado, seeing in the midst of the great desert there, such beautiful stretches of land that were always green. They were in the very midst of the arid desert, with the hot sand driving over it, and yet there were these beautiful green fields. And what was the explanation of this? You know the explanation; they had taken the water running down from the mountains, and were irrigating the land with it. It did not matter whether it rained or not; it did not matter what the weather was. They always had the continual, unfailing source of supply from the mountains. So we can always have joy, because the believer may be independent of circumstances. That is the reason of it. Just like Paul and Silas when they had been beaten at Philippi, and were thrust into the inner prison, with their backs bleeding and sore, and their feet fast in the stocks. They showed they were independent of their surroundings; they prayed and sang praises unto God in spite of their circumstances. So that is one thing we may always have—joy; we may be always joyful.

Secondly.—We may always be self-less; "Let your moderation (forbearance or yieldingness—giving up everything of self) be known unto all men." That is the thought in regard to it. Let your gentleness be known, a waiving of your own rights; setting aside your severity, rigor, and everything you are asserting simply from the standpoint of self. Let your selflessness be known at all times, for "even Christ pleased not Himself." What a wonderful testimony that is! And it is His gentleness or yieldingness that makes us great. And what is the explanation of this? Why are we not to stand up for our rights? because the Lord is here to vindicate our cause,—"The Lord is at hand." We need not have any anxiety about our reputation or our rights, or anything of that kind. Are we living this selfless life? How easy it is to get some little thing, just as a gratification of self or selfish pride or ambition, and we say, "This is principle and we must stand up for principle in defence of our rights." Ah! it is so subtle, that delusion, thinking it principle, when really it is just a gratification of a little personal ambition. We should never yield when the truth of God is at stake or the honour of God—we shall hear to-night of those who would rather die the cruellest of deaths than yield in that case. But yield only when it is self in the case.

Thirdly, the believer may always be "care-less"—without care or anxiety. We are instructed always to be "careful" in another sense. "He that is faithful in the least, is faithful also in much." But then we are to be care-less. "In nothing be anxious." Now, what is the remedy for this anxiety? In the First Epistle of Peter, chapter 5, verse 7, we are told, "Cast all your care upon God, for He careth for you." Ah! that is the secret of it. We often have great anxiety and worry about something we cannot control or help. We are trying to manage a thing we cannot get our hands upon. Now, why not leave it in His hands? He can get His hands on everything. Lay it right over upon Him. That is the whole secret of it. Then this is the third thing we may have—care-lessness.

Fourthly, we need always to be prayerful, full of prayer. "In everything, by prayer and supplication, let your requests be made known unto God." Let Him know everything; tell it all to Him. This was referred to this afternoon, but one cannot refer to it too often. The supreme power now in bringing blessing to China is the power that God has put into your hand and into my hand—the key of all-prayer. What a power it is! "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." He urges this upon us. Oh, I think, looking at it from that side, what a blessing the awful trials and sorrows in China have been! What a blessing they will be if they arouse the Church and Christian people to pray! And I believe it is having that effect. I believe thousands are being led to pray as never before, because of the awfulness of the condition rising up before us. It is a sad thing in itself, that it should be necessary for God's dear children to suffer such cruel deaths in order to arouse a lethargic church to the importance of prayer. But, thank God, if anything will do it; because it will not only bring a mightier blessing to China, but also to the church at home. Every one feels to-day that the supreme thing is prayer; "In everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God."

And the last is, the believer may always be thankful; "Prayer and supplication with thanksgiving." Thankful for everything. We have been accustomed to be thankful for the good things; but how many of us have been really, honestly, earnestly, thanking God for the trials that have come upon China? Ah! I am afraid we drew back when it came to thanking Him; when message after message came to us telling of the troubles there, did we still look up and say "Thank Thee, Lord?" We did not quite say it that way; we are apt not to say it; and yet in the 34th Psalm, 1st verse, the psalmist declares his determination: "I will praise the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth." Ah! have we that spirit? Is not that a spirit of continual thanksgiving? There is nothing, I think, like that to give an aroma to life; for then comes the beautiful promise: "And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus." That is the Divine tranquility—the peace of God. One can only just imagine what that really is in its depth—the peace of God, just as when Christ was in the midst of the stormy sea, the wind blowing, the waves rolling, and oh! such an angry sea—what a picture it is of unrest! But Christ spoke the word—"Peace, be still." That was the peace of God, stilling the tumult and noise. Oh! we need to have the same peace of God coming into our hearts, stilling them when they get disturbed and agitated. The peace of God that passeth all understanding shall guard your hearts and your thoughts as a garrison guards a city. "Your hearts"; —the depth of your being, which is the source of reflection, and volition—"your thoughts"—every detail going out into life. Not only the sources, but the outflow of these sources—God keeping you in every detail of life. "In Christ Jesus"; that is the sphere of our life, the sphere of our spiritual existence is in Christ Jesus. And Oh! dear friends, may we not ask that this may be so—that the peace of God may come upon many hearts that have felt the awful burden of these trials in China? May we not ask that the peace of God shall be given to the hearts of His dear servants who are to speak to us to-night? You know that they have had a special cause of anxiety. The message that came yesterday in regard to our dear brother, Dr. Harry Guinness said that he was at the point of death in London. One can understand a little of what that means, and our hearts have felt a very keen sympathy with Dr. and Mrs. Taylor in this sore trial, separated as they are by a wide ocean from their dear brother, when they would have so liked to be together; but God has ordered it otherwise just now. Thank God, the news that has come to-day is a little more encouraging. I am sure you will all unite in prayer, and continue in prayer very earnestly. And may we not ask now that this peace of God that passeth all understanding may come just like a benediction upon all our hearts; and safely keep our beloved brother Mr. Frost, and our beloved brother Mr. Nasmith, out on the Pacific Ocean, and their dear friends at home—keep them all restful and quiet in Himself—satisfied in Him.

GOD ANSWERS PRAYER.

After prayer and singing Dr. Howard Taylor then gave the following address,

THE last six weeks, my wife and I have been in the midst of students. We have been working in connection with the Student Volunteer Movement—the servant of all the Missionary Boards;—and consequently we have not felt at liberty to speak a great deal about our own beloved work. But this evening, we feel set free! And we are able to speak without restraint about the China Inland Mission. We feel, too, that we have an audience who want to hear about it!

I shall not soon forget the first time I was in this city. Oh! how I was impressed with it! We had just come from the States; and almost the first day we spent here was a Sunday. There were not any tramcars or omnibusses on the streets. All was most delightfully quiet and restful. I thought we had got very near to heaven! And while one regrets to see that Toronto is not now what it was then in this respect; yet, the same people are here —the people who made Toronto what it was—these are still here, thank God: even though others may have joined them who do not think as we do. And the one thing needed to get God's blessing for His work that we love, is to seek prayer.

And coming amongst you again, dear Christian friends, after twelve years' absence, I want to tell you what is on my heart for the China Inland Mission. During the first four days of the century, there has been a passage of Scripture continually recurring to my mind—may it be a watchword for us in the China Inland Mission. "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord," Isa. 52 : 11. If there is one thing that I want to remember for myself, and if there is one thing I want to ask you to remember in prayer, dear brothers and sisters in Christ, for our China Inland Mission, it is just that—that we who have the privilege and honor of bearing the vessels of the Lord, may be clean—may be wholly right with God. That is the thing needed more than anything else, I am convinced.

MISSIONARIES NOT ANGELS.

Some people think that Missionaries are all angels, and I just want you to be disabused of that idea right this evening! You will find that they have pretty good appetites; you will find perhaps that they are not angels in some other ways besides. Our beloved treasurer has been telling you that the Missionaries, even when they are not at their stations, need bread and butter. There are some people who do not seem to think that way, but it is a fact, and the expenses of the mission just now are very much greater than they would be if the work were being carried on. Do you know, dear Christian friends, that a member of the C.I.M. costs $500 extra when he comes home on furlough? Now, that is something pretty considerable It is a fact that we need to bear in mind as we pray to the Lord about funds, and I refer to it for this reason, that wild horses could not draw it out of our beloved treasurer, Mr. Helmer.

I do not suppose he would talk about funds. And I only speak about them in a general way. If we were short of funds, we would not tell you; but it is just because we happen to have funds in hand just now, that one feels free to speak about the matter. There have been times in this home here when they have had potatoes for dinner with salt, and bread for tea without butter. It requires a foreigner to come and tell you that! But, praise the Lord, they are not sorry. It is good to be tested sometimes. It is good to be cast back upon God: for the nearer we live to Him, the closer we find ourselves to Him, and the nearer we are to the centre of blessing.

What we want, dear brethren, at the commencement of this new century to which we are brought, and in which this is the first annual meeting

—one of a series held right around the world—what we want is, that we who bear the vessels of the Lord may be clean. This, so that we may have the Lord God dwelling amongst us; for that, after all, is the one thing that matters.

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF C.I.M.

There may be certain points in the China Inland Mission which are different from other Missions; but it is not financial details that matter most when you get right alone amongst the heathen. The one question when we get face to face with heathen darkness is this—"Is God with us?" If God is with us, all right; we can go forward without fear. There are other Missionaries here this evening whom we rejoice to have with us. We give them the grip of fellowship; we rejoice to be truly one with them, though their work is on somewhat different lines. The way they get their blessing is by living close to the heart of God; and we and they both want that in these New Days upon which we have just entered, that we may be clean to bear the vessels of the Lord.

One distinctive feature about the China Inland Mission is, you know, in connection with funds. We do not take up collections. Not that we find fault with anyone who does! But when we hold most of our Missionary meetings, we are simply the guests of various churches. We have the privilege of speaking about the China Inland Mission in Anglican churches, in Presbyterian churches, in Methodist and in Baptist churches. But they all have their own Missionary Societies, for which they very properly collect money and send it forth to the field. Now, you see, dear Christian friends, that if the China Inland Mission were to come into these same churches and take up collections, it might hinder and lessen the contributions made to their own specific Missionary Board, and it would be only robbing Peter to pay Paul! The work of God amongst the heathen would be none the richer. So that an additional organization to reach an untouched field, is all the better that it does not work just along the old lines. For these and other reasons, we in the China Inland Mission have felt that the best way for us is not to take any collections at all, so as to avoid all possibility of friction. So when we want money we go just where the gold all belongs; and do we get it from Him? You know all about that!

HOW GOD ANSWERS PRAYER.

A few months ago, after the great Ecumenical Conference, my wife and I went on homewards to England. We were just in time for the Annual Meeting there. If the China Inland Missionary is within one hundred miles of where the Annual Meeting is being held, he will be there! So one finds it in every country where one is held. Well, a day or two beforehand, there were perhaps thirty or forty members at the Mission Headquarters in London. We were told at a preparatory prayer meeting, when we were all by ourselves—there were not any non members there to listen! —we were told by our Secretary, Mr. Sloan, that funds were short. He mentioned that funds had been short for two or three months, and suggested that we should wait on God about the matter, asking Him to graciously supply the deficiency. When he ceased speaking, prayer was called for, and for a moment there was a pause. I do not know whether there was a feeling of discouragement. You know we are very human! But after a little pause some one got up and thanked the Lord for the shortness, asking Him what it meant—was there any lesson for us to learn?—and then praising and thanking Him for the trial. Another caught the note of praise, and then another. And the prayer-meeting was turned into a praise meeting. We knew then that the Lord was going to send the money.

Next day, the Annual Meetings were held. And in the afternoon meeting, one of our Secretaries noticed, away back in the hall, a warm friend of the Mission from the north of England; and as the Chairman was Sir George Williams—a very o'd gentleman now and sometimes difficult to hear at a distance—Mr. Wood went down and asked him to come up on the platform. He refused, saying he had to leave before the meeting would be over. "I have come from Newcastle," he said, "to be here to give you this," and he put into Mr. Wood's hands an envelope containing a cheque. It was opened, and found to contain a cheque for twenty-five thousand dollars. The beloved brother explains that he had been reading "China's Millions," and had noticed that the contributions in the list of donations had been less than usual for the previous two or three months, and he said he just wanted to make up the deficiency. And that cheque was made out and signed the day before—the very day when we had been praying to the Lord about our need. "Before they call, I will answer."

THE WORK ENLARGING.

In that connection, as you are aware, the Lord has recently given us a very comfortable Home in Toronto, with large premises—we do not fill them yet—perhaps there will be more need of the room in a few months' time. And we have new and commodious premises in London. And there has been a new training home opened in Australia, and another in New Zealand. Preparations are going forward; I wonder what these preparations are for. I dare say the Lord has something in it. Only two days ago, someone said to me, "I understand that Mr. Frost would like that a centre for the C.I.M. should be opened in the States." It has not come to that yet, but there may need to be two centres, one for Canada and the other for the States. And that brother added: "I would like to give the Mission the land and a Home in the United States." It looks as if the Lord were working in that direction, does it not? Is He going to close China to the Gospel? I do not think so. It does not look as if He were. Preparations are being made or planned in the chief Protestant countries of the world for progress; what does it all mean? Ah, friends, are there not days before us that we have scarcely dared to look for yet?

We have come to the commencement of the twentieth century; what is that century going to bring forth for China? I heard somebody say, a few days ago, he thought China might be closed up now, as the people of China showed that they did not want the Gospel, and had murdered as many of the Missionaries as they could, and driven out the rest. . . . Some time ago, the critics of missions were saying that the Chinese were good enough in their own way; "they had their own religions, which were good enough for them. They have the Light of Asia, you know." Well, they have had that light for twenty centuries, and they seem—from what has been happening—to be in as dense

CHINA'S GREAT NEED.

darkness as ever! And yet some people are quite satisfied that they should do with the Light of Asia. But I assure you, dear friends, as an eye-witness, what they want is the Light of the World: and they cannot do with anything less,, any more than we. . . . There are those now who would swing over to the opposite extreme, and would say that China is so bad that it is not worth saving: and we had better leave them alone. If the Lord Jesus Christ thought it was worth while to die for them, it must be worth while for some of us to live for them; and we are going to live for them. There are great days coming, I confidently believe for China, and I want to tell you at this point one of the many reasons for this belief. I want to lay before you one reason, and to ask you if you do not think it a good and cogent one. Some people are saying that very likely God will not send them the Gospel again. And yet we know that if there had been ten righteous men found in Sodom, it would not have been destroyed. And we know that there are a hundred thousand Christian men and women, communicants, in that country, many of whom have been faithful even in death: have had their clothes saturated with kerosene and been set on fire, or have been martyred in other ways, sooner than deny the Lord Jesus Christ. While the heart of God remains what it is: while the Lord Jesus is there, who beareth away the sins of the world: and while there are hundreds of men and women waiting in China, and others coming forward, such as Mr. Helmer has been telling us about—new candidates waiting and longing to go forth with the Gospel, to fill up the gaps in the ranks—there is hope for China yet. The Lord Jesus Christ is going to give them another chance in this life. We have no reason to think they will have any chance in the life to come; but we mean to give them a chance in this life, as the Lord commands us to do. And therein is the supreme reason for going to the heathen—not what we may think or what we may feel about the matter. The point of the whole business is—the Lord Jesus says—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." If that does not include China, what do the words mean?

CHRISTIANITY MUST WIN.

One more point, with regard to the future of China. I stated just now that there are one hundred thousand native Christians in that country; and in so saying, I was using the most conservative possible estimate. There are very many more. I spoke only of the church members in full fellowship; and anybody who knows anything about Missionary work in China knows that there are a large number of women who may not join the church because they are not allowed to; and of men who, on account of family circumstances, cannot; and a large number of secret believers and children. There are probably not less than two hundred and fifty thousand Protestant Christians. In addition to those there is a large outer fringe of men, and some women, intellectually convinced that Christianity is the truth, and that this book is the Word of God, for China, as well as for the rest of the world; and that these men and women will not have their convictions altered one whit by the wicked action of the Dowager Empress. She can no more keep back the incoming tide of Christianity in China than Canute could keep back the incoming waves. They came and lapped against the foot of the throne, and he was compelled to have his throne moved, and said to his courtiers, "See what your foolish words come to." And the Dowager Empress has set down her regal authority, and has said that China shall cease to move towards Christianity. Can she do it? Fifteen thousand native martyrs in North China say, "Never;" and they have laid down their lives as the proof, that they would stand staunch and firm to the Lord Jesus Christ. And very many more who, though they have not died, have suffered a martyr's sufferings, who have been hiding in dens and caves among the mountains—who have been naked, and hungry, and persecuted, and hunted: and who suffered every cruelty and indignity, because they would not deny the Lord Jesus Christ. This is what God has been doing in China. I think that Mrs. Bird Bishop was not very far wrong when she said at the Church of England Congress in Newcastle a couple of months ago words to the following effect: "I have travelled up and down in the interior of China, and have lived amongst the Thibetans, and the Koords of Turkestan; I have been amongst the Japs in their island home; I have travelled through India, and have been in that hermit kingdom of Korea; and I have seen Christians amongst all these people: but I assure you, gentlemen, I believe that the finest material out of which the Holy Ghost is building up churches in Asia to-day is the Chinaman." And we think so, too.

By great indignities, by cruel injustice, they have been goaded on, until some of them—Boxers and others—have acted in a way that all the best thinking Chinese regret and deplore. We, foreigners, have brought it on. We, foreigners, have been guilty, even more than they have, by the iniquitous things we have done to them, in connection with the opium traffic and in wresting from them portions of their country. And while many of them deplore, and we deplore more than words can tell the awful lengths to which they have gone, let us not forget, when people speak about the atrocities in China, what has been done in Pekin, and in Manchuria by foreign soldiers; and let us ask ourselves whether, while they have been barbarians, we have not been savages!

Those people are worth saving. They have a right to know that Christ died for them; and they have been prepared—a large mass of them—to go forward and join the church when the present troubles shall be over. I call upon you, young men and women, do you not want to go and share in the work that we are going to have the joy of seeing before many months have gone by? There are great days coming for China; may we not have a share in them? And above all, may those of us, who cannot go, have a share by prayer. Because this work will not be by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Living God.

And may the Holy Ghost rest upon all of us who are sent forth. And will not you, dear Christian friends, strengthen our hands, and "hold the ropes?" Will you not pray for us that we may be men and women full of the Holy Ghost and of fire—cleansed and fit and ready to go and "bear the vessels of the Lord."

ANNUAL REPORT OF CHINA INLAND MISSION.

BY MR. H. W. FROST.

FOR the first time, in connection with our work here, we are obliged to make our Annual Report in writing, rather than by word of mouth. Formerly we have had the joy and privilege, in reviewing the work of a given year, to look into your faces in doing so, and to have the encouragement and inspiration of your presence. But this year the Lord has ordered otherwise, in sending me far hence to the land we love and serve, so that by the time these words are read to you I shall be, if all is well with me, in the midst of the far-reaching Pacific. I am obliged, therefore, to ask our beloved Chairman to read to you what one would have been glad to say in person—may we remark that in submitting the Report we purpose making it as brief as possible, speaking only of the most important matters.

The service of the Mission here in Toronto, during the past year, has been much altered in character, on account of the difficulties in China; but it has not ceased, nor has it diminished in extent or intensity. We were able to send to the field last fall and winter, four new Missionaries—Mrs. Greene, the Misses Allen and Ellmers and Mr. Loosley. But other Missionaries had to be withheld, and, knowing that there would be little probability of sending new workers out during the past fall and present winter, we postponed active consideration of the cases of candidates, though we have kept in touch with these last for the sake of future service. Our clerical work, however, has not lessened on these accounts, for, while correspondence has decreased in the direction indicated, it has increased in other directions. The troubles in China naturally awakened great fears and heart-longings on the part of relatives at home of our Missionaries abroad and, for a time particularly, enquiries poured in upon us, almost beyond our power to answer them. This part of our Secretarial work was more than heavy—it was trying in the extreme, as for many days we were unable to give any details concerning lives which were precious to many, and finally, in not a few cases, we were obliged to pass on the heavy tidings of suffering and death. We have been grateful to God for the way in which He sustained us in the midst of this sorrowful service, and particularly, for the wonderful way in which He sustained the fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, relatives and friends, of those who passed through persecution or martyrdom. We have felt that such blessed results, in the fresh discovery of the power and comforting of God, has been the compensation which the Spirit has sought to give those who were weak and broken of heart. With such experiences of grace, we can never forget the truth, whatever may be asked of us in days to come, that God will not suffer His own to be tempted above what they are able to bear. Thus in joy, but more often in sorrow, we have passed through the year; until now, at its close, by the mercy of God, we are beginning to resume, in our office work, a more normal state of service. Henceforth, we trust to be able to have joyful tidings to tell our correspondents, of work restored and further blessed, of stations re-opened and souls saved, and of as much gladness as there has been sadness. Nevertheless—we have learned even in this to add—not our will, but God's be done!

Mr. Helmer, the Treasurer—who I am glad to announce, has been appointed this year our Secretary as well—has presented to you the Financial Report of the year, and it is not necessary that I should refer to this in detail. Attention should be called, however, to the fact that the Report attests, once more, that God does not fail us in providing for our financial needs as the work grows older in years and larger in extent. Year by year we have been able to raise our banner with its double inscription, "Ebenezer" and "Jehovah-Jireh," and once again we life it up in sight of angels and of men. In ways which could not be anticipated, from sources often previously unknown and entirely unexpected, from short distances and from far, from home lands and from foreign, in small amounts and in large, in spite of lack of faith, and of constant unworthiness of life, God provided for His own, always proving Himself our living, loving and faithful Father. There have been trials of faith abundant; but these have been more precious than the gold which perisheth. There have been times when the ministry to the General Fund here has not been sufficient for the work we have established abroad; but what has been lacking has been supplied from other sources, and even in this experience, what has been wanting in our joy has been made up in the comfort which we have had in the increased consciousness that our work throughout the world is practically one. We bespeak your prayers that the Lord may continue to deal with us in like mercy and with ever increasing prosperity; and we bespeak your praises that together we may worthily exalt the glorious name of Christ, for whose sake alone, such blessings of love and care have been bestowed upon us.

We cannot pass by the matter of our finances without referring to what has been the most notable answer to prayer for funds which God has granted to us. We refer to the gift of money for the purchase of a Mission Home. For seven years—for what seemed to us, sometimes, seven long years—we waited upon our Father in heaven for such offerings as would permit us to buy a suitable Home for the occupation of the Mission. When that perfect time had been accomplished, God sent us through a very beloved friend, a gift of one thousand pounds. After this, propitious providences followed one another in quick succession. First, there was put into the market for sale, just in time, the house on the south-east corner of Church and Wellesley Streets. Then God inclined the hearts of the owners of the property to make us most favorable terms of purchase, including a liberal discount from the original price, and the right of occupancy, upon the payment of $5,000, without any obligation, in the sense of indebtedness. Then followed other gifts, designated for the purchase of the Home, or for its furnishing or for its renovation, so that eight days after we entered it we were permitted to pay $2,000 more upon the purchase price, and in a short time thereafter, were able to buy all necessary household articles and begin the rebuilding of the coach-houses and stables to use as offices. This last work was provided for fully at last, so we were able to occupy the offices a few months since. As to the paymens upon the principal, these have gone on apace: the owners kindly gave us thirty-one years in which to purchase the property; but our Father-God has brought us so far, and so rapidly on in this, that we have reached, what we trust will be the last payment, and that in the course of a single year. Great indeed is His faithfulness!

We turn, in drawing to a conclusion, to our work in China; and while we do so with praise, it is necessarily also, with pain of heart, with bowed head, and with hushed tones. The year began with much prosperity. Speaking of the Mission at large, service was carried on in some four hundred stations and out-stations, with a working force of about fifteen hundred Missionaries and paid Native Helpers. Many of our Missionaries, through Conferences and otherwise, had been renewedly blessed of God, and great purposes were being formed, looking toward the more extensive and speedy evangelization of districts hitherto unreached. The native church of some eight thousand members and as many more Christian adherents, was manifestly growing in grace, while its leaders, in the persons of Pastors, Evangelists and Bible women, were evidencing new zeal in leading their countrymen to Christ. Indeed, there had hardly been a time in the history of the Mission when there was greater encouragement in all directions, and our hearts were filled with hope as we looked forward to the future. But suddenly there burst upon this fair scene, a storm of persecution, which lasted for months, which swept in some degree the whole of China, which centered itself in the provinies of Chih-li, Shan-si and Cheh-kiang, and which never ceased in its raging until nearly every Missionary had been driven to the coast, until a large number had passed through indescribable sufferings, and until —besides what other Missions lost—some fifty-seven of our own workers, with twenty precious children, had been overcome by violent death. It was not to be hoped that in a storm of persecution so widespread and so violent, that our beloved North American workers would entirely escape. And so, seven beautiful lives, from our own number, were laid low at the Master's feet. Thus we are called upon to-day to mourn the loss of Mrs. Young, Mrs. Ward, Miss Rice, Miss Huston, Miss Manchester, Miss Desmond, and Miss Smith. For these we do indeed mourn, for they were noble servants of Jesus, and their lives were precious to us. But we mourn not as others who have no hope. Though their bodies bear the brands of the Lord Jesus, and though they lie in unmarked graves, they have lain themselves down on sleep in the surety of a "better resurrection," and they form our first-fruits offering unto God of that precious martyr band which stand in the presence of the Lamb—"And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore they are before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple: and He that sitteth upon the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Thus the year which began in promise, ended in devastation and death. We can do no more than bow the head in trustful, willing submission to the Sovereign God, Who, we learn once more, "has His way in the whirlwind and the storm." With him who faced the mystery of suffering of old with perfect heart, we cry: " It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth good." Beyond a peradventure, even in this, "He hath done all things well."

And now, what remains for us, who have been called into fellowship of service with God's dear Son? It is for you and me to decide and answer. Our work has been for the present overcome; but God has not been defeated, and He never will be. It is clear from His holy Word that He has purposes of grace and redemption toward this world, including China, which mean the certain searching out and finding out of all He has chosen in Christ. In such glorious service, He is willing to use even such as we are. Whether we shall be used, depends upon whether we choose to put ourselves at His disposal. God seeks not the great, but the good; not the wise, but the humble; not the powerful, but the willing. Given these virtues, by His prevailing grace and at once we shall be in the hand of Him whose arm rules the world, and which still has power to take things which are not, to bring to nought the things that are As for the China Inland Mission, this is our desire, and we humbly give ourselves to God, that He may finish through us what He began in China's redemption. Remembering all that has taken place, facing the possibility of further suffering and death, we choose to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, if we may but be sharers with Him in His saving compassions toward lost men here below, and His glorious inheritance in all the saints above. In such a cause we dare not turn back; with such a Leader we dare not falter. For weal or for woe—in order that in Christless lives in China it may be weal and not woe—we offer ourselves anew to Him Who has bought us by precious blood, and Who will keep us by power divine. We ask you to pray for us, that our dedication may be real, and deep and abiding. And we ask you to join with us in our act of consecration, that together, we may choose this day anew Whom we shall serve, and choosing, may have grace given us to follow our Omnipotent Leader, not only for another year, but also for all the years that remain of earthly service. Thus we shall be able unitedly to set our faces toward a new effort for China's evangelization, which may never waver and never cease until God sends judgment forth to victory. And so, at last will God's Kingdom come, and His will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

And so, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and forever. Amen!

Respectfully submitted,
Yours in the love of Christ,
HENRY W. FROST.

CHINA'S MILLIONS

Abiding of the Holy Spirit.

BIBLE READING BY REV. J. HUDSON TAYLOR.

NOW what about the abiding of the Holy Spirit? You remember, in John iv., when Christ spoke to the Samaritan woman—not in very profound or difficult language, but in simple words indeed, He said to her, "If thou knewest the gift of God." Now let us stop and ask ourselves this question, "Do you know the gift of God?" "Do I know the gift of God?" "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son." This tells us at once that the speaker was the gift of God, and the Lord Jesus speaks of His own Spirit as the gift of the Father—the promise of the Father and the gift of the Father, "Whom," He says, "when I go away I will send unto you. It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you. . . . that He may abide with you for ever." He does not say, "You would have asked, and you would have gone on asking, and after asking and asking with greater and greater earnestness for hours—for months for years, it may be—you would, some day or other, receive a little taste of the water of life. "No," He says, "you would have asked of Him and He would have given you."

THAT IS HOW GOD GIVES.

When we accept salvation, we come to God and accept it by faith, and as we ask He gives. It is not His practice to hear our prayers and take no heed to them. If we ask and believe we have it, we are warranted in having the thing for which we ask. If we ask believing, we have it. "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, 'Give Me to drink,' thou wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water." And that living water, He says a little later on, is so different from earthly water or any earthly blessing, that they will never thirst again. Those who drank of the well of Jacob thirsted again. Look at this word. If talking to an unconverted person, we should say, "God says 'Whosoever drinketh.' Whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, that water shall become in him a well of water springing up unto eternal life." He will give it, there is no question about it, if we ask it; and drinking is simply accepting by faith without any feeling or reckoning as to what our past life has been or might have been, and without any reckoning as to what we ought to feel. Faith is not consciousness and consciousness is not faith. "Whosoever drinketh and accepteth by faith the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst."

That is a blessed word to us. One of the blessings God has taught me is this, that "shall" means "shall," and "thirst" means "thirst," and "water" means "water." "He who made the mouth, shall He not speak? and He who made the ear shall He not hear? Shall we not believe Him intelligently? and shall we not praise God and say, "My thirsty days are past, I thirsted in the past, and shall never thirst any more?" He says, "Whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give them shall never thirst." and I do now accept His Word and receive His Word, and I receive and drink this water; and I know (my past experience notwithstanding) that I shall never through ten thousand ages—not simply in reference to this life, but for ever and ever—I shall never thirst.

MARCH, 1901.

GOD NEVER DISCOUNTS.

He wants us to accept all He offers and all He promises. We shall find if we accept all He offers and all He promises, that He does more than He promises. He does not simply say, " He shall never thirst," but He goes on, you know, and says, " The water that I shall give him shall be in him." We might say, "Well might the woman of Samaria have said she had a lot of water, and would never thirst because she took a well in her." Let us so accept the Word to-night and so drink of the water of life, that we shall go away knowing not only that the days of thirst are past, but that the days without overflow are past also. Wherever we go, to a dry or thirsty land, we shall carry water with us and have a well, too, and a well that will not need any pumping: "And the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up"—overflowing; and for how long?—"unto everlasting life." There shall not only be thirst satisfied, but there shall be overflow experience. " He that believeth on Me,"—note the words—" Him that believeth on Me, out of him shall flow rivers of living water."

Ah, how sad it is when we say oftentimes, " There might have been an overflow, and our neighbour might have been refreshed and saved, it may be through it! Our hearts have been disbelieving." It does not say "He that wisheth or doubteth, wants to put it to the test," as some people do, like a good woman who went to a convention and asked what could be done with a temper like hers. She was told that if she would trust herself to God, He would deliver her from a bad temper. She was asked, "Are you trusting Him?" and she said, " Yes." And the next morning something at breakfast went wrong, and her temper broke out again, and she said to a friend. "It does not work. It is just what I expected." Of course unbelief does not work. Belief in His faithfulness will never disappoint; and whatever you undertake He will carry through for His own glory, and for the glory of His Name. Faith comes by hearing, not by recollection, not by struggling and not by working ourselves up, but through hearing the Word of God. Let us, therefore, search the Word of God to see what the Lord will say; and let us not doubt that he will fulfil all that He has promised.

" BE FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT."

I think there is much doubt in the hearts of God's children with regard to the subject of being filled with the Spirit of God. The Spirit is not an influence. God's Word says the Spirit of God is a Person. You may give a thing by measure. Here is a glass of water; and I could give you a little of it or all of it, but you could not give a person by measure. When my daughter was married, I had to give her altogether or not at all. If I could have given her by measure, her husband would not have been satisfied at all. You know the passage in the Authorized Version, "God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto Him." The words "unto Him" are supplied; they are not in the text.

(*To be Continued.*)

The Man of Macedonia.

"There stood a man of Macedonia and prayed him, saying, 'Come over and help us,'" Acts 16:9.

O for a vision and a voice to lead me
To show me plainly where my work should lie!
Look where I may, fresh hindrances impede me:
Vain and unanswered seems my earnest cry.

Hush, unbelieving one! But for thy blindness,
But for thine own impatience and self-will,
Thou wouldest see thy Master's loving-kindness,
Who by those "hindrances" is leading still.

He who of old through Phrygia and Galatia
Led the Apostle Paul, and blessed him there,
If He forbid to "preach the Word in Asia,"
Must have prepared for thee a work elsewhere.

Courage and patience! Is the Master sleeping?
Has He no plan, no purposes, of Love?
What though awhile His counsel He is keeping?
It is maturing in the world above.

Wait on the Lord! In His Right Hand be hidden;
And go not forth in haste to strive alone;
Shun—like a sin!—the tempting work "forbidden";
God's love for souls, be sure, exceeds thine own.

The Master cares! Why feel, or seem, so lonely?
Nothing can interrupt real work for God;
Work may be changed; it cannot cease, if only
We are resolved to cleave unto the Lord.

Submit thyself to God for preparation;
Seek not to teach thy Master and thy Lord!
Call it not "zeal"—it is a base temptation;
Satan is pleased when man dictates to God.

Down with thy pride! With holy vengeance trample
On each self-flattering fancy that appears!
Did not the Lord Himself—for our example—
Lie hid in Nazareth for thirty years?

Wait the appointed time for work appointed,
Lest by the tempter's wiles thou be ensnared;
Fresh be the oil wherewith thou art anointed!
Let God prepare thee for the work prepared!

From "Heart to Heart"

Journeying Westward.—From Toronto to Shanghai.

BY MR. H. W. FROST.

THE journey to China, in company with Mr. J. D. Nasmith—one of the earliest members of the Home Council—and undertaken at the request of Mr. Taylor, for the purpose of meeting with the members of the Mission at Shanghai, was begun at Toronto, on Christmas Eve. At that hallowed time, when the hearts and steps of others were turning homeward, our last good-byes were said, and the long westward journey was commenced. There was not a little sadness in leaving loved ones, especially at such a time; but there was much of gladness besides, for it was for Jesus' sake. The call to go forth, so far as one could judge, had come with unmistakable clearness; and it was unspeakable peace and joy to fulfil in some little measure, the good and acceptable and perfect will of God.

SHANGHAI—FOREIGN SETTLEMENT.

Christmas Day was spent in, what proved to be, bleak Chicago, a strong, cold wind prevailing throughout the day. We arrived there at noon, and as our train was not leaving until the evening, the waiting time was spent at the Moody Bible Institute, where cold and winds were forgotten in the warm welcome given us, for the sake of the Master.

SAN FRANCISCO.

On Christmas evening we continued our journey. It was devoid of special incident, though not without deep interest for every waking moment. Mile after mile was passed, with ever deepening wonderment on our part, through fertile vales, over trackless prairies, up mountain sides, beside valleys and canyons down from, what seemed immeasurable heights, along sunny slopes, from eastern winter to western spring time, from piercing winds to balmy air, from snow and frost to fruits and flowers—all this in the space of three days, until we came to rest in San Francisco, the great half-millioned city of the west.

On Saturday, the 29th December, shortly after noon, we boarded our ship, the "America Maru," one of three new steamers belonging to a Japanese line, the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, all of which ply between San Francisco and Hong-Kong. We found our boat a splendid craft, clean-cut and staunch, with scarcely an offensive odor from bow to stern, a true commentary upon the characteristic cleanliness of all things Japanese. At 1.30 p.m. we swung out into the bay, and presently were gliding rapidly outward, past islands, towns and forts, toward the Golden Gate beyond. In three hours' time, we had passed the portals of the gate and had headed out into the heaving waters of the Pacific. Gradually, Golden Gate, and cliffs and mountains, faded out of view, and when stars came out to keep their watch that night, we were alone, a tiny speck of wood and steel, upon the limitless waters of the ocean.

HAWAII.

Our course was set for the Hawaiian Islands, and so we ran south-west from the first. Two days had not passed, therefore, before we were in vernal sunshine, with its glad light and warmth. Two days more, and we were in the tropic climes, with floods of light everywhere in sky and on sea, while balmy breezes blew as in full summer time. Again, two other days, and we were in tropic warmth indeed, where shade was welcome and cooling breezes were sought for. Thus six days were passed, and upon the afternoon of the last day, off to the south, we saw long lines of island-coasts, with hills piling up into mountains, and mountains crowned with clouds. All day long we ran thus by the outlying islands of the Hawaiian group, and toward evening we caught the outline form of Oahu, upon which Honolulu is situated, with its glittering lighthouse standing sentinel at its southern part, where Honolulu Bay is found. It was a sight not to be forgotten—the view of the still waters with their hosts of boats, the city beyond, with its countless lights, the mountains rising far up behind, as if to protect all within their embrace, the stars overhead, and the full moon casting silvery light over all. As we stood on the deck late, watching the scene, a deep peace filled our hearts. Thus, we thought, some day, will the Lord bring all His own safely into port, where lights will never grow dim and where peace will be full and eternal.

The next morning, all were astir early, The ship's captain had announced that we should be in port until three that afternoon and we were anxious to make the most of the day. As there was a party of twelve Missionaries on board, we agreed among ourselves to go off together, and ten of us did so. This little company kept together, and hiring a large carriage, we were driven about for nearly five hours, first to the Pali—a notable precipice, seven miles away, where King Kamehameha drove over fifteen hundred of his enemies to their death, then to Waikiki—a beautiful beach, hemmed in by coral-reefs, over which the waves break in silvery spray, rolling up upon the sands beyond; and finally through the long avenues of the city, past parks and gardens, government buildings and palaces, till sight could hardly endure more. The Hawaiian Islands are called the Paradise of the Pacific, and as terms human go, the name is not chosen inaptly. Honolulu, their centre, is a veritable Eden, its fruits, flowers, its sunshine, its breezes, its wide expanse of dale and hill and mountain and sea, making it a paradise indeed, so far as such may be found on earth. Here and around are found in the palm alone, seventy-seven distinct varieties; and as for ferns, and creeping vines, and cacti and flowers, of various forms and hues, their number is innumerable. Once again, as we gazed upon God's fair world, our hearts were deeply stirred in adoration and praise. "O Lord, how great are Thy works"; "All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord, and Thy saints shall bless Thee!"

HONOLULU.

But that which most interested us in the Hawaiian Islands was not the sight of its external beauties; it was, rather, the story of the wondrous victory of the cross here, beside which there has been scarcely a parallel in religious history. In 1819 the American Board, hearing through Nantucket fishermen and others, concerning the savage and yet interesting natives of the islands, and having seen the first-fruits of God's grace in their hearts in the person of Henry Obookiah, who had wandered off to New Haven in search of western learning, determined to attempt the evangelizing of the Hawaiian people. A company of seventeen persons, including three Christian Hawaiians, was gathered together, and this company, being sent forth from Boston in October, 1819, reached Hawaii in March, 1820. The work of evangelization at once began. The language of the people was learned and then reduced to grammatical forms; books, including a portion of the Bible, were specially printed; Gospel preaching was pushed into the remoter parts of the islands, and the good-tidings were carried not only to the people, but also to the Royal family itself. Through many a hard difficulty, natural and spiritual, the heroic band of Missionaries, strengthened from time to time, waged its battle against sin. Tabu, a custom which has held its victims in demon bondage for centuries, was finally broken, good Queen Kapiolani, giving it its death-stroke by her heroic defiance of the goddess Pele in her supposed home in the heart of the crater fires of Kilauea. Following this, idols were abolished; and so rapid was the advancement later on, that in 1843, the whole nation held out imploring hands to God, and in the six years succeeding, fully 27,000 converts were gathered into the Church, most of whom remained entirely true to the Lord. Still later, the nation became openly Christian, establishing its laws upon the Decalogue, and proclaiming Christianity as the for ever-to-be-acknowledged religion of the kingdom. The Church, meanwhile, became aggressive, building edifices for worship at great cost and pains, one building having been erected to accommodate four thousand people, at a cost of $30,000, the money being given in free-will offerings, and the coral-blocks used in the construction having been passed for miles from hand to hand along waiting lines of men and women. Foreign work was also taken up: the Caroline Islands to the west were chosen as a field of labor, and several Missionary families were sent forth, a work maintained to this day, the single church of Hilo having given for this and other foreign missionary purposes the splendid sum of $100,000. In short, so great was the religious advancement in all directions, that the American Board concluded, in 1863, that its work was done and in that year it withdrew its Missionaries and turned over the work of further evangelization to the native Church. Thus, by the mighty power of God, a people widely scattered, having many chiefs and kings, sunk in sin so terrible as to be unmentionable, having no fear of God nor man before their eyes, being savages and carni-

HOW THE GOSPEL WAS BROUGHT.

bals, were lifted up, purified, unified, largely converted, made God-fearing and man-respecting, and all in the space of forty-three years. Truly, we need to go no further for proof both of the need and power of Missions. No wonder, as Paul saw in tottering Rome the fore-gleams of such things, that he cried: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." And so it was with wistful gaze, that we stood on the deck of our steamer, that afternoon, and looked at the fair islands we were now leaving, as again we went forward on our westward way. And as we gazed, we could not but feel that the islands had almost become a paradise in a double sense; and thus we could not but cry to Him who sat upon the throne: "Thine has been the victory, O Christ; may Thine be all the glory, forevermore!" And there is need for the prayer, as well as for the praise; for one clearly sees that forces have begun to work in the islands which may make for commercial prosperity but not for righteousness, and that men will soon be seeking to wrest these gems of the Pacific from the Saviour's crown. May God forbid; and may the victory still belong to Christ!

(To be Continued.)

A Converted Opium-Grower.

BY MRS. STOTT.

ONE of the first converts in our city of Wen-Chow was a man who had come in from his country farm to do business. He went into the chapel and heard the truth, and came again and again until he believed in it. One day, when he was in the chapel, he heard something from the preacher about opium-smoking and opium-growing. We will not have anything to do with opium in any shape or form. We cannot afford to play with opium as some of our churches play with drink in this country. We will not have the opium-smoker, neither will we have the opium-grower; and the man who grows opium is not admitted into the Church; or, if he grows it afterwards, he is put out of the Church, because it is an evil thing and we will have nothing to do with it.

This man went home to a patch of ground where he had some opium growing, and his conscience smote him. He said, "It is a paying thing, and I am a poor man." It pays them more than three times as much as a crop of wheat would yield. Not only so, but that ground has to be so enriched for a crop of opium that it yields better rice afterwards. It does not take up the space of the rice either, because it is grown at another time of the year. He began to think of that little patch of opium on the hillside, and said, "I am a poor man, and I cannot do without it." He said, "I will never grow it again. I will let it grow up this year, but I will never grow it again." But something said, "If it is wrong next year, it is wrong this year;" and again he tried to ease his conscience. "I won't do it again. I have done it now." But the voice said again. "If it is wrong next year, it is wrong this year." He got no sleep that night; and so he rose next morning and, with his scythe, cut down all his opium. Thus he showed he esteemed the peace of mind that he got of greater worth than his crop of opium.

We find, again and again, that Christians not only have to endure persecution but very severe losses, because they will not do these questionable things.

LADIES' HOME IN YANG-CHEO.

Ladies' Home in Yang-cheo.

THE New Training Home for ladies of the China Inland Mission, has just been built in the city of Yang-cheo. It is situated in the North East of the city, within a few hundred yards of one of the three east gates, and not far from the East City wall. The grand canal flows just outside this wall; and the masts of the boats passing along the canal can be easily seen from this Home. Our large central chapel of the city and the old Training Home are only a few minutes walk away. This Home stands in about two acres of land, It is 186 ft. long, and 52 wide, and has two short wings, one at each end, and faces almost due south. There are 25 bedrooms on the first floor, besides two rooms for cases of sickness. Then on the ground floor is a large dining room 23 x35, and a sitting room the same size. Also a ladies' guest room, rooms for lady-in-charge, business manager, 5 class rooms, a box room. kitchen, pantry, laundry, rooms for native women etc. Then there is a large roomy attic. Rain water is stored in three reservoirs and pumped up to a tank in the roof supplying the bath rooms and kitchen. The large garden supplies vegetables and flowers, and is also laid in paths affording ample recreation ground for the lady students.

"Had Not the Lord been on Our Side."

BY MISS. M. E. WAY.

Miss Way, a member of our Mission from Australia, is one of four Missionaries in Shansi who, as the following wonderful narrative tells, were enabled to hide from the fury of the Boxers, and by the good hand of God upon them, spared to tell to the praise of God the record of their deliverances.

After telling of their visit to a Conference and the blessing they received at P'ing-iang Fu and of their fellowship with our dear departed brother, Rev. Wm. Cooper, Miss Way goes on to say:

WE had only been back from the Conference a few days when a letter came from Mr. Kay telling us to leave at once and come to K'uh-u for the summer, as things were so dangerous. Our lives had already been threatened but we kept it secret as we thought the danger would blow over. We took a few things with us and passed by the place where the Boxers were drilling for their terrible work. We got to K'uh-u safely, where we remained for five weeks in a state of great suspense, expecting every minute to be called into the immediate presence of the King. At last the Mandarin told us to go, as he could not protect us. A proclamation was issued that every foreigner was to be killed and that any one had permission to do the work. It was thought best for us to try to get a place of hiding, so it was arranged for us to go in two parties, Miss Chapman, Mr. McKie and myself in one party and Mr. and Mrs. Kay and child in another. The last three are now in heaven: they passed through intense suffering. On Wednesday, July 4th, we started for the mountains, where we were led by a few Christians at night. We were dressed in men's clothes and tramped ten long miles, until we reached a mud hut belonging to one of the Christians and at some little distance from their house. That same day some Boxers called at the house and said that they heard that there were Christians living there, but they denied. The Boxers, however, did not believe them and they bound the old father and took him to the temple near by, where he publicly worshipped idols. Then they let him go and he came back rejoicing, saying that he had only worshipped idols outwardly, but inwardly worshipped God. He said if he had not worshipped idols they would have killed him and searched his house and found us, so he thought he had done a wonderful deed in saving us. Our Heavenly Father stood by us and kept the Boxers away, but we were compelled to leave the next night, and after walking about twenty English miles we arrived at a place

IN A LOFT FOR SIX WEEKS.

in the mountains about three in the morning. We promised the man there a sum of money if he would hide us for three months, but it is impossible for a Chinaman to keep a secret. We prayed that God would send us money and He sent us twenty ounces of silver. We stayed in a loft at this place for about six weeks; we could only speak in whispers and go out for a little fresh air in the night. We heard terrible rumors which were only too true. A Christian sent us forty ounces of silver and it was decided that we had better try to get to Sing-iang Fu. We thought we could reach there in safety by travelling all night and hiding in caves during the day, but climbing mountains was terrible work. We started at midnight with a change of clothing and were full of hope, thinking we could get there safely. My message from Jesus was, "The God of peace shall be with you." I indeed felt His presence preciously real. The night before there had been a terrible thunderstorm and the ground was very slippery and the scrub as high as our necks. We walked till break of day and then we came to some caves, where we decided to remain for the day. Everything was sopping wet. We had six men with us to escort us, three Christians and three outsiders. The six men went in the lower cave and we in one at the top of the hill, as we wanted to dry our clothes in the sun. Soon we heard a tremendous shouting, and a short time afterward there was profound silence. Mr. McKie went to find why they did not bring us something to eat, and he found the men gone. We were astonished, and did not know what to think, but came to the conclusion that the three men who were not Christians had bound or killed the other three, so we left our few things and scrambled up a mountain. We waited about two hours, and then decided to go to the next village, about seven miles away, so we walked all day and got to the village about 4 p.m., intending to walk all night

PURSUED.

and get to the Yellow River. We passed through the village, and, when a little distance off, heard a great noise, and on looking back we saw about fifty or sixty people running after us with knives and staves. We felt that the end was near, and looking to Jesus we stood still until they came up with us. They gathered round us and made us march back to the village and told us that they had the six men who were escorting us bound in the temple. We had been walking all day and all night without food or water and when we had passed through the village we sank down, unable to go further. They all gathered round us and I just commended my loved ones to God, so sure was I that the next minute or so I would see the King's face, but I had no fear and realized that Christ went all the way to Calvary for me. After a little while they calmed down and released us, much to our surprise; they also gave us some bread and water, and, as it was getting dark, told us we could sleep in an old temple, but we did not sleep much. At break of day we left and climbed up two or three mountains and hid during the day. We were hungry and thirsty and called upon our God to deliver us. We knew not where to turn, but decided to try to find water and as it was getting dark we started off and found a narrow stream by a bed of maize. We quenched our thirst and lay down in the maize, weary and shivering with cold, where we slept until morning. We prayed that God might soon take us home.

A FAITHFUL CHINESE BOY.

In the morning we went to the nearest house and asked for a little bread or boiling water, but they refused, so we walked on towards the village. We saw men all around standing on high banks with knives in their hands, watching us and everyone refused to have anything to do with us. We left the village intending to go and hide for the day, when we heard a man shouting after us. He told us about our six men who were bound, and said they were still in the temple waiting to be dealt with by the Mandarin. We then asked to be taken back to them that we might all die together. Just as the sun was setting we saw two men coming toward us, and we almost cried with joy as we recognized two of our own six men. They had all been released and the others had gone home as quickly as possible, but our faithful boy Uen-ri said he would try to find us and one of the others said he would not leave Uen-ri. They led us back over the mountains, travelling all night and resting in the day. From our ankles to our knees we were one mass of bruises, our clothes were in rags, and we had to walk over stones and wet scrub in stocking feet. The next day we were caught in a terrible thunderstorm and we were not sorry as we heard that a search-party of Boxers had been sent to look for us. We were drenched to the skin, and next day our boy said he would try to take us to a cave at the home of the other man who was with us. I prayed that God might give us a fine day to dry our clothes, and the sun shone out beautifully. It was nice to feel warm. Next night two men came with food for us and led us away to the cave. We reached there safely, only to find ourselves in the hands of thieves and murderers, who threatened to kill the man who led us there; so we had to go to another cave right down in a deep gully. There seemed no hope now of our getting through, we felt sad but looked forward to the glorious hope of soon being in heaven. We soon learned that this was God's very definite leading, as the Boxers had gone to the place where we were to have hidden, in the home of one of the men with us, and robbed them of everything. If we had been there we would have been killed, but God willed that we should be spared a little longer, only "till He come."

IN HOLES AND CAVES.

We lived in caves for six weeks and it was almost more than we could bear, day after day, and week after week, in the very wilds of China, living in a little hole on bread and water, without a Bible.. I prayed daily that God would send me a Bible; my prayer was answered and I got four of my own returned, one for each of us. An enquirer came at midnight each day and brought us bread and water; we were found three times but God delivered us.

LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF REV. WM. COOPER AND MR. WOODROFFE TAKEN IN SHANSI.

We prayed that God would scatter the Boxers and the very day that we came to the village orders had been given to scatter them, just in time to save us. By this time all the people got to know that we were in the district, so we were taken to the loft of one of the enquirers. In the small room below the loft two children were ill with smallpox, one died, but our God kept us well. We slept out in all sorts of weather and in wet clothes time after time and did not even have a cold. The Lord gave us strength for the suffering. From this place we went to the home of a Christian, where we were delivered—the K'uh-u Mandarin sent soldiers and took us to K'uh-u on Sunday, October 21st. It was really lovely to be out in open daylight, only once since the 4th of July had we enjoyed this privilege. Travelling at night was our safety, but even then we could never have been spared had not God given us the faithful boy Uen ri.

God used him as the instrument in saving our lives and we can never forget him. He is still with us, and it God spares us to go to Shanghai, he will accompany us.

FIVE MONTHS WITHOUT A CHANGE OF CLOTHING.

For five months we never had our clothes off. We prayed that God would send us clothes, as the weather was getting cold and we were so dirty we were ashamed to be seen, and the Lord sent us some wadded clothing. We wanted to stay at K'uh-u, but we were there only a few days when the P'ing-iang Fu Mandarin came for us with a party of soldiers, and so we could not refuse to go. The K'uh-u Christians wept bitterly when we left. Mrs. Ogren and her little boy were alone in P'ing-iang Fu and we were glad to join her, as her husband had died there a few days before we arrived.

A little while of winning souls to Jesus,
  Ere we behold His Beauty face to face,
A little while of healing souls' diseases,
  By telling others of a Saviour's grace.

Conversion of a Buddhist Devotee.

BY MISS S. GARLAND.

WHEN we went to China nine years ago, it was very much laid on the hearts of our mother and some very near and dear to us to pray that God would choose our teacher for us, that he might be a man who would be converted; not one who was already converted, but who would be converted. We were first sent to the Yang-cheo Training Home, and then sent on to Kao-iu a place on the canal. Our teacher was a Mr. Chang. He had never heard the Gospel until he came to teach us, and was a heathen. It was some time before he came to take an interest in the Word; but, before we left, he said he wished to serve Christ. He did not get a very firm grip of Christianity in the few months we were there, but his heart was touched and, some time after we left, he was baptized and received into the Church.

After some time of study on the coast, we were sent on to the inland Province of Kan-suh. On our journey we prayed that God would choose for our teacher one who would accept Christ. A man named Ting, who had been a very devoted vegetarian and Buddhist, was chosen. He worshipped Buddha and believed that by abstaining from meat and giving much money to idols, and saying many prayers, he would secure his salvation. He and his wife gave themselves up to a five years' course of prayers and fastings. The five years must be completed before their salvation could be secured. They had been through three years of the course when his wife died. This was a great shock to him. He reasoned, "If Buddha is a great god and a good and wise being, and takes notice of what we have been doing, he surely sees that my wife has been trying to save her soul, has been trying to do the best she knew; and surely, if he had known this and had the power to do so, he would have allowed her to finish her course." He concluded that Buddha could not be the benevolent, powerful being he had believed him to be, so he took his books and other things down to the riverside and burnt them there, and broke all his vows, as he was quite sure Buddha could not be the god he was represented to be.

FIVE YEARS OF PRAYER AND FASTINGS.

Some time after this we went into the city. When Mr. Ting heard some one was wanted to teach Chinese to some newcomers, he offered his services, and was accepted, and we began to read with him. We knew very little of the language at that time, and could not say much to him; we read the Scriptures with him, but determined not to attempt any explanation of the Word till the Lord gave us the opening. We were so afraid we should make mistakes, and we determined we would not speak until the Lord made it plain we should do so. After a few days he went to Mr. Hunt and asked him to try and prevail on us to read the Classics. If we would read the Classics he would be willing to read with us; but he did not want to read these foreign books. Mr. Hunt told him that we must study the Scriptures so as to have the mastery of them in Chinese. Very unwillingly he continued the daily reading. At last one day in a fit of impatience he almost threw the book on the table exclaiming "Whoever can make any sense out of that?" I looked to the Lord for help, and explained as well as I could the passage which had so puzzled him; then he saw there was a meaning in it, and said that if that was the meaning it was all right. Very soon he began to take a real interest in the Bible, but found much that he could not understand. We told him that only God's Spirit could enable him to understand it, and that he must pray for the Holy Spirit to be given to him. He began to do so, and his interest in the Truth deepened as the light gradually dawned in his soul.

CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAN.

After a time I read with him a translation of "Christie's Old Organ," which tells about a boy in London who wanted to find the way to a beautiful home he had heard of in Heaven. His mother had died, and told him to follow her to Heaven. One night he went to a Gospel hall and heard about the glories of heaven, but he heard also that nought that defileth could ever enter there. Having read so far one afternoon, we put the book down. Next morning, the teacher came early, very anxious to go on with the reading. Hurriedly putting on his glasses, he said, "I could not sleep last night, wanting to know how Christie found his way to heaven?" We began reading and found that next Sunday, when the boy went to the Gospel hall again, the minister took as his text, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." Mr. Ting did not wait for any explanation of the text. The light of God's Spirit shone into his heart, revealing to him the way of Truth, and as the blood rushed over neck and face and the tears to his eyes, he bent his head on his clasped hands, saying, in a broken voice, "Oh, how great is His grace, that, by such suffering, He has prepared a way for us to go to that beautiful home." Not long after this Miss Holme, on going to see his wife, found that Mr. Ting had destroyed his idols and ancestral tablets, and given up idolatry altogether. He had done this without telling us.

Two Child Martyrs of Shansi.

BY MRS. SAUNDERS.

Isabel, aged one and three-quarter years. **Jessie, aged seven and one-quarter years.**

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS.—I have been asked to tell you a little about our dear Jessie [one of the child-martyrs in Shan-si] who is now in heaven. She was born in China on April 12, 1893, and was always a bright, healthy child. I do not remember her being in bed a single day because of illness. She was very fond of animals, and dearly loved a donkey-ride; she would ride quite fearlessly through a Chinese city. With the native Christians she was a great favorite; she seemed always to see the bright side of life, and was so loving and lovable.

Very early she learned to love Jesus, and was fond of hymns and Bible stories. She especially liked me to repeat to her that hymn commencing –

"Jesus, who lived above the sky,"

and always seemed so sorry that Jesus had suffered so much for us. She would sometimes say, "When I see Him I will look for the marks of the nails in His hands and feet."

She liked to talk of His return, and looked for it in a most natural way. We were expecting to take her and George—her younger brother—to Chefoo this spring, and, to her loving nature, the thought of leaving home was not easy. One day we overheard her say to her brother, "Perhaps we won't go to Chefoo, Jesus may come before then."

On another day, when talking about the same subject – the return of the Lord—the children said, "When we hear the trumpet sound in the sky, we will run in very fast so that we may all go together." Jessie was always ready for a Bible story, and liked especially to hear of Jesus rising from the dead. Her life in China, with her brother George, and her two little sisters, Nellie and Isabel, was a very happy one.

She was fond of sitting by my side on the "K'ang" or brick-bed, while I talked to the Chinese women about Jesus and His love. Often when we passed people in the street she would say, "Do you think they have heard of Jesus?"

But the time came when our happy home was to be broken up. Oh! it was so sudden and unexpected! On June 26, 1900, we had passed the day much as usual; I had been busy preparing apricot jam for our winter use; after the children's tea they had their romp as usual and their bath, after which we always liked to have a hymn and a little reading before they went to sleep. That evening the portion in "Peep of Day" was, "The Crucifixion of our Lord," and when I left our darlings in bed, Jessie was still looking at the picture of Jesus on the cross.

In the cool of the evening, Miss Guthrie, Mr. Jennings, my husband and myself were sitting in our courtyard, when our native helper came to tell us that wicked men were burning our house and preaching shop in the city. Knowing that they might next come to our house in the suburb, we went inside and prayed to God for guidance; we knew we were in His hands —"a very safe place ot be at all times." These were the closing words in the last letter of Mr. Wm. Cooper to us. While on our knees, the crowd came and began throwing stones, etc., into our courtyard; so, quickly taking the children from their beds, where they were so peacefully sleeping, we escaped by another gate, and, going up a long country road, we reached another gate of the city and went to the Mandarin. He said he could do nothing for us, and advised us to leave the city quietly at daybreak, which we did. This was the beginning of a long, long journey full of weariness and peril.

Dear Jessie often cheered us by her simple faith. She would remind us Jesus was on before. One day we were in an inn and were attacked by a band of "Boxers," who treated us badly; we prayed, and Jessie would say, "Keep on praying, mother." I said to her, "Darling, let us all pray in our hearts; we are so tired." But she said, "Mother, just once more," and after that prayer the crowd left the inn yard. How the dear child's eyes glistened as she said, "Jesus has sent them away!" When on the road we were robbed of everything, including most of our clothes, and as we went on with our bare, blistered feet in the burning sun, with no covering for our heads, we were treated very cruelly. Stoned and beaten, often hungry and thirsty, and for several nights sleeping on the bare ground in the open air, it was so comforting to know she did not think harshly of these poor people who were treating us so. She would say: "If they loved Jesus they would not do this"; and so many times she reminded us that Jesus was hungry and had no place to lay His head. When our clothes were taken away she said: "They took Jesus' clothes when they put him on the Cross"; and again, when one day we were lodged in a place where animals were fed, as we put the children into the stone manger and I was fanning Jessie, who was very weak, she looked up so sweetly and said: "Jesus was born in a place like this," and the thought seemed to help her very much.

She often spoke of the native Christians, mentioning them by name, and expressing the hope that they were not being hurt or killed. After we had been a month on our journey our sweet baby, Isabel, was taken by the Good Shepherd to heaven; she had been so patient and passed away so peacefully, we could only rejoice for her that she was safe for evermore. A week later Jessie joined her little sister. She was tired and worn out, but also very patient, though the last few days she would often say, "Mother, I do want a comfortable place." Jesus heard her cry, and took her to that beautiful place prepared for her – what a lovely change from our awful surroundings to His own presence!

Though we miss our darlings very sorely, we must not wish them back, they are still our little girlies; George and Nellie often say, "We are still four, two in heaven and two on earth." When Jesus comes, and "the time will not be long," He will bring them with Him, 1 Thess. 4 : 14. When Jessie was asked whom she loved best, she would answer "Jesus." Dear young friends, whom do you love best. Jesus loves you; He died for you, and is now in heaven preparing a place for you; He is coming again. Will you be ready when Jesus comes? Are you doing anything for Him?

Escape from Honan.

BY MR. JOHN MACFARLANE, OF TASMANIA.

MR. MACFARLANE left Melbourne for London in April, 1899; and after spending some time in England, sailed for China in the same steamer as the late Mr. William Cooper. He was for some months in China, living for three months in Tai-ho, and two months in Yin-chau, in the province of Gan-hwuy; and it was his intention to visit several other stations. The trouble broke out, however, and the friends already know from the account that has been published, of the thrilling experiences through which the Lord brought our brother. In December number we gave Mr. Gracie's account of these same experiences, but we feel sure the following narrative will cause us to magnify God for the grace manifested in our dear friends.

"I had expected to remain at Siang-hsien for some weeks, but the Lord lovingly ordered otherwise. On my arrival there, I found Mr. and Mrs Gracie, the Missionaries in charge, seriously considering whether they ought not to leave, in consequence of the unfriendly attitude of the people; many rumours being afloat as to the orders from Pekin to destroy the foreigners, and the news of riots in Shen-si and the north of the province of Ho-nan, tended to unsettle the people. This was made worse by the arrival, the day before, of a large party of Missionaries, being escorted by soldiers, and the Pekin syndicate engineers passing through the city. At one time Mr. and Mrs. Gracie had thought of going with this party, as the leader of the Pekin syndicate invited them to do, and offered them his protection; but fortunately they were led otherwise, my expected arrival causing Mr. and Mrs. Gracie to stay on. Subsequently they heard that this party had been attacked, and some of the members very severely wounded. After much prayer, Mr. and Mrs. Gracie decided to leave, and as I had not much of the language, it seemed the Lord's will that I should accompany them. Otherwise, I felt inclined to stay with Mr. Bird, the junior Missionary, who decided to stay on a little longer.

We left Siang-hsien by cart, for T'ai-ho, via Cheo-kia-k'eo, Mr. and Mrs. Gracie and the baby in one cart, and I in another, and two Chinese women in the third. We entered Cheo-kia-k'eo on the morning of the third day, and at once saw, by the excited crowd around us, that something had occurred to upset the people. We drove into the inn, and the landlord at once shut the gates; but the crowd came climbing over the wall, and the inn yard was soon filled with people, all seemingly very excited. The innkeeper did what he could for us, and kept us quietly in a room and sent for a Mandarin. We did not know until subsequently that, at this very time, Mr. and Mrs. Shearer and the other missionaries were hiding in a neighbour's house, as the mob had that morning attacked the Mission premises. After the Mandarin's arrival at the inn, Mr. Gracie spoke to him and asked him for an escort to take us to T'ai ho, and after a time the Mandarin said he would escort us out of the city. We do not suppose he was very friendly, but the Lord over-ruled his heart. (I was rather amused—although it was an anxious time—to see the Mandarin take his stick and belabour the crowd in the inn yard.) Accordingly our things were put on the carts again, and the Mandarin and some soldiers escorted us through the streets of the city. There was of course a large crowd in the streets, but Mr. Gracie said they did not seem unfriendly. A considerable crowd followed us some li out of the city, and then the mob attacked our carts and plundered us of all our things, some of the soldiers taking off their coats and helping themselves also; all the while the Mandarin riding on a little in front.

TROUBLE BEGINS.

MADE NO RESISTANCE.

No doubt under the guidance of the Lord, we made no resistance (perhaps if we had we would have lost our lives), and I handed out my things to them from the cart. The Lord had given me in the morning, "Suffer the loss of all things." It did not seem quite like doing that, seeing my things being taken; nevertheless, I had peace in my heart. My gown and shoes were taken off, thus leaving me with my singlet and trousers and socks. Mr. Gracie had his gown taken off, but was not so fortunate in having a singlet on. A man with a knife came to Mrs. Gracie, in her cart, demanding her marriage ring, prepared to cut off her finger, if necessary. Although usually the ring is tight, the Lord lovingly caused it to slip off easily, so Mrs. Gracie said her finger was saved. Fortunately, they did not take any of her clothes. My carter having turned me out on the road and driven away as fast as he could I got into Mr. and Mrs. Gracie's cart. Their carter then drove very fast, so that we left some of the mob behind, and approached the city by another road than that by which we had come out. As we came up, the city gate was shut in our face, as there was still a mob following us, but afterwards it was opened and we got inside, but had not got far when the cart was stopped, and the crowd seemed very angry, and stones were thrown, a small one hitting me. The carter then turned back, by the mercies of God, or else probably we would have been killed, and we drove out of the city again. Of course, there were cries of "Kill the foreigner," and it seemed as if this would be done.

BEFRIENDED.

When we got outside the gate, the carter pulled us out by force, and left us all three on the road just as we were, and drove off. Just then, or soon after, the Lord lovingly hid the sun behind a cloud, fulfilling His precious promise, "The sun shall not smite thee by day." A man also gave Mr. Gracie his outside jacket to cover him. Whilst some cried to kill us, the Lord lovingly raised up friends for us, who interfered in our behalf, and said, "Come along with us and we will take you to a quiet place." These friends were not Christians, and, as far as we knew, had no interest in the Gospel, nor had been in the church, so the Lord had the hearts of all in His hand. We walked along the road under their guidance, and it was very dusty, so it felt soft enough to walk along without shoes. On coming to a little wayside tea-shop, our conductors offered us tea. We said we had no money. They said, "Never mind; we will pay."

(To be Continued.)

Magna Charta of Christians in Shantung. Remarkable Letter from the Governor.

TRANSLATION of a letter from Yuan Shih-kai, Governor of Shantung to the representatives of the American Baptist, American Presbyterian, and English Baptist Missions, in reply to a letter from them making inquiries concerning the orders to the Christians to recant, as to their future status, and other matters.

"Your letter with enclosed list of districts where your mission work is carried on was received yesterday and its contents noted.

"With reference to the cause of the recanting of the Christians in the 6th moon (July, 1900), all Chou and Hsien officials on their own authority determined and arranged the matter in the hope of protecting the Christians. Their action was not on my instructions. On numerous occasions I ordered my subordinates to protect Christian interests as you, reverend sirs, well know.

"As there is now no disorder from international friction, it is the more important that former treaty engagements be looked up and carefully observed.

"All pledges of Christians to recant, whether given to officials or to persons acting as security therefor, all voluntary pledges or promises of whatever kind to the same effect, are null and void and no further account is to be taken of them. I have moreover instructed my subordinates to put out proclamations for the public information, lest Christians be subjected to hindrance or annoyance in the matter.

"You, reverend sirs, have been preaching in China many years and without exception exhort men concerning righteousness; your Church customs are strict and correct, and all your converts may well observe them. In establishing your custom you have been careful to see that Chinese law was observed. How then can it be said that there is disloyalty?

"To meet this sort of calumny I have instructed that proclamations be put out I propose hereafter to have lasting peace. Church interests will then prosper and your idea of preaching righteousness I can promote.

"The present overturning is of a most extraordinary character. It forced you, reverend sirs, by land and water to go long journeys and subjected you to alarm and danger causing me many qualms of conscience.

"Everywhere (in Shantung) it is now quiet and the missionaries of Germany and France and other nations have returned to the interior to preach as formerly. If you, reverend sirs, wish to return to the interior I would beg you to first give me word that I may most certainly order the military to carefully protect and escort you.

"With wishes for your happiness,

"Yours in reply,

(signed) "YUAN SHIH-KAI."

"Chinanfu, 11th Moon, 27th day" (17th January, 1901).

The Shansi Christians.

BY MISS M. E. WAY.

"Many of the Christians visit us and nearly all of them have a large cross on their foreheads, inflicted by the Boxers.

Our hearts are filled with joy as we think of the faithfulness of the Christians at T'ai-yuen Fu. The Missionaries were beheaded first and then the native Christians had to kneel down, and drink their blood and as they knelt they were killed; not one denied Christ. The school-girls were taken to the Yamen and the Governor said to them, "You follow the foreigners." they answered, "No, we follow Christ," he then said, "You read the foreigners' books," to which they replied, "No, we read God's Book."

Shan-si has been watered with blood and I rejoice to think of the glorious harvest yet to come. I heard that the T'ai-ku Christians had met for worship and the Boxers had come and killed them all but two. How beautiful to be summoned home in the attitude of prayer! A few of the Christians at P'ing-iao were murdered.

May I ask your special prayers for the native Christians, who are suffering beyond description. There is scarcely a home without bereavement and their houses are robbed and plundered, and we fear that, unless help comes soon, many will die of cold and hunger."

MR. McKIE.

Speaking of the native Christians, Mr. McKie says, "Their sufferings from hunger and cold, and homeless wanderings, is unspeakable. They are in a worse position than the poorest of beggars. Homes are burned down, stripped of all and ruined. We feel sure that you must already have sought some way of helping them, and we hope that you will not cease your efforts on their behalf, and try every means that you can think of. Their suffering is greater than you can imagine. Winter is already upon us, and what it means to Christians at this time, one does not dare to think. Hundreds have been murdered and hundreds more will die of starvation and cold, unless help comes soon. Though anything you can do will come late, yet not too late to tide many over the winter."

Telegraphic information has been received that Mr. McKie, Mrs. Ogren, and Misses Chapman and Way were leaving P'ing-iang Fu, for Hankow, on the 6th, inst. Earnest prayer is asked for them during this journey.

Before leaving, Mr. McKie had made arrangements for the distribution of relief to the famine sufferers, through the native church elders. Some money has already been telegraphed to Shansi, for this purpose.

Monthly Notes.

WE REGRET A MISTAKE through oversight in the report in our last number, of Rev. Mr. Des Barres' address at our annual meeting. Referring to the number of Missionaries he is reported to have said that the number of our Missionaries had risen from sixteen "to 7,000, or thereabouts," whereas it ought to be 700, or thereabouts. The exact figures on January 1, 1901 being 738.

Not many Missionaries are able to remain in China for so long a period as twelve years without taking a furlough; and Miss Grace Irwin, who went out in the first party of C.I.M. Missionaries from Canada, in 1888, is one of the favored few. We had the great pleasure of welcoming her home not many days ago, and of hearing from her own lips, of the prosperous work under her care in Kiang-si Province. God has kept our sister in good health—and blessed her in her labors—and she is looking forward to the time when, the present troubles in China safely over, she may be permitted by God to return to her loved work. Mr. Hooker, who went out in 1892, and has been stationed in the Province of Anhuei, has also returned on furlough, and he, too, has nothing but good to tell of the Lord's faithfulness in a strange land. Pray that these and all other returned Missionaries, may be the means in God's hand of arousing fresh interest in the evangelization of China.

We have just received letters from Mr. Frost, dated Shanghai, February 12th, and rejoice to say that God is evidently blessing his ministry there, and giving him many opportunities of helping others. He also says, that many of the Missionaries have returned, and more are still returning to their work in the interior.

In Memoriam Meeting.—On February 12th, there was held in Mildmay Conference Hall, London, a Memorial Service for those Missionaries of the China Inland Mission who were martyred in China. The meeting was presided over by J. E. Matheson, Esq., and the speakers included Mr. Theodore Howard, Rev. J. E. Fox, of C. M.S., Pastor Frank White, of London, Rev. F. B. Meyer, and several of the escaped Missionaries. In a future number we hope to publish some of the most helpful utterances of that great and impressive service.

"**Martyred Missionaries of the** China Inland Mission," a book of 328 pages, containing 60 portraits, and other pictures, is an account in permanent form, of the lives and sufferings of those who have been counted worthy to suffer for His name. It contains also detailed accounts of the trials and perils of the survivors. It is a book, probably unparalled in the history of Missions, and pray God, may it never have a rival. The Rev. H. E. Fox, Hon. Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, speaking in London, at the "In Memoriam Service for the martyrs of the China Inland Mission," said of this book: "If you have not read it, I hope that every one of you will read it. Aye, brothers, read it on your knees. That is the best way to read that book, and, as you turn page after page —if your eyes can see the pages through the tears—and as you read story after story, you will see that the days of miracles are not over. There are more miracles in the pages of that book, I think, than you can find in any book that has been published—I was going to say since the Bible was written. You will read how the Lord stretched out His hand again and again in a way passing human understanding. We cannot explain it. The Lord has magnified Himself there, and shown that there is a God upon the earth; and the heathen know it."

We would like our readers to have fellowship with us in prayer that God would even now be preparing not a few consecrated lives to offer for service in China. The very remarkable letter which we publish on the previous page from the Governor of Shan-Tung Province, as well as other indications, go to show that ere long, China will be more accessible than ever to foreign influences. Shall we then not definitely pray, that many of those, for instance, who will soon be finishing their college course, may be led of the Holy Spirit, to yield themselves for this most pressing of all problems that the Christian Church is face to face with, how to reach the unreached millions of China. Will the stations where the martyrs have fallen, be left unoccupied? "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the Harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest."

[NOTE.—Written to celebrate the safe arrival in England of one of our Missionaries.—ED.]

(Psalm 84 : 11.)

Lord of light when shadows darken,
Sure defence when foes assail,
To our thankful praises hearken
As Thy faithfulness we hail:
With Thy cloudy pillar guiding
Through the terror-haunted field,
In Thine Hand Thy servant hiding—
Thou hast been both Sun and Shield!

So we pray for every servant
Still imperilled in the world,
Make their zeal, more humbly fervent,
Keep Christ's banner wide unfurled,
Held in peace 'mid sorest danger,
Let Thy Word its brightness yield,
Winning e'en the hostile stranger
Unto Thee, our Sun and Shield!

Praise we, too, for those awakened
To the knowledge of their Lord;
May their simple faith be quickened,
Resting solely on Thy Word:
Stand Thou by these new-born spirits,
Through Thy holy unction sealed,
Saved and blest by Jesu's merits
Who to them is Sun and Shield!

November 14, 1900. M. B. MOORHOUSE.

The Abiding of the Holy Spirit.

BY REV. J. HUDSON TAYLOR.

(Continued from last month.)

BUT it is one thing for us to have had the Spirit given fully to us, and quite another for us to have surrendered ourselves to the Spirit. What is wanted is not that we should get more of the Spirit, but that the Spirit should get more of us. This is where the weakness comes in. We mind the things of the Spirit in some measure, instead of minding them continually, and altogether. The command in Ephesians, " Be filled with the Spirit," recognises the fact that if we are not filled with the Spirit, it is not God's fault. You and I, if believers, are temples of the Holy Ghost. He dwells in us, and what He wants is that the temple shall be altogether given up to Him; that there shall be no chamber of the heart, or faculty of the will or body, that is not surrendered to Him. When a young mother is devoted to her child, we say, " She is full of her baby." The things of the Spirit are not to be thought about simply on Sunday, but they are to occupy all our love, and to be the inspiring motive of all we do. Our ordinary service needs to be done under the power of the Spirit. Those who are led by the Spirit of God know what blessed rest there is from the perplexities and anxieties of life, for those who make Him responsible for the whole of their life. Oh to have simple faith in what God has told us of His Spirit! It would transform our church and social life, and bring peace and joy into many a heart that has not had them, owing to the fact that they have not accepted the promises of God, who tells us that if earthly parents know how to give good gifts to their children, our heavenly Father will give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him. He will give us the power to exercise this faith, and to use rightly the gifts of the Spirit.

God promises in Daniel that the men that know their God shall be strong and do exploits. How is it that so many are complaining of their weakness, and are afraid to launch out on any great enterprise? Because men think of their weakness, and are not acquainted with God's strength; and are not sufficiently careful to ascertain that the enterprise is God's enterprise. We may know His will, and we may be guided by the Spirit in the ordinary events of our daily life.

In the first Psalm it is promised to the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful; but his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in His law doth he meditate day and night, that " whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." What a promise to take to our hearts; and to believe that He is faithful who hath promised, who also will do it, and to rest on His faithfulness to fulfil His word. Well, what does that not mean? The merchant will prosper at his desk, the mother in her home, the servant in her house, the boy at school or college; each one in his sphere of service will prosper by carrying out the instruction in the first two verses of Psalm I. It just wants us to rest on God's faithfulness, and know that He will fulfil that which He has promised. It is not hard. I must not attempt to illustrate this by stories of our every day life in China. Those of you who have read our books and our monthly paper will see illustrations of the way in which God fulfils His exceeding great promises.

His promises bear on things temporal just as much as things spiritual. They need to be brought to bear on everything. " Have faith in God " with regard to your child. Pray to God and entrust it to God, and ask Him to shew you how to teach that child; and He will shew you how to teach that child to be loving and obedient. There is an awful responsibility in training up children. Many people have much sorrow in after life, because they want faith in God, and neglect to ask Him to help them in bringing up their children. Ask Him to help you in bringing up your child in the nurture and fear of the Lord. In whatever matters we happen to be exercised, let us reckon on God's faithfulness. "If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be from God." And He will give grace and strength to those who desire to do His will.

And if we have difficulties or

PERPLEXITIES BROUGHT ON BY OURSELVES,

let us do as Jehoshaphat did under similar circumstances. You remember he looked up to God and prayed, and said: "We have no might against this great company that cometh against us; neither know we what to do; but our eyes are upon Thee." What a good thing he went to God, and did not go to his generals and great men, and ask their advice. We may be conscious that our own mistakes or our own sins have brought us into difficulty, but that is not to drive us from God. We are to come to Him and confess our sin and the mistake. Still He remains our Father. If the prodigal son had said to himself, "I have spent the inheritance and cannot go back to my father," he might have starved in the far-off country; but he said: "How many of my father's hired servants have enough bread—are abounding in bread—but I perish with hunger! I will arise; I am going back to my father, and will be well provided for too." And we know how, while he was a great way off, he was seen by his father who had compassion on him, and welcomed him, and told his brother he ought to have been glad and rejoiced, because this his son had been dead and was alive again, and he had been lost and was found. We may go to God just as we are, and confess the sin, and ask Him for His very present help; and not in vain shall we trust in Him. If we go, we shall know the heart of God. We shall find God ready to receive us, and abounding in compassion. And when we find ourselves in spiritual coolness, and not enjoying what we once enjoyed, let us go straight to God; not waiting for what appears to be the right time, but going to Him with just one plea, and asking for free pardon and God's righteousness to cleanse us, and fill us with all His fulness.

"IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS."

I do not know that anything gives me more pleasure than realizing how real Christianity is. The Chinese have some very beautiful legends and stories; and they are all about their idolatry; but it all comes to nothing. But we have got God to deal with. His Word—His promises are all absolutely true. There is nothing in the world so real as the Word of God—the promises of God. There is nothing so safe to build upon as the promises of God. Let us, by faith, exercise our hearts to realize His faithfulness. We may put the whole of our difficulties and circumstances into His hands, and He will be our guard. Do not be anxious or troubled about anything, because if you do, that will show you are taking the responsibility. "In nothing be anxious, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall be a guard and garrison to your heart,"—and keep all the worries outside—"in Jesus Christ." How very blessed to be so protected! It reminds us how that Satan could not injure anything that belonged to Job until God gave permission.

A few days ago a friend said beautifully of Daniel: "He not only opened his windows to pray, but to give thanks." There was a grand platform in which the faithfulness of the servant and of the Master and Keeper could shew itself.

When the trial comes, let us begin by giving thanks to God. Young people say: "I am sure God has called me to go to China, but there are many difficulties in the way; there is this and that hindering." It may be, "My parents do not consent to my going. There is a great deal of difficulty in carrying out the call of God." I say: "Well, my young friend, give thanks to God for that. If it were not for the difficulties, it might be your own self-will; but now you are so hemmed in, you are safe. If God wants you to go, you will see His hand. He will unlock one door, and remove one difficulty after another; and when God has made the impossible possible, you will be sure He has called you. If you need training, He will provide the training; and if you need a passage, He will provide a passage, and let you go out with the heartfelt sympathy of those who do not encourage you. They are waiting to test whether it is a call of God, and are waiting to see whether it is a passing emotion, which would leave you stranded in a foreign field among the heathen without the help of God."

So when difficulties come upon us, and ruin stares us in the face and, as it happens to be in China, when there happens to be a riot staring us in the face, let us give thanks to God. If God trusts us with trial, shall we not be on our honor to prove trustworthy, and not disappoint the confidence He puts in His children? Lot was not to be trusted with the trial like Abraham. He would have broken down. But God could trust Abraham with the trial, and so asked him for his son; and what blessing came into Abraham's life, and has come to every one since through trial! When God trusts us with a trial, let us not listen to the voice of the devil, who says: "God cannot love you, or He would not try you like that. He has taken away His countenance, and is not towards you as before." Thank God He has trusted you with the trial, and ask Him for grace to glorify Him in it; and you will find there is a way out of trial as well as into it; and that way is always a way of blessing.

Girl Slavery in China.

BY DR. IDA KAHN, (CHINESE), KIUKIANG.

"Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought
Which well might shame extremest hell?
Shall freemen lock the indignant thought?
Shall Pity's bosom cease to swell?
Shall Honor bleed?—shall Truth succumb?
Shall pen, and press, and soul be dumb?"

C. I. M. HOME, KIU-KIANG.

Kiu-Kiang being a treaty port accounts for the European look of the house.

THIS is the question before us to-day. I am not here to give a philosophical talk about slavery, and I should not know how to go about it. It is a surprise to me that any question as to the iniquity of slavery in general yet stalks abroad in the approaching dawn of the twentieth century. I know there are those who hold to the principle, especially in case of races they presume to deem essentially different and inferior to their own. I rejoice to believe that the number of this class of persons is decreasing. Our subject to-day does not address itself to them. We speak rather to those who have not had much contact with slavery in China. They perhaps deem it almost too trivial a matter to discuss at this present. I can testify that it does exist, and that alas! to an appalling extent. So far as my observation goes the girls of China furnish the victims and the boys but very seldom. A cry is suppressed until it is only a groan, or it would be heard from the millions of oppressed ones throughout the length and breadth of this land. How can we help feeling that it is praying us to hasten to their deliverance and we dare not turn indifferently aside.

True, the little slaves are not often obtruded upon your notice. You may gaze up and down all the streets without seeing one. Should you chance to be waited upon by one in a wealthy friend's home your mental reservation might be that the poor girl had fallen upon rather easy lines. However, come with me to the back streets and alleys of the tenement houses—even here in the Shanghai Settlement—and you will see everywhere the patient ones toiling with all their might—at least with all the might the mistresses can succeed in getting from them—at their daily tasks of sweeping, washing, scouring and what not. Then let us drive through Foochow Road and you will see the slave girls in their gilded cages; but does the sight pain you less than the previous one?

Who are the people that use slaves in China? I may answer, the rich people, who regard them as indispens able as so many pieces of furniture. Accordingly they furnish them to each daughter of the house in quantity and quality corresponding to the length of the family purse. The daughter carries them to her future home as part of her dowry. If the slave girl should be ugly-looking and awkward, as she has every reason to be, then the more blows and scolding will be her lot. Such a steady course of treatment for years will not tend to brighten her intellect and sweeten her temper; so that she will almost invariably become stupid and sullen. On the contrary, the menial may be bright and pretty, and then alas! she will doubtless find favor in the eyes of the master and perhaps become peer with the rich man's daughter.

How can the poor thing attempt to escape from any of the sorrows of her lot without recourse to treachery and deceit?

The middle classes use the slave girls because they cannot afford to have servants, and the poor people use them as a means of getting rich.

Shall I say it? Some of our Christian people keep slave girls. I think they hardly realize the wrong involved. I may add that they do endeavor to ameliorate their condition in many ways.

So the system of slavery permeates our social fabric, and how much it detracts from the social virtues we may well imagine. I need not moralize upon the influence of it all upon the character of the mistress and her children, boys and girls. If slavery could produce such a character as Uncle Tom with a saint as mistress, it is still answerable for a Mrs. St. Clair and a Legree.

Interested in knowing approximately how many slaves there were round about me in Hongkew, I looked through one of the tenement houses in our vicinity. The general entrance is rather imposing, and you see in front of you a wide alley. Then turn to the right or left you see opening from this about five or six short rows of little houses with a narrow alley running between the several rows. On an average such a tenement place would contain two or three hundred residents. Taking one of these places at random I made enquiries and found within between thirty and forty slave girls. Just think of there being such a large percentage of slaves in even a tenement house!

Somehow the idea was suggested that a paper was to be written. Then information was given with reluctance. The people said, "You ought not to make public the shame of our China." I do not believe that our dear China will be benefited by concealing her ulcers, but rather by cleansing them and allowing them to heal. I do believe also that there is a power to respond to remedies for moral evils. We of the medical profession have been gratified to find this in the case of physical disorders. In these days the collocation of the facts of experience is the scientific method of procedure with both physical and moral problems. I will not therefore be deterred from my purpose even to save the "face" of my beloved country, and will give you a few of the instances within my knowledge.

My first painful contact with the system of girl slavery occurred in far off Sze-ch'uan. One of my schoolmates there was little Winnie. She was not pretty, but she was at least sweet and amiable, and she sang with an almost phenomenal voice. Our teacher would often smile and say, "Ah, how people would appreciate Winnie's voice in America!" Unfortunately she had no mother, and her father was an opium smoker. One day, finding himself without the means of indulging his appetite, what did he do but sell his mere slip of a girl! How well I remember the consternation among us when one of the school-mates came in haste to tell us that she had seen Winnie's father carrying her off to her master! A messenger was despatched, and money found for her rescue. Alas! her respite was short, for like a thunderclap came the riots of 1886 and all foreigners were driven away from Chungking. When we heard from that place again we learned that Winnie had been resold. Somewhere she may be still living. Who would not hope that the truths she garnered at school have proven "a savor of life unto life" in a higher and better world?

My sorrow for Winnie's lot cannot be compared with what I felt for my class-mate, Sin Si-chen, on hearing that she, too, had been sold by an opium-smoking father. She was my best friend in school, and her mind was as beautiful as her person. We were baptized together, and she confessed to me that she should like to devote her life to Christian work, adding, so sadly, that she must try to first help her father. Where were gone her longings and aspirations when she became the concubine of a man sixty years of age? Surely, on this eve of China's regeneration, we, the more favored ones, must plead with all our might that all these unnatural customs shall be swept away with the last relics of our country's barbarism. The laws, too, which recognize these evils by levying taxes on the export of slave girls should receive attention. Just now the newspapers in Japan are struggling valiantly to uphold the protection of girls from servitude. We may at least be striving for the law.

As I grew older I was none the less haunted by the sorrows of these little outcasts of society. There is no time to recount all their tales, but I will refer to a few of those more recently brought to my notice.

Directly opposite our home in Kiu-Kiang dwells a woman fairly well-to-do in the world; she kept two slave-girls, one above and one under ten years of age. Her treatment of the two poor creatures became a neighborhood scandal. The younger of the two being the weaker and less useful suffered the more. Rarely did they have enough to eat, and my sister as well as the other neighbors tried sometimes to give them a full meal, but they needed to be exceedingly wary or a harder beating than usual would be forthcoming. No bedding was furnished them; only a heap of straw, and often the younger one was made to sit on a bamboo chair all through the night. Being but scantily clothed you can imagine how the child would shiver through the cold wintry nights. As she grew weaker she must have suffered more without any outsiders knowing it, and evidently her shivering angered her master, for he made her tramp up and down the room, saying, "The foreigners tell us 'exercise stirs up the circulation and makes people warm.'" One morning, sleepy and weary, she was perhaps a little more stupid than usual, and did not heed her mistress' commands fast enough, so a quick blow came, and she was stretched upon the hard stone floor. This time she did not rally. Later on a Christian neighbor came, asking if we would not try and see if anything could be done to help the child. We found her thrown on a brush heap in the back yard. There was no roof anywhere to cover this child of God except the pitying heavens. She was in terrible convulsions, so we asked hurriedly if we might remove her to our hospital. "You do not think she will live, do you?" was the query. "No, we do not think she will, but we wish to do our best for her any way." The permission was grudgingly given, and we took her in. After a while the heartless woman came to look at her property. Seeing the child lying quietly in a bed and surrounded by every comfort she asked again, "Is she going to live?" "No," we sadly replied. "Then when she is at her last gasp just throw her out into your front yard, and when she is cold I will send a man with a sack for her." How indignant we were, but we only said "What harm would she do us if she did die in the hospital?" So, all unconscious, she passed away to Him, who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." You have heard enough, but let me mention another case.

A little slave girl was carried to our hospital in a serious condition, the result of ill-treatment at the hands of her mistress, who belonged to one of the richest families in the city. My colleague spoke kindly to the suffering one and said she would be glad to take her in, but the servants who brought her could not give a guarantee that they left her with us for better or worse. As her condition was critical the doctor did not feel she could take her in without such assurance. While the servants returned to ask the mistress, the wounded child brokenly replied to our sympathetic enquiries. We learned that her mother's brother, who was addicted to opium, had stolen her away from her widowed mother in the far-away home in Sze-ch'uan and sold her as a slave. So it is that opium and slavery, like two sworn brother robbers, support each other in their evil course. If one could be captured the other might more easily surrender. The servants returned unsuccessful, and with sorrow we saw them pick up the little bruised body and not too tenderly carry it away. The Roman Catholic hospital also refused to take the child in. Somehow, after her return, a vague idea seemed to form in her mind that if she once got to the hospital she would be all right. So she managed to get up and started out to find us. Here and there she wandered and asked the way, but her pursuers overtook her and carried her back. Her mistress, in a fit of anger on seeing her brought back, actually beat her to death on the spot.

Do I need to ask if it remains our duty to keep quiet and calm as to this system of girl slavery in China? If so, I turn and appeal to the higher court, where our narrow judgments will so often be reversed.

"And grant, O Father! that the time
Of Earth's deliverance may be near,
When every land and tongue and clime,
The message of Thy love shall hear—
When, smitten as with fire from heaven,
The captive's chains shall sink in dust,
And to his fettered soul be given
The glorious freedom of the just!"

The Work Revisited.

MR. WILLIAM TAYLOR, KIH-AN.

MR. E. BEVIS and myself left here on December 8th to visit my station—Kih-an—some 250 miles south. We travelled by Chinese passenger-boat, and reached our destination on December 18th. En route we found the people quiet and friendly. The majority evidently knew of China's crushing defeat, and "the fear of the foreigner" was upon the people. One man remarked, "Those foreign cannon are of very great power!" We are now probably entering upon a period of great danger to the native church, and much prayer should be offered on her behalf.

Arriving in Kih-an, I sent the native helper, with my card, to the Mandarin, asking him kindly to send someone "to break the seal" and open our house. This he did. We found our premises intact, only very dusty, having been locked up for some four months. The only damage was that done by the rats.

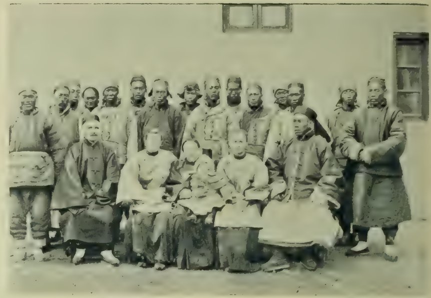
We remained thirteen days in Kih-an, and had a busy time with callers and our own people. All were very friendly, and we went freely about the city, visiting one day the ruins of the Romanist buildings, which were looted and burned last August. Only part of the walls remain.

All the Christians, though persecuted and threatened, remained faithful. We had some good meetings with them on the two Sundays we were there. We had a solemn time one Sunday evening, when I spoke on the sufferings and martyrdom of so many in North China. There was much cause for praise in the way our people, as well as our house, were delivered in the day of trouble. I want specially to mention two instances:

The first is that of a Christian man named Liu. He is the only baptized Christian in his village. During August and September he had to bear a great deal of reviling and petty persecution, and was also threatened that, unless he set up the idols again in his home, his goods would be taken, and he would be killed. More than once a mob collected, but he went out and faced the crowd in a friendly way, and the Lord delivered him. Then matters became more threatening, and a man of influence, in official employ, took the lead against him. About this time, Mr. Liu, who was much cast down, had a dream. He seemed, in his dream, to be standing on an eminence, and crowds of fierce-looking men were coming towards him. He felt afraid, but something made him turn around, when he saw behind him a sedan chair, and in it one whom he instinctively felt was the Lord Jesus! His fear was gone, and he turned and watched the fierce-looking crowds coming nearer and nearer. On they came, until when quite near they disappeared—more came on and they also disappeared. He awoke, and thanked God for the dream. The sequel of this dream was as follows. Within a week after the man of influence above referred to got into a quarrel over money with another village, and there was a fight, in which he was killed! The heathen recognised the hand of God in this, and let Mr. Liu alone. I should add that Mr. Liu's mother had not, up till this time, come out from idolatry. She had consented, some time before, that the family idol should be taken down, but would not allow it to be destroyed. During the time of persecution, however, she said to her son, "You may destroy the idol." He split it up with the axe (the idol was a wooden one) and burned it. This, too, it should be noted, when all we foreigners had left, and they did not know if we would return or not. In thinking over this, one feels these Christians can say in a truer sense than ever before: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto Salvation."

The other case was that of a Christian woman—Mrs. Chang. One day a crowd of some fifty or more men went to her house, burst open the door, crying out that they would loot her home. She came out, passed through their midst, and went into a field in front of her dwelling, where she stood, and in their presence, prayed to God for deliverance. They stood and gazed at her for a few minutes, and then scattered without touching her things. She came in to see me, and her beaming face was a benediction as she said to me, "God helps."

During our stay in Kih-an, the officials issued proclamations clearly stating that the missionaries were now returning to work as heretofore. We would have been glad to stay on, but H.B.M. Consul had requested us to return to Kiu-kiang within five weeks. We left on December 31st, and arrived here on January 10th, north wind hindering us somewhat.



SURVIVORS FROM SHANSI AND ESCORT.

Survivors from Shansi.

SAFE ARRIVAL AT HANKOW.

SHANSI PARTY—THEIR EQUIPAGE.

ON the 13th of February there arrived at Hankow a strange and pathetic procession. Over a score of cavalry and foot soldiers from far-off Shansi, had brought down to the edge of Western civilization, the last of the survivors, saved from the fearful wreckage of human life in Shansi. The survivors are, Mr. Graham McKie, Miss Chapman, Miss Way, Mrs. Ogren and two little children. Mr. Ogren went mad and died in prison, the result of brutal treatment at the hands of the Boxers.

In one picture are three mule litters, in which these dear friends travelled some 700 miles, and the other picture shows them with some of their military escort, who were sent down by the new Governor, Hsi Liang.

After all the dreadful sufferings these beloved friends have passed through it was a great relief to hear that they were in fairly good health when they arrived at Hankow.

Thrilling Experiences of Missionaries.

A Personal Narrative of Persecutions, Flight from and Destruction of Home, Hiding in Mountain Caves, Discovery, Shooting of Mr. Green, Weary Marchings, a Timely Refuge, and Escape at Last by Arrival of Foreign Troops.

WRITTEN BY MR. AND MRS. GREEN.

IT was very soon after our return to Huailuh, on March 30th, that gradually increasing rumors of trouble with the Society known as "The Boxers" in the district north of Paotingfu reached us, and by the middle of May things seemed to be getting really serious, though one learns by experience to "liberally discount" all rumors in China. Authentic items, however, were sent us by Mr. Bagnall, our Missionary at Paotingfu, in the fortnightly mail, and these reached their climax by the couriers who arrived at Huailuh on June 2nd, bringing news of the destruction of the railway and the attack on the party of engineers in their endeavor to escape to Tientsin by the river.

This meant that all communication with Tientsin and the outside world for our part of China, was entirely cut off. Even this mail contained no foreign matter for us and we have neither received from or been able to send away word to friends since about the middle of May. On Tuesday, June 12th, I received two wires, within an hour of each other, one from Tientsin and one from Paotingfu, asking me to send a special messenger to Shuenteh with word to stop Mr. W. Cooper coming north to Paotingfu and advising him to return to Shanghai via Honan. I had already sent a letter two days previously by cart, strongly advising he should not attempt to get to Tientsin, at any rate by the Paotingfu route.

To save time I sent off one of my own servants He was away before the second wire arrived, with orders to travel day and night, if possibly he might catch dear Mr. Cooper before he left. He was back by Friday afternoon, with word that Mr. Cooper left Shuenteh by cart for Paotingfu the same day that my courier left Huailuh.

I immediately wired Mr. Bagnall, asking if he had arrived safely, as I knew that he must pass at least one place where the Boxers were giving trouble.

We were filled with praise the next morning to have a reply, saying he had reached there safely. Also when two days later we had letters by mail from Mr. Cooper and Mr. Bagnall, to tell us although the clouds seemed gathering, they were kept in peace and that all Mission premises were under military protection.

PROSPECT OF FAMINE

The continual drought in the Province caused much unrest among the people and no doubt tended to accelerate and strengthen the anti-foreign movement. There had been no rain practically since early in July last year. The autumn crops had been a failure. The wheat for this year's spring could not be sown, so there were no spring crops, and now the time for sowing the autumn crops was fast passing away, and still no rain.

The anti-foreign party, taking advantage of this, issued broadcast inflammatory placards saying, that there would be no rain until all foreigners were exterminated and various other very injurious accusations. Although there was much idle talk and growing coldness of attitude to us in our district, we first began to be uneasy when we found that these placards were being posted in the neighborhood.

This was the same week that the railway was destroyed, news of which had already reached us from native sources. After prayer and talk together I was led to send a letter to our official, telling him about the injurious placards and asking him to do what he thought was right in the matter. He quickly sent a very kind reply by one of his secretaries assuring me that he would suppress such foolishness and give us protection. This being our first dealings with the Magistrate, a new arrival since we went on furlough, we were glad to find that at least our local magistrate was not "anti-foreign."

From this time forward the local natives and our own dear Christians and enquirers became more and more uneasy.

Daily rumor and reports were current of the murder of foreigners, native Christians and Catholics. Also threatened attacks upon the large Catholic Mission premises at Chengtingfu, twenty miles east of us, and even upon our own places, began to be circulated. Many of the more friendly natives visited us and sought to assure us that, whatever happened elsewhere, the Huailuh people would never do so, or allow any violence, that we must continue to pray for rain as all would be too busy to listen to idle talk when sowing crops for autumn, and their hearts would be set at rest by the removal of a threatened famine.

We gave ourselves to much prayer and waiting upon God and encouraged our Christians to do the same.

Truly for them this was a time of fiery trial. They were "counted as the off-scouring of all things," and knew what it was to be "despised and rejected of men" and being "of the people" there was no respite such as we had in the privacy of our own home. In almost every case there is only one in a household, and so they had to stand alone, but not alone, for the Lord stood with them and strengthened them, and our hearts were made glad as we saw the grace of God manifested in them.

VISIT OF A THIEF.

About midnight on June 12th, our household received a shock which more or less unnerved us all, coming at such an anxious time. It was full moon and exceedingly hot and we were sleeping with our own bedroom door wide open to get any little breeze there might be, when at midnight I was awakened by a slight cry from my little boy. On opening my eyes, there, right between our bed and the bright moonlight, at the door, I saw a man in the room! Without waiting for second thoughts I sprang from the bed and went for him. The same cry that awoke me, had startled the thief, and we moved simultaneously. My nightdress became entangled with my legs, causing me to fall heavily in the court-yard outside. Although I was up again quickly and gave chase, he had gained on me sufficiently to make himself invisible when we got to the back court-yard, where are several large trees giving shade. After standing for a moment to make sure there was nothing moving, I thought it wise to call up the household and make a search. We soon scoured the place, armed with cudgels, pokers, spades, etc., but he had made good his escape and had got clear away, while I returned to call the men. We found traces of him in other parts of the premises, but could find nothing missing. Alas! on going to dress next morning I found the complete set of clothing I had taken off the night before was gone and a few minutes after one of the servants found one of my socks on the top of the back wall, giving proof positive at least of the way of exit. All the natives were loud in their expressions of thankfulness that I did not succeed in catching my man, assuring me that no Chinese thief goes unarmed, at least without a sharp knife, and that I was sure to have been badly wounded. The Christians maintain that our merciful God caused me to trip in the yard and thus save me from something worse than the grazed knee I received. The next day and onwards we were very careful to lock up all doors and put away all movables. The thief having learnt his way about came again the following night and made off with a valuable brass gong, hung on a tree in the centre court, which we used for calling the natives to service. We found trace, too, of his having tried other doors. The third night we planned an ambush for him, four of us waiting all night in a room at the back, close to the place where he climbed over the wall. We had evidence that he and others came to the other side of the wall, but probably being in some way alarmed or hearing some slight sound we may have made, they did not attempt to come over. The fourth night we planned for our men to sleep in different parts of the compound and to be on the alert. About midnight again an alarm was given and we all sallied forth with our weapons and made a vigorous search. A cudgel was found leaning against one of the doors at the back but no sight of the thief. These midnight alarms continued, whether real or false, several nights. I cannot tell why, but the matter coupled with growing seriousness of the trouble throughout the Province, seemed to unnerve us all and it was only by a constant waiting upon our faithful God that we could get any heart rest. At any ordinary time we should have reported the matter to the Yamen and had it stopped quickly, but having so recently written to the official about the placards and more serious trials now coming upon us, we did not act in the matter of the thief. Perhaps it would have been better had we done so, for very exaggerated accounts of the affair were rife in the city and perhaps helped forward our next trouble.

THE COOK IS WARNED.

It was just about a week after the thief's first visit that our table boy went out to buy provisions and was waylaid by a friend, who whispered something to the effect that he was on no account to sleep on the foreigner's compound that night, as fifteen or twenty local blacklegs had planned a midnight raid upon the place, pretending to be "Boxers." They intended to "hold us up" with fire-arms and make off with any plunder they could get. Although we usually ignore these kind of tales there seemed a good coloring of truth about this, and knowing lawlessness was spreading all around, the boy, himself, being very frightened, too, we were led after prayer to once more send a letter to the mandarin, asking for protection.

Again the Secretary was promptly sent round with a letter and word of assurance, so that evening and the subsequent three or four nights, a guard of eight or ten underlings patrolled the place outside. I was waited upon by two of the local policemen, who assured me what diligent care they were taking of us each night, which is the Chinese way of asking for a tip, and of course being Chinese, I promised one. All these days I was kept busy sitting with the numbers of natives who came to see me, chiefly out of curiosity, I think. We were now the principal topic of talk in the city and many came to assure themselves that we had not run away, as it was so persistently rumored. Others again advised us to leave for a time, either to go into Shansi or else to the coast, offering to procure mules or carts if we needed them. The special messenger returning from Shuenteh brought word that on Sunday, June 25th, the people there assumed a very riotous attitude, gathering a crowd, shouting, etc., but that they had dispersed quietly and our friends there did not anticipate any serious trouble just then. On June 27th and 28th the Shansi couriers of our own and other Missions called at Huailuh as usual, enroute to Paotingfu, but by Saturday, June 30th, they had all returned, having only been able to get about two-thirds of the way there. The roads were guarded by Boxers, and any one found carrying foreign letters was killed on the spot. One courier belonging to the Catholics at Chentingfu had been killed that week, and later we heard that several others shared the same fate. We were now cut off from any communication with Paoting except by telegraph, and we realized that the danger was coming nearer to us, as Ting Chau, where the couriers were murdered, was only about sixty miles from Huailuh. On Saturday, June 30th, an abundant rain commenced which lasted more or less for three days and was sufficient to allow the later autumn grains to be sown, thus saving our district from the long dreaded famine. The character of the rain, too, led us to hope that it must have fallen over a very wide area. When at last the rain came, after long continued prayer and the strain of waiting, we could not keep back tears of thankfulness and perhaps from this little incident something may be gathered of what those days had meant.

RAIN AT LAST.

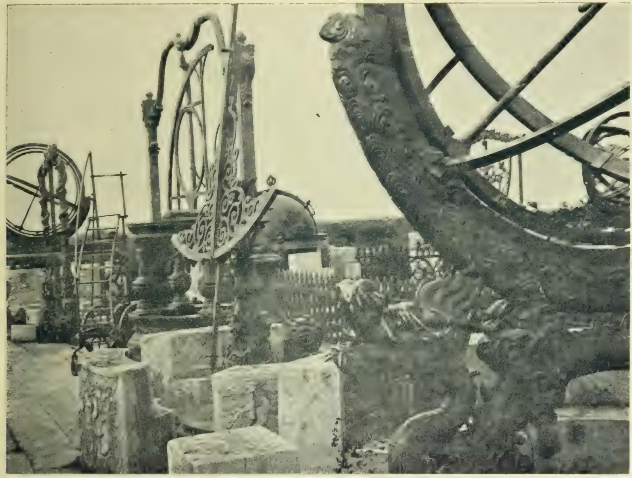
Our ladies and the children when the storm approached were in the garden and the first peal of thunder attracted the attention of the little ones, who ran to Miss Gregg, clapping their hands in delight, crying, "Oh, auntie! its thundering." "The rain's coming! Praise the Lord!"

We had a series of praise meetings that day and the Sunday following for the Lord's goodness in graciously remembering His people and these poor Chinese.

We trusted that now our troubles were past and rejoiced that the people would be busy on their land and more peaceful times were at hand.

On Monday, July 2nd, I found a man willing to attempt to reach Paotingfu by a circuitous route, with one letter secreted in his clothing. He was about to start, but the rain coming on again he decided to wait until the next day. Just then I was led to send a note round to the telegraph office, asking the clerk, with whom I was on friendly terms, if he had any news from Paotingfu or T'ai-yuenfu. Our little household were at prayer when the messenger returned with a reply from the telegraph clerk to this effect: "He had just learned on the wires that all the Mission premises in Paotingfu had been destroyed the previous day, and all the foreigners killed except two ladies, who had been carried into the district Yamen, and that many natives, both Protestant and Catholic had perished." The Lord Himself gave the grace for receiving this sad news. I tried to believe that it might not be true and immediately wrote out a wire to Mr. Bagnall, asking if all was well. Word was sent back from the office that the wire had just been cut somewhere between Huailuh and Paotingfu, but they hoped to have it repaired quickly. Early next day, Tuesday, July 3rd, a reply came to the effect that there was "no receiver" at the China Inland Mission for my message. I then sent a wire to Shanghai with the information as I had first received it from the telegraph clerk. In the afternoon I wrote two hurried letters to send off special messengers, one south to Shuenteh and one west to Sheo-yang, with the sad news from Paotingfu.

(To be Continued.)



Ancient Astronomical Instruments at Pekin.

These Instruments which are reported to be part of the booty captured by the Allied armies, have long been one of the features of Pekin. The Instruments were arranged on a terrace higher than the city wall, and had been erected by the eminent Jesuit priests Schaal and Verbiest in 17th Cent. Globe, azimuth, quadrant and armillary spheres, made of bronze, have weathered the storms of all these years, and looked as fresh as if made yesterday. As marvels of metallurgy they were visited by all strangers, but were utterly useless for any practical purpose. No telescope was among them. These learned fathers made the earth the heel of the universe, and rejected the Copernican system, which Galileo was punished for propagating.

It is to be hoped that these famous instruments will be replaced on the wall of Pekin again, where they would be more in harmony with the associations of the place than if they were housed in a local museum in some European capital.

How We Escaped from Honan.

BY MR. JOHN MACFARLANE, TASMANIA.

(*Continued from last month.*)

After a little time a tall, rather nice-looking old gentleman, with grey hair, came along, Mr. Gracie saying, "Thank God! this is the village elder." He, the chief man of the place, took us into his own premises, and there we were thankful to rest in the shade and be quiet from the crowd. Mrs. Gracie was taken into the women's part of the house, and just then a little boy came in with two tins of preserved milk, which he had picked up, thus God supplying the needs of the little one, and showing us again that He had never left us for a single moment. Towards evening, our friends said we could not stay there any longer, and so we got off again when it was dark, we following our friends, not knowing where they were leading us to. After a time, we were glad to meet a man sent by the Mandarin with some clothes, and I got a pair of old shoes and a coolie's coarse jacket, and also a coat for Mr. Gracie and some things for Mrs. Gracie. We thanked God and put on the things, but heard afterwards that the Mandarin should have sent better things, and he really meant it as an insult; though no doubt this was of the Lord, too, for if we had had better things on, we might have been killed afterwards, for we were not yet out of our troubles.

MAN'S EXTREMITY.

Just when we were so perfectly helpless, the Lord, in His own time, put into the heart of a carter, who knew Mr. Gracie previously, to offer us one cart to take us to T'ai-ho, about 210 li, agreeing to accept payment at T'ai-ho, where we hoped to get money from our friends there. This is most unusual for the Chinese to do, for they always wish some money, at least, beforehand. Our carter told us that he was not doing it for the money we promised —which was much more than the ordinary amount, but we considered little, compared to the risk the carter ran of his life and of his property, in our situation—but he said he had learned to respect foreigners. It was also agreed that an escort of two men should accompany us, and they also came at the risk of their lives. Accordingly, about three in the morning, we got into the cart, Mr. and Mrs. Gracie, baby and I. It was rather a tight squeeze, as the cart was only made for one, and we knew the journey would be very trying during the heat of the day, and when the curtain of the cart had to be kept down to conceal us. But the Lord's grace was sufficient; the sun did not smite us by day, and, although our bones ached, and we were sore from the cramped position and the jolting of the springless cart, and often from the rough road, our hearts were in peace, and His grace was sufficient. Only occasionally could we lift up the curtain to get a little fresh air, our food being handed in to us through a corner of the curtain, by our escort. Frequently, we were challenged by the people on the road, who vowed vengeance on foreigners, as the news had spread of the riot at Cheo-kia-k'eo, and all the district seemed roused and hostile; but our escort replied as best they could for us, and, as it is the custom for Chinese ladies to travel with the curtain down, and Mrs. Gracie was with us, no doubt the Lord used this for our protection.

RECOGNISED.

The last time, it was a party of bad looking men, one with a large sword. Mr. Gracie said, "It is no use; we will have to get out." And so we got out of the cart. The man with the sword was a tall young man, not very bad looking. The sword he had was a large one, the point resting on the ground, the handle reaching nearly to his chest. He spoke to me by name, as I was the first out of the cart. I was not surprised at this, as I had heard my name mentioned in the inn-yard the night before, and so I thought probably this was a party sent out to intercept us. He then said something about medicine at Ing-cheo Fu. I had been helping Mr. Barnett there for two months in his medical work, and I suppose may have given this man some medicine, although I did not recognize him. Mr. Barnett's Chinese name is the same as mine, with the exception that I am called the elder, so he might have mistaken me for Mr. Barnett, but that does not seem probable, as we were miles apart, and simply the name would not connect us. He then motioned me to stand aside, and I felt as if I would be spared, and, although the young man's companions were very bad looking, I was not searched or had any harm done to me. He then spoke to Mr. and Mrs. Gracie, and wanted Mrs. Gracie to get out of the cart. Mr. Gracie, asked the young man, the leader, to help them. I pleaded with the Lord not to let my friends suffer before my eyes, and asked, if it was His will, that rather I should suffer with them. We thought we saw signs of relenting in the young man's face. Mrs Gracie got up in the cart, but did not get out, and our escort explained that we had already been robbed, and had nothing except a little cash for food on the way, which the carter had. They searched the cart, and took a little cash they found, but our escort had a little silver themselves to supply us with food. The young man then said that he would spare us for the sake of the mother and the child; that he was a member of the "Ta-tao-huei" (Big Knife Society) and had sworn to kill all foreigners. And thus the Lord interfered again on our behalf. We got into our cart and drove away with thankful hearts.

SAFE.

By and by, we came to a quieter district, where they had plenty of rains, and a more promising autumn harvest made the people more contented, and consequently more friendly to the foreigner, and in the evening we arrived at a small town eighty-one li from T'ai-ho. The next morning we sent into our friends, and were glad to find that they had not left their station, and that all was quiet and peaceful, beyond a little restlessness and threats against them. It was such a relief to get out of the cramped cart, and on board the boat, and stretch ourselves, and we lay down to rest, thankful to the Lord for His mercies.

"They Went and Told Jesus."

An address delivered at the "In Memoriam" service for our martyrs, in London.

BY REV. H. E. FOX, M.A.

(Hon. Secretary of the Church Missionary Society.)

DEAR fellow disciples of the Lord Jesus, we have all been passing through a crushing and inexplicable sorrow. It is a strange thing: we cannot explain it. We seem sometimes to rise almost as from a dream, a ghastly nightmare. We wake up to find it real. Some of us, perhaps, have had other crushing sorrows in our lives to pass through, and God draws His dear children very near to Him through those sorrows What, my friends, is it that you feel at those moments when the aching of your hearts is so great? Is there silence? Do you feel that you help yourselves by speaking to no one? I think not. I think it is a truer instinct to seek out some friend—not any friend, not a stranger—but some special friend, into whose heart you can pour your heart. So it was in old times when another wanton and wicked woman committed an awful crime. We have heard of two such to-night. The disciples of that much beloved and holy man "took up his body and buried it and went and told Jesus." Why did they tell Him? What have you told Jesus for when you were in trouble? What made you go to that "friend that sticketh closer than a brother" and tell Him? Oh! you knew that He knew all about it. That is why you went and told Him. There was not a detail in that sorrow which did not pass under His eyes. There was not a cry from that sufferer which He did not hear. The things which are mercifully hidden from most of us are open to Him. He knows them all. You need not tell Him anything: but you tell Him, for all that. You tell Him things that you are sure He understands. Oh! blessed be God for the revelation of the truth that He knoweth all things.

And then, I think, you told Him for another reason. It was not the knowledge of Omniscience only which drew you to tell Jesus. It was because of that human heart of His, His infinite sympathy. You felt that not only He knew that your brothers and sisters had suffered, but His heart had gone out to them. He loved them with an intensity of affection which you, even you, could not bestow upon them. The Lord loved them, and you have appealed to that love, have you not? Just as those two sisters sent that most pathetic message, "Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick," so you appealed to the love of the Lord Jesus. You know that His heart has been going out to you and to them, and it has helped you to bear the strain; has it not? I do not know that there is anything sweeter in heaven or in earth than sympathy, and, of all sympathy, the sympathy of the Man of Sorrows.

I think you told Him because you knew that "all power" was with Him. You knew that He could have stopped all this. You knew that He might have stretched out His hand and sheltered these dear ones from that deadly peril. Perhaps you have read the book* to which reference has been made to-night. If you have not, read it; I hope that every one of you will read it. Aye, brothers, read it on your knees. That is the best way to read that book, and, as you turn page after page—if your eyes can see the pages through the tears—and as you read story after story, you will see that the day of miracles is not over. There are more miracles in the pages of that book, I think, than you can find in any book that has been published—I was going to say since the Bible was written. You will read how the Lord stretched out His hand again and again in a way passing human understanding. We cannot explain it. The Lord has magnified Himself there, and shown that there is a God upon the earth; and the heathen know it. There is many a heathen man in China now who is wondering at the way that God protected those servants of His. But why did not He do it for all? It was because He had a better resurrection for them, a better way of escape for them, even through the sufferings and the sharpness of death. He would not stretch out His hand for Himself. There was a moment when one word of His would have let legions of angels loose to defend Him. Do you suppose that the armies of Heaven who were watching the scene in the Garden of Gethsemane would not have rescued the Lord at a whisper of His voice? Do you suppose that those men who came to take Him and were driven backward by some mysterious force so that they had no power to touch Him could not have been restrained? But that is not what He willed. He willed that He should suffer and die. And what if He wills that those Missionaries in China should share His honor? All those beloved ones have won a crown which He Himself will place upon their brows. What if He willed it?

Some weeks ago I took up a little book written by a very distinguished London surgeon, giving some reminiscences of his experiences in the hospitals in South Africa. There is a very touching story in that little book, and it is told in a most feeling way. A poor soldier, just a common private, had been horribly mangled by a shell which had burst close to him near Ladysmith. I cannot describe the nature of his wounds, but the doctor speaks of them as a doctor may fitly do. It is enough to say that nearly the whole of his face was shattered, and yet the man lived. He was taken to the hospital, and there his wounds were tenderly dressed. He was unable to communicate by speech, the organs of speech were destroyed; but a little memorandum book and pencil were put into his hands so that he might communicate his wants to the nurse. And what do you think was the first thing he wrote? It was not to express any want of his own, or even to thank anyone for the kindness shown to him. The first thing he wrote was, "Did we win?"

Glory be to Jesus, our dear friends did win, and there will be a greater winning and a greater victory when He comes again with all those dear saints of his—aye, and there will be with them, perhaps, many and many a man and woman who hooted at them and persecuted them and even was stained with their blood.

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*Martyred Missionaries of the C.I.M. See Cover.

Monthly Notes.

REGARDING THE MISSIONARIES IN TA-TONG FU, Shansi, of whose martyrdom we were for a long time more or less in doubt, the following extract from a letter, dated December 27, 1900, and written by Mr. Mills, of Tien-tsin, to Mr. J. W. Stevenson, Shanghai, gives, alas, the death-blow to all hope of their survival:

"The two men sent to enquire at Ta-tong Fu of the fate of our Missionaries there have just returned. They report the country as being panic-stricken for fear of foreign troops, and that, afraid of being arrested as spies, they did not dare to go nearer than sixty li of Ta-tong Fu. There, they say, everyone told them the same story, namely, that about June 29th or 30th or July 1st, all the Missionaries in Ta-tong Fu were killed, and that it is certain that no one escaped. They only confirm the story as we have heard it already. I am sorry our messengers cannot give more details, but I fear their account of the state of the country is by no means exaggerated, and in that case we have only to be thankful that they themselves have got back safely."

The Missionaries referred to are:—Mr. and Mrs. Stewart McKee and one child, Alice; Mr. and Mrs. C. S. I'Anson and three children, Dora, Arthur, and Eva; Miss Maria Aspden, and Miss Margaret E. Smith.

The International Missionary Union will hold its eighteenth annual meeting June 5-11, 1901, at Clifton Springs, N.Y. For further information address Mrs. C. C. Thayer, Secretary, Clifton Springs, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Rough, returned Missionaries from China, are now residing at 24 Stanley Ave., Hamilton, Ont., and friends in Hamilton and vicinity desirous of hearing more about the Mission and its work should communicate with them. They are prepared to address meetings, or in other ways tell of the Lord's work in China.

During the time the Missionaries were obliged to stay in Shanghai, a Women's Conference was held, the report of which has just come to hand. Many subjects were discussed, relating to Women's Work in China, and amongst the papers read, was the one on page 41, by Dr. Kahn, an educated Chinese lady. The condition of things it reveals is inexpressibly sad, and fills our hearts with a deep sympathy for those "little ones" whose lot is so hard. China's great need is the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

To the many who have been praying that China would soon be opened again, it will be good news for them to hear, that we have received word from Shanghai, that in the early autumn, Missionaries may be able to return to China. This would also refer to new Missionaries, some of whom have been delayed because of the troubles

Mr. H. W. Frost, Mr. J. D. Nasmith and Mr. W. B. Sloan, hope to leave Shanghai on April 23rd, en route for England, expecting to arrive in time for the annual meetings in London on June 11th. We are sorry that the rest of Mr. Frost's account of his journey to Shanghai has not yet come to hand.

Mrs. Stott, arrived at San Francisco, from Australia, on April 10th. As a Missionary of long experience in China, and as authoress of "Twenty-six Years of Missionary Work in China," she is well known to many of our readers. We pray that her visit to this country will be productive of much blessing to China.

Telegraphic information has been received at Shanghai, that the Governor of Shansi is giving relief to many of the native Christians. It has also been our privilege to forward sums of money sent in specially for that purpose. We have word from Shanghai, that a Missionary expedition is being planned to go up into Honan and Shansi Provinces, and prayer is asked specially that God's servants may be guided and protected in this difficult service.

In the latter part of last year, a series of Special Prayer Meetings were held on the Mission Compound at Shanghai. These meetings were very well attended, the Hall being crowded out. Writing from Shanghai, Rev. J. W. Stevenson says of these meetings: "God is indeed pouring out upon us a spirit of prayer and supplication, and we cannot but believe that in answer to these prayers, and the prayers of God's children all over the world, showers of blessing will come down upon China, and as the sufferings have abounded so will the consolation and blessing."

Shipments.

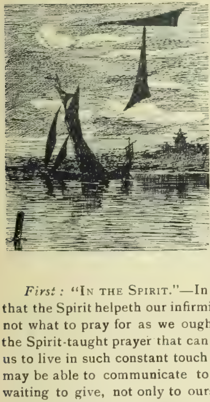
Friends in Canada desiring to make shipments of goods to members of the Mission in China will please send their parcels or boxes to the office of the Mission, 507 Church St., Toronto, on or before the first of May.

We also hope to make a shipment soon from St. Paul, Minn., and if friends in the United States desiring to send goods forward to our Missionaries will write us we will be glad to give them information about addressing and shipping their boxes.

CHINA'S MILLIONS

Notes of an Address on Prayer.

BY MRS. STOTT, CHINA INLAND MISSION.



THE "Ministry of Intercession" is one of the most important that any Christian can take up; but to be successful, certain conditions must be observed, as God nowhere promises to answer prayer, unless prayed in the Spirit, in faith, in submission, and looking out for the answers.

First: "IN THE SPIRIT."—In Rom. viii: 26, we find that the Spirit helpeth our infirmities, because we know not what to pray for as we ought, therefore it is only the Spirit-taught prayer that can prevail. God desires us to live in such constant touch with Himself that He may be able to communicate to us the things He is waiting to give, not only to ourselves, but to others. It is therefore important to maintain close union with God, so that we may understand the things of the Spirit.

Second: "IN FAITH."—Then we must come in faith. Heb. x: 22; Heb. xi: 6 and James v: 16, (last portion of verse), show that there must be living faith, believing not only that God is, but that He is the rewarder of those that diligently seek Him. Prayer must also be intelligent, having its base upon the Word of God. If we ask for those things that are clearly contrary to God's plan in the present dispensation, such as praying for the conversion of the whole world, we shall be disappointed. His plan at present is not the conversion of any nation, as a nation, but the gathering out of every nation, people, and tongue, a people for His name. Therefore such cries as "Africa for Christ," "China for Christ," "India for Christ," have no foundation in the Word of God, and therefore cannot be answered in the sense of the whole nation being brought under the power of the Gospel in this dispensation.

Third: "IN SUBMISSION."—Prayer must be in submission to, and in accordance with the will of God. We have an example of this in Christ Himself, Matt. xxvi: 39, when in view of the Cross and all that it meant to Him, of separation from His Father, being made sin, and thus judged as a sinner, the bitterest drop in the cup was the hiding of His Father's face; and in agony of soul, He cried, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me; nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt." If only He could have His Father with Him in His hour of suffering—if only it were possible to have the smile of that face while He was suffering for our sins, it would be all right, but no—God had to turn away from Him, and it wrung from Him the bitter cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" We see such perfect submission to Him who knew His Father's will in all these things—surely we may take it as an example of utter submission on our part, seeing we know so little of what the mind of God is.

Fourth: LOOKING OUT FOR THE ANSWERS.—Then we must look out for answers to prayer. We get an instance of this in 1 Kings xviii: 38. Elijah was boldly standing up for the glory of God in the midst of idolatry. He unfearingly put God to the test in the sight of idolators; and in the abandonment of faith he made it as difficult as possible for God to answer his prayer. We read the result—that even while he prayed the fire came down.

God honors even the most feeble and unintelligent who exercise faith in Him. Once at our prayer-meeting, testimonies were asked for on this subject of answered prayer. One old Chinaman stood up, and told how in former years he had been an opium smoker. His Christian neighbors had told him that the power of God was equal to breaking his bad habit. At first he did not believe, but as they insisted that there was power in the Lord Jesus, he decided to put it to the test. He went to his room, told God He knew very little about Him, but that the Christians had said He was able to save him from his opium smoking, and cried, "Oh, God, if there be a God, save me." He determined not to take any anti-opium medicine, but to test God's power to the uttermost. As he prayed the craving left him. Later on it returned, and he again went to his knees and told God all the Christians had said, reminded him of His power, and asked Him to give it. While he prayed the craving for opium was relieved, but afterwards returned, and again he returned to his room and prayed in the name of Jesus, and again relief was afforded. And so for three days and three nights the fatal craving for opium was relieved by prayer and prayer only, until God broke the bonds and set him at liberty.

Then there is another thing in connection with prayer to which I would like to draw your attention, and that is, that God communicates, if we are living in close touch with Him, the thing which He wants us to have. Ezek. xxxvi: 33-37, gives an account of what the Lord was going to do for Israel—how He was going to heal them of all their backsliding. Then He said, "But for this thing I will be enquired of by the house of Israel." He wanted to be asked about it, just as a father sometimes brings home some good things for the child, but waits for the child to ask for it, and the child gets it for the asking; and so the Lord wants to communicate in this way things that He desires to give us. We must, however, live in communion with Him, so that He will be able to whisper to us what He is going to do. You remember how He went to Abraham when He was going to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah—He would not hide from Abraham what He was going to do. Abraham forthwith began supplicating—he would not allow it, as it were, God to destroy these cities if he could help it. He was going to stand up for these cities, and he pleaded and pleaded, and God granted his petitions, till Abraham came down to the condition in which he realized that God was just and merciful in the destruction of cities that were altogether given up to iniquity, and he was of one mind with God. That is the position into which we want to get, to acknowledge God's judgments and righteousness. There are many things we cannot understand now, but we shall understand by and by, when we see them as God saw them. Abraham had very little doubt but that there were fifty righteous people in this city, but God showed him otherwise.

Another reason why we should maintain a spirit of prayer is because it brings us very near to God.

How does this subject of prayer affect missions? In this way. Upon the condition of souls depends our success. If we come to God in a condition of utter consecration, understanding the will of God, praying by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, we shall then get a knowledge of what is needful for the foreign field as well as at home; and we shall be able to ask for those things that God is going to give thousands of miles away from us. Thus we at home shall be fellow-workers with those there with God. It is one of our greatest joys and comforts to know that God has a great many of His children linked on with Him in the work in China, and by-and-bye, when we shall stand before the judgment seat of Christ, when our WORK is to be judged, not OURSELVES,—and we must distinguish between the two things,—for our work shall be tried by fire. After the wood, hay and stubble are burned up, the gold, silver and precious stones remain, and for that we get a reward, and when the gold, etc., abides the fire, we shall get a reward. But if we so live for our own glory or even for our own spiritual good to the neglect of the Lord's work, we shall be saved so as by fire, instead of having an abundant entrance, which the Apostle so longed for. The Lord gave three commands to His children with regard to the foreign field, and I want you to take them home. The first is, LOOK YE upon the fields which are white to the harvest. The word look does not mean a cursory glance; I am afraid a great many people look at Missions in that hurried way, but when Christ says Look ye upon the fields, it means we are to look steadily, we are to consider, just as He used the same words when He said, "Consider the poor." There are some people who are generous by nature, and a poor person comes along to them, and out of mere sympathy and pity they put their hands into their pockets and give them money, and do more harm than good perhaps. But the right way is to consider, and that takes a great deal more time and more heart than the other way. Therefore, the Lord says, Look well upon the fields, consider them diligently. The next thing is PRAY YE the Lord of the harvest that He will send labourers into His harvest. That is the second step, and I do not think any one will ever consider the harvest fields diligently without being led to pray. But a great many people pray who do not consider. They pray because it is the right thing to pray, but they never consider a single particular spot. But the prayer that God wants is the kind that comes after consideration, that is, intelligent prayer. If we consider a field and get to know something about it, then we are able to pray. Then the third step is, GO YE into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.

From Honolulu to Shanghai.

BY MR. H. W. FROST.

JOURNEYING upon an ocean steamer is an experience, at all times, full of novelty and interest. A great steamer is a world in itself. For the time it is at sea, it is independent of all countries and nations, and yet it contains within itself the sum and substance of all life.

This is particularly true of journeying upon steamers in eastern seas. Here the voyage is for many days, and man meets man, for weal or woe, for weeks, and, in some cases, for months. Besides this, frequently the ends of the earth are brought together. Upon our own steamer our captain is English, our chief officer is German, our purser and freight agents are Americans, our barber is a Bulgarian, our under-officers and sailors are Japanese, our waiters are Chinese; and there are amongst our ship's passengers a Jew, Americans, English, Germans, Japanese and Chinese. Besides this, there are as many different professions represented as nationalities. There are the ship's officers, stewards, and sailors; and amongst the passengers, some are naval officers, some army officers, some merchants, some travellers for pleasure, one is a judge, one is a trick bicycle rider, one is said to be an actor, and last, but not least, there are a goodly number who are ambassadors of the Lord. Here, within the walls of the ship are all these persons confined. As for language, it is confusion; as for purpose in life, it is kaleidoscopic; as for creed, it is universalism, for they range from the Christian to the Hebrew, and from the heathen to the atheist. For the time that we are on the steamer there is no need of going to the ends of the earth for missionary service, for the ends of the earth have come to us, and here at our hand are all sorts and conditions of life.

STREET IN PEKING.

The presence on board of a number of Missionaries has made journeying more agreeable than it could have been otherwise. There have been about a dozen of these, including ourselves, and very blessed have been the days which we have spent together. The larger number of Missionaries are being sent forth by the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, and if these young men and women are a sample—as no doubt they are—of the Missionaries being sent forth by that Board, that Church may be congratulated and the foreign lands where they will labor may be envied. With these younger Missionaries, there has been travelling an older member of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, who is returning to his work in the North of China. It has been a special pleasure to meet and have fellowship with this man of God and his life has not only refreshed us but also, inspired us. This brother is going forth, leaving at home his wife and five children, for the latter's education, to be separated from them, as he supposes, for five or six years to come, all because, he quietly remarked, he could not see that the call God gave him years ago had been revoked. How full of heroism missionary lives are! Here is missionary loyalty and zeal such as deserves recording and such as will receive rewarding; and it is the more beautiful, as the friend considers it not sacrifice, but clearest duty and highest privilege. In company with such voyagers our journey could not be anything else but delightful; and such it has been.

WORDS IN SEASON.

But good times on ship-board, to a child of God, does not consist simply in fellowship with Christians: In such a company as described, there is abundant opportunity of serving the Lord by witnessing for Him before most needy souls. We have sought to take advantage of this opportunity, and my dear companion in travel, Mr. Nasmith, of Toronto, has been particularly faithful in speaking the praises of his Lord. There are, in consequence, souls on board who, I believe, will be thankful for all eternity for the messages which he has lovingly delivered. It has been a great sorrow to us not to be able to reach more effectively the Japanese and Chinese travelling with us. They could understand almost nothing of what we said, and we have been able to do little more than pray for them and to try and show them something of the gentleness and love of Christ.

JAPAN IN SIGHT.

With such experiences, we kept on our way westward from Honolulu for ten days, until we sighted at last the shores of Japan. These came into view on the afternoon of Wednesday, January 16th; and at 9.30 p.m. we were safely inside Yokohama harbor. The night was clear and the stars shed their light downward upon the many ships in port, whose twinkling lights seemed to greet the heavenly lights in unconscious imitation. Beyond the waters of the bay, the broad-roofed houses of the city could be seen, rising on the slope of the hill, tier upon tier, till they reached the foot of the higher hills beyond. Presently, as we sat in our cabin, a cheery voice was heard and in a moment more, there was before us the genial face of the Rev. W. T. Austen, the Seaman's Chaplain at the port, who had come to bid us welcome. We had met this beloved brother some ten years before, and again five years ago, and a warm friendship in Christ had sprung up between us; it was delightful, therefore, to be again welcomed by him, in the Lord's name, and we praised God at once upon bended knee for this His goodness to us. Mr. Austen had come out upon his steam launch, in spite of the lateness of the hour, to take us on shore to his own home, and in a quarter of an hour we were steaming across the bay. There followed landing, a long jinrichsha ride up the hill to the Bluff, and by eleven we were settled down in a lovely English home beside a cheerful fire, which was but the token of the warmth and brightness of the welcome which loving hearts had given us.

The next day the rain fell in torrents and it was cold and cheerless. Mr. Nasmith and I had looked forward to visiting Tokyo. But this and all other visiting was evidently out of the question. We drew up our chairs, therefore, to the fire and prepared for a day indoors. Later the rain slackened slightly and Mr. Nasmith took advantage of this to go down into the city; but he returned shortly, having seen little of things Japanese. It was thus that I was led to propose that he remain over a steamer or two, and join me at Shanghai at a later time. This would give him an opportunity to visit different cities and see something of the objects of interest. My faithful friend and companion objected to leaving me, but finally consented. Then Mrs. Austen proposed that Mr. Austen, who needed change and rest, be my travelling companion to Shanghai. In a few moments this was decided upon, provided Mr. Nasmith would become temporary Seaman's Chaplain for the port of Yokohama. Mr. Nasmith was somewhat amused with this proposition, but consented to do what he could in Mr. Austen's place and absence, and so, finally, this change of programme was made.

SCENES IN KOBE.

Mr. Austen and I left Yokohama upon Friday morning, January 18th. The rain had ceased in the night and the day was beautifully clear. Our steamer ran out at once into the open sea, in order to take her way around to Kobe. But we skirted the shores of the island of Nippon and these were in sight all day long, so that the interest of the journey was sustained. The next morning, some twenty-four hours after leaving Yokohama, we ran into the head of the Inland Sea and dropped anchor in the port of Kobe. Here we were soon on shore, as the day was most propitious for visiting and as Mr. Austen had a number of friends upon whom he desired to call. First, we visited the Seaman's Mission, of which the Rev. E. Makeham is Chaplain. This is a newer work than that of Mr. Austen in Yokohama; but it has already the seal of God upon it in having been made a means of blessing to many souls. Not finding Mr. Makeham at the Mission, we went to his home in the upper part of the city, where we were heartily welcomed. After this visit we proceeded to call upon Miss Searle, who is at the head of the Kobe College for Japanese girls. This is an institution founded and maintained by the American Board of Boston, and for many years this work in Japan has been notable, not only for its success as an educational institution, but also for the spiritual blessing which the Lord has given to it, over ninety per cent of the young ladies who have been educated there having gone forth from its walls converted and as members of the Church of Christ. Our visit to Miss Searle and her companion-teachers was full of profit to us, and we were glad to make acquaintance with such noble workers for Christ. After this we took a long walk upon the mountain-side, and while passing by the foot of one of the lower hills came across a Buddhist Cemetery and found going on a heathen funeral. At the centre of the Cemetery there was a temple with open front, and with a shrine containing the image of the temple at the further end. This shrine was open, exposing the idol, and the body of the deceased rested before it, enclosed in an elaborately carved upright box. There were a large number of people present; the priest, arrayed in gorgeous green robes, standing in front, the mourners, clothed in white, ranged around back of him, and the people at large standing in the rear. There was much chanting by the priests and by those who were assisting him in the service, and there were many prostrations before the idol in the shrine. At set times, when certain prayers had been finished, the people all bowed, and when the ritual had drawn to a close the mourners came forward one by one and prostrated themselves before the idol. Then a procession was formed and took its way to the gate of the Cemetery, where incense was offered before various images cut in the rock, and standing at the side of the path; the body, meanwhile, was taken to another part of the Cemetery, where it was interred. During our short stay in Japan, we had already been brought many times face to face with heathenism; but here it was in all the enormity of its creature worship. There was no evidence of real worship, and of its result of joy and peace. Darkness and hopelessness, in spite of all the splendid ritual of service, was written upon every face. Death evidently was a terrible reality and there was no light to lighten the gloom.

NAGASAKI.

Our next stopping point, after leaving Kobe, was Nagasaki. To reach this place we were obliged to run through the western extremity of the Inland Sea and then to pass out into the Yellow Sea and so around the south-western island of the Japan group. The journey through the Inland Sea was perhaps the most interesting portion of this part of the trip, especially when we were passing through the narrows, where it seemed often, as if the steamer must certainly touch shore at some point and be broken to pieces. At each turn, however, new openings would be revealed, and so we would pass safely through. At this part, we passed the little harbor where Commodore Perry, on that memorable Sunday morning, dropped his anchor and demanded that Japan should be opened to the world. Here is now a thriving village, and across the bay has sprung up a city whose glue works cover acres of ground and whose output is being sent to the four quarters of the globe. This is but a token of what young Japan has become and is becoming. Thus we passed on to Nagasaki, which we reached the following morning.

Nagasaki harbor is one of the best in the east. Having a narrow entrance and being a large bay within, it is almost enclosed by circling hills, which rise up sufficiently high toward land and sea to cut off both wind and storm. The town, which is very pretty, lies at the far end of the harbor, and is in the form of an amphitheatre. It was nice to see, over-topping shrines and temples, the Mission homes and churches of various Missionary Societies. Such sights greatly gladden the heart in heathen darkness, and are the evidence that the Gospel is still "the power of God unto Salvation." At Nagasaki we saw abundant evidence of the war in China. There lay in the harbor between ten and a dozen great warships of various nations, all prepared for battle, and many of them huge monsters of the deep threatening death and carnage by their very appearance—How dreadful is war that it has come to produce such life-destroying engines of the deep!

Upon the evening of the 21st, we steamed out of the harbor, with our bow turned westward across the Yellow Sea, toward the mouth of the Woo-sung River, upon which lies Shanghai. Our journey in this section of our voyaging lasted that night and the day following and the day that lay between them. On the night of the 22nd we saw the outlying light off the shore of China, and when we woke the following morning, we found ourselves at anchor in the mouth of the river. Soon all was bustle. The port surgeon came on board early, for the quarantine examination. Then followed the packing and moving of luggage, while custom-house officers and others came and went. Presently the anchor was raised, and we steamed over nearer shore, toward the town of Woo-sung. Soon after, the passenger launch came alongside. I looked casually over the ship's rail; to my surprise and delight, I discovered Mr. Steven and Mr. Frank McCarthy, both of whom had been with us in Toronto. These dear friends were soon on board, and warm welcomes were mutual. Then the launch was boarded, and in two hours' time we were fast to the jetty opposite the Bund, where I had landed twice before. The rain was falling heavily, and only two of our Missionary friends had ventured out. But, arrived at the Mission Home, we had as loving a welcome as wayfarers ever had at a journey's end. Soon thereafter, we were made comfortable in a beautiful room in the Home, whose walls were adorned with texts, with their silent benedictions, and in which a cheerful fire drove out the gloom of rain and cold. Thus we had reached our "desired haven," by the grace and mercy of God. Behind us lay over ten thousand miles of journeying mercies; before us lay service, solemn and high and holy! Our God had been with us; and we felt that He would be our sufficiency for all that was to come. And so we knelt to give Him thanks; to renew our pledge of loyalty to Him, and to seek for the wisdom, strength and love so deeply needed.

CHINA AT LAST.

Two Months in a Shansi Prison.

BY DR. HEWETT.

TOWARDS the end of May, at U-u, we had a visit from Rev. William Cooper, who was accompanied by Mr. Barratt and Wong-teh. Mr. Cooper took the Saturday night (May 26th), Sunday morning and afternoon and Monday morning services. On Sunday morning, the burden of his address was, How much the Bible spoke of the Holy Spirit, and the office of the Holy Spirit.

Early in July, there were a great many disturbing rumors about, and inflammatory placards distributed. The Mandarin was appealed to, but he would take no notice of these things. The magistrate had put out a proclamation to say that all Christians were to recant, otherwise they would be treated as outlaws. On Friday, July 6th, I went to Lu-ch'eng, accompanied by one man, and leaving Mr. Barratt at U-u. The natives met by the way, shewed unusual curiosity to see another foreigner. At Lu-c'heng I met Mr. Saunders' party, who had come from P'ing-iao. About midnight, a letter came from Mr. Barratt, giving serious news with regard to trouble at T'ai-yuen, and saying that he was that morning, going to flee to the west, to Liang-ma, and asking me to follow him. I then called Mr. E. J. Cooper and Mr. Saunders, and, after consultation, it was decided that I should go back to U-u, and try to save the premises, as it was thought that if one station in the district was destroyed, the others would soon follow. I therefore started before daylight, and on arrival at U-u, found our place deserted, and the gates padlocked on the outside. Many groups of natives were encircling the premises, and scanning the walls. I waited for an hour with them, until one or two Christians appeared on the scene, and then we got over the wall by a ladder.

FELL DOWN A PRECIPICE.

Having to leave our own place later on, I fled to the homes of the Christians in the neighborhood, and for a month was never more than ten miles away from U-u. I stayed not more than three nights in one place continuously, and moving at night, by by-paths, up hills and ravines. On one occasion I fell down a sheer precipice about twenty feet, but received no further harm than a severe shaking. During this month, I had only one night out in the open, in a cave; but sometimes the whole night was spent in going from one place to another. I had one very narrow escape, right out of the hands of my captors, when I found a hiding in a ravine.

DR. HEWETT.

At the end of the month, I was very much exhausted, and was feeling that I could not stand the strain any more, besides which there was no longer any native who wanted my company. Then my servant told me that he had risked his head in going into the village to find out the truth regarding a proclamation in which was stated that anybody harboring a foreigner, would be killed, with his family, and his house burned over him. It also provided that any foreigner was to be escorted to his native country. I did not know whether it was a trap or not, but having come to an end of my resources, I determined to deliver myself to the officials. So I seturned to U-u in the evening, and saw the head man of the village, and after two days, he escorted me, with five chief men of the village, into our district Hsien city, T'uen-liu, six miles to the east, which place I reached on Sunday, August 5th. There I was first lodged in the Pan-fang, which corresponds to the police office at home. The second day, I saw the magistrate, who received me very civilly.

A KIND CHINAMAN.

The same evening, the Chief Secretary sent for me to go to his private house, when I also saw his wife and child. He then told me that the proclamation was but a trap, and that if I left the Ya-men, I should be killed. He also said that he and his wife had not slept all night, thinking what plan they could adopt to save my life. Then he said, "If the Mandarin says you must go, by no means take anything with you," but, he added, "Better still, go down on your knees and tell him you will not go, that, if you must die, you would rather die here." He asked me if I wanted money, but I said I had better not have any, as long as they fed me. I stayed another seven days in the police office, when the Secretary called for me again, and told me that he had thought of a plan and had already discussed it with the Mandarin, which was as follows: In a few days the Mandarin would call for me, to stand before him in the court, and would ask me if I refused to go home to my own country. If I refused, he must chain my hands and feet, and confine me to prison; but the Secretary assured me not to fear anything, that as soon as I got in they would take off the chains, and would keep me in safety until peace was restored. In a few days, on August 17th, I was, therefore, taken to the court, before a large crowd of people, and was duly sentenced. The underlings meanwhile treated me in a kindly manner, and reassured me that I had no cause to fear.

TWO MONTHS IN PRISON.

For two months I was in the outer court of the prison, separate from the common prisoners. My food was handed to me through a trap door, where I had to go and receive it, three times a day. I could get hot water from the keeper through this door also. The Secretary often sent me eggs, and sometimes a bowl of meat. On the whole, the food I received, was fair, for Chinese, and far better than given their own criminals.

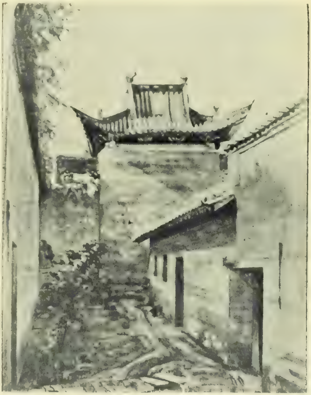
The head man of the village managed to get me a few of my books and some bedding; and, when in the Ya-men, I requested the Mandarin to send and fetch in some of my other things, which Christians had secreted for me; this he did. Thus I had books and clothing, and was able fully to occupy my time every day. I had leisure to study, and gave special attention to reading and writing Chinese characters, so that I was able to write letters to the Secretary and Mandarin, which proved most useful to me. I was perfectly at peace and happy, except as the sun set, I felt an irresistible sense of depression, and I was very grateful to have two volumes of Spurgeon's Autobiography to turn my thoughts to.

During the latter month, I formed the acquaintance of the two prisoners in the inner prison, with one of which I struck up a warm friendship, and was able to show him many little kindnesses, in giving him some of my food and clothing. I taught him to pray and told him of his Saviour. He spoke longingly of seeing me when he came out again, and of being one in faith with us.

RELEASE AT LAST.

Early in October, I began to be anxious to go, as I heard that things had quieted down. I therefore wrote a letter to the Chief Secretary, with the result that on the 10th of October, at the sunset inspection, he came along and saw me. He asked me when I wanted to go, to which I replied, the sooner the better, and that I would like to go to Hankow. He promised to let me go on Saturday, the 13th, but he came again on Thursday, and said he thought I had better go up to T'ai-yuen, and from there to the coast. I told him I could not distrust him, remembering his former kindnesses, and would put myself into his hands; but that night I could not sleep. I was not at rest about it; and thereupon got up and wrote another letter, requesting him very earnestly to let me go by the southern route, to Hankow. To my surprise, the next morning (Friday), a messenger came and said, "Pack up your things, a cart is waiting for you," and the Mandarin himself came to see me before I left.

I was rather surprised at the Chief Secretary, instead of giving me a good passport, simply gave me a convict's transport certificate, and I was sent out without food or money; but I went back, and on requisition, received a little food. At Pao-tien, 15 miles south, I was able to get 5,000 cash of my own money from the bank. I was escorted from city to city, at night sleeping in the police courts. I was allowed sixty cash a day for food (about 2d. in English money), but very often they only gave me 30. Except for the bullying and hectoring done by the underlings, I received tolerable treatment on the road, and was provided with a cart all the way. At Lang-ch'ae, on the border of Shansi and Honan, I was robbed of 1,500 cash by those sent to escort me. On complaining of this to the officials, I was unable to get any satisfaction, and for fear that I would inform on them at Hwai-ch'ing Fu, they hindered me from going on, and it was only on a promise that I would not mention it that they allowed me to do so, with a refund of 400 odd cash, At U-tseh, just north of the Yellow River, I, like the preceding party, was very well treated. All the officials, up to the Mandarin, came to see me. Previously they had had intercourse and friendship with foreigners. The Mandarin insisted on giving me twenty ounces of silver, for road expenses; and he gave me a new passport, which entitled me to respectful treatment and removed me from the criminal class. In spite of this, subsequently I was still lodged in the police courts, and they even dared to put a criminal of the lowest type in the same cart with me. His clothes were rags, and his body full of vermin.



DR. HEWETT'S PRISON.

By the time we got to Hu-peh, the complexion of things wholly altered, and further south, greater respect and kindness were shown to me; so that I rode in the Mandarin's chair, and fed at the Chief Secretary's table. From Sin-iang-cheo, South Honan, on November 1st, I was able to send a telegram to Hankow; and on the 6th, I arrived there safely, being altogether twenty-six days on the road from Y'uen-liu.

Notes of a Bible Reading by Bishop Cassels, given in Shanghai.

Let Us Run.—Heb. xii : 1.

I.—WHAT aspects of the Christian life are here presented?

(a) *Its intensity.*—Not merely a walk but a race: i. e. most earnest and active effort.

(b.) *Its orderliness.*—There are boundaries set; there is a course laid down; path marked out. Zeal must be tempered by knowledge; enthusiasm must be ordered and regulated.

(c.) *Its shortness.*—How soon a race is over, and our opportunities for service will soon pass away.

(d.) *The possibility of failure in service.*—Wherever the metaphor occurs this idea is prominent. See I Cor. ix: 24-27, Gal. ii: 2, v: 7, Phil. ii: 16. What a solemn possibility with regard to our service.

II.—Consider the context. Subject is faith. Chap. xi: gives us a large number of instances of those who have lived lives of faith and then the writer applies the subject to his readers, saying, "Let us also" (R.V.) It is a race of faith we are called to, and how are we to take part in it?

(a.) *The hindrances to faith must be removed.*—How can ye believe which seek honor from one another? There must be stripping before running. "Lay aside every weight," etc. "Let all bitterness.................. be put away." Eph. iv: 31. If thy right eye cause thee to stumble cast it from thee.

(b.) *An object must be set before us.*—No one runs without an object. Matt. v: 29. We have it in Jesus. He is the captain or leader of faith. He goes first and does what we are to do. He lived a life of faith, and the Apostle says "look off" from the heroes of faith to the leader of the faith.

(c.) *A power must be supplied.*—The invalid cannot run. Jesus is the "perfecter of faith," He has begun a good work in us and will perfect it.

"Lay aside," that is a definite act, which may have to be repeated, but should be done and then done with.

"Looking unto Jesus," that is not an act, but an attitude, the attitude of the whole life.

Analysis of List of Missionaries connected with China Inland Mission, Jan., 1901.

PROVINCE	Married Couples	Single Men	Single Women	Total Persons
Kan-suh	8	7	17	40
Shen-si	25	9	23	82
Shan-si	11	10	27	59
Chih-li	4	1	2	11
Shan-tung	8	3	24	43
Hon-an	10	4	9	33
Sï-Ch'uen	28	15	27	98
Gan-hway (Anhuei)	16	14	8	54
Kiang-Su	14	..	27	55
Yun-nan	6	5	3	20
Kwei-chau	7	6	1	21
Kiang-Si	15	15	47	92
Che-Kiang	17	16	24	74
Hu-nan	..	4	..	4
Students	1	8	8	18
On Home Staff and Undesignated	13	1	4	31

Total Missionaries in the C.I.M. on Jan., 1901...... 735

NOTE.—The above list includes Associates of the Mission who are laboring in China. While we give the Provinces with their designated missionaries, it will be understood that, owing to the recent troubles, most of the missionaries are away from their stations. Many, we are thankful to say, are even now on their way back to their work.

Examination on Two Thousand Years of Missions Before Carey.

1. What were some of the chief contributions of the Greek and Roman world toward the spread of the Gospel?

2. What was the most significant contribution of the Hebrew race to the heathen world before Christ?

3. Is the main source of missionary inspiration the recorded teaching of Jesus or the living spirit of Christ?

4. What three great lines of missionary activity started in Syria in apostolic days?

5. What early pagan testimony is there as to the great success of missions in Asia Minor?

6. How widely did the work of the Nestorian missionary training-school in Persia extend?

7. What were the five distinct plantings of Christianity in India before Carey?

8. When and by whom was Christianity first brought to Si-gnan-fu, the temporary capital of China in 1901?

9. How might you characterize in three or four words the great mediæval missionary to China, John of Monte Corvino?

10. Which one of the Philippine Islands was the (a) first centre of missionary activity; (b) the second; (c) the third?

11. To what extent did the imperfect Christianity planted in Japan survive unparalleled efforts for its extinction?

12. Who were the great early champion of Christianity in Egypt?

13. How did the famous Christian leaders of North Africa miss their opportunity?

14. What example does another portion of Africa furnish as to the outcome of the anti-mission spirit?

15. What was the great service of Thessalonica in the evangelization of Europe?—Ex.

Thrilling Experiences of Missionaries.—Continued from last month.

A Personal Narrative of Persecutions, Flight from and Destruction of Home, Hiding in Mountain Caves, Discovery, Shooting of Mr. Green, Weary Marchings, a Timely Refuge, and Escape at Last by Arrival of Foreign Troops.

BY MR. AND MRS. C. H. GREEN.

THE same afternoon, about 3 o'clock, I was waited upon by two policemen for the promised tip to give the men who had been on night duty round our house. It appears that a local ne'er-do-well, seeing these two public men enter our place, had his curiosity aroused and he said, "What are you going to the foreign devils for? I'll go with you!" They, not wishing their business to be known, bustled him off, and would not let him come in. The mischievous fellow, I suppose out of spite, went running all round the city, and suburbs shouting, "They have set fire to the foreigners' place; such a lark, come along." A people who had been worked up to such pitch of excitement for two or three months needed much less than that to cause a rush and a crowd, so that the police were only just nicely clear of the place when we were surrounded by a shouting, howling mob, who began to throw stones at the front door and in other ways became very rowdy. With all that had passed during the last few weeks to unnerve us, and our hearts still numb by the terrible news from Paoting, it will be understood what an ordeal this was to us.

My dear wife and Miss Gregg remained in the inner-court with the two children and I stayed near the front. Leaving there for a moment to encourage the ladies, I returned to find that our men servants, with true Chinese excitability, had opened the front door and were quarrelling and expostulating with some of the foremost of the crowd. I quickly got them inside again, shut and barred the door, remaining on the alert just within. I think the attitude of the crowd was more sport and curiosity to see what would happen than anything of a desperate nature, and I found that those immediately near the door were only children and youths. The grown-ups having withdrawn a few paces away, were urging on the young folk to yell and throw stones, etc. I was led to go out alone and face the crowd, and ask them what the excitement was about. I dared not let the natives go with me, knowing that with their excitable nature there would soon have been higher words and perhaps blows. The crowd fell back and many of them looked very sheepish as I went forward. But I found in trying to talk with them that very soon, one more evil disposed than the rest came to the front, and by turning my words upside down tried to make out that I was cursing them, thus bringing the laugh of the crowd upon me. One or two of the more friendly then cried out, "Go back, teacher, it's all right; we are going to scatter now." So I returned, but it was quite dark before the crowd had all dispersed and quiet was restored again.

Shortly after our landlord called and stayed till near midnight, as he did again the following night, paying a third visit on the Thursday morning. Pretending to be anxious for our safety, he urged us to leave, but his many and varied suggestions, as to what we should do, and where we should go, only proved that it was his property and not our lives he was so desirous to save. One can scarcely understand what an additional strain these interviews were at such a time.

RUMORS FROM SHANSI.

Troops had been passing Huailuh for several days going North, it was said "to stop the Russians" who had invaded the empire from that quarter, and now came word that the Governor of Shansi (Yu-hsien) was on his way down with soldiers and a company of Boxers, that they had already reached T'ai-yuan fu, and were likely to cause trouble at any stations on the way. This official being a well known sympathiser with the Boxer movement, and learning from the telegraph office that the Catholic Missions at Tai-yuan fu had been burnt down, and some foreigners killed, we began to consider the advisability of seeking a place of retreat, where we could hide until he and his followers had passed through. A temple keeper, a few days previous, voluntarily offered us a room in his temple on a mountain near by. We sent a man to see the place, and make arrangements for our going if we decided to leave our home.

The next day, Thursday, July 5th, the tension increased. One after another came to urge us to hide. I sent out a man to gather any information he could from travellers coming down from the west, knowing that the troops only march about twenty miles a day and the ordinary traveller would soon be two or three days ahead. The whole city seemed to be in a fever. About 3 o'clock came a very unexpected blow.

A man arrived and was quickly ushered into my office, where I soon gathered that he was from Shuen-teh-fu, that our Mission there had been rioted on June 30th; everything was destroyed or stolen and that the friends had escaped at midnight with just what they stood in, to a village twelve miles away in the mountains, both the Hsien and Fu Magistrates refusing to see Mr. Griffith or have anything to do with them. He brought word, too, that Mr. Glover and family, in endeavoring to return to Lu-an from Shuen-teh, had been stopped and robbed, even the hired mules being taken off by the crowd; the nearest Hsien magistrate had refused to have anything to do with the case. We heard later, however, that they had been sent on officially to Lu-an-fu. This man also brought us news that the L.M.S. Station at Hsiao-chang had been destroyed, but he did not know how the foreigners had fared. While he was yet talking to me, the man I sent out came in to say that a traveller from Shan-si had just told him the Sheo-yang Mission premises were destroyed. This was the nearest Station west of us, about three days' journey, and now we went to God in prayer for guidance; all the nearest stations around us, N., S., E. and W., were destroyed; the Shan-si governor and his troops were expected either on the morrow or the next day. So we were led to gather a few things together, just a change of clothes, etc., to leave the house under cover of night, and take refuge in our hiding-place on the mountain.

FLIGHT TO THE MOUNTAINS.

About 10 p.m. we sent off three men with bedding, a few cooking utensils, provisions, etc., and just about midnight we, carrying the sleeping children, with one servant attending, set off for our three-mile walk and mountain climb. It would be difficult to describe all we felt as we made our way over the rough roads in the dark, and it was just beginning to show signs of dawn when we reached the gateway of our retreat, tired and sick at heart, but realizing our God to be "A very present help in trouble," and that we were suffering for His sake. Nearly an hour passed before the temple keeper came to unlock the door and let us in. On unpacking our things we were distressed to find the oil stove, on which we relied to make food had been broken; it was some time before I could make it usable, and we could get some refreshment. To our dismay, too, we found that the slightest sounds travelled most distinctly in these echoing hills and valleys; we could hear the conversation of the men working in the fields several hundred feet below, and we knew that any sounds we made could be heard by them, so that it was one long strain all day to keep the children quiet in case our presence there should become known. There were temples, too, on the face of the mountain opposite, just across the valley, where lived priests and their laborers, and we had to be very cautious when coming outside of our room lest we should be seen.

The first day we saw no one from the outside world; much time was spent in prayer that God would guide us, and if possible bring us quickly through this troublous time and enable us to return to our home. We left three natives in charge of the house, with orders to hold the fort as long as possible, and one was to come up on Saturday night, bringing us provisions and any further news of the situation. The temples, a small living-room in connection with which we occupied, were very rarely visited by worshippers, except during the fourth moon, which was a gala day there. The court-yard door was kept locked, so that anyone visiting the place must go to our friend the keeper for the key, and he always accompanied them. Thus we had an arrangement with him, that he should give us warning of his approach, so that we could shut our door, and keep quiet until they had gone again. On our second day there, we had a fright. Towards evening, the oil for our cooking lamp having run short, Miss Gregg and I ventured into another building used as a kitchen, where there was a lot of sticks and dried grass, and tried to boil the kettle gipsy-fashion. While thus employed and with the door wide open, two men came by and went along into one of the temples to worship. They made no signs whatever that they saw us, so we, hoping they had not noticed, slipped quietly into our retreat, while they were burning incense, and remained there until they had gone again. Alas, this was the beginning of trouble for us, but trouble which our God turned into the means of our escape from death, as will be seen as I tell the sequel. It appears that the temple-keeper's mother was very ill, and he having to go off to the city seeking medical help for her his younger brother, who was not in the secret, brought up a worshipper who came along at the time; hence we had no warning of their approach. The worshipper, a man from the North suburb of the city, had seen us, and upon his return soon set the rumor afloat that the foreign devils were hiding in the temples on "Lien-hua-shan" (Lotus Mountain). The effect of this rumor did not reach us for a day or two, so I will go on to describe our experiences consecutively.

HIDING-PLACE DISCOVERED.

About midnight on this day, Saturday, July 7th, our cook came with two inquirers, bringing us provisions and news which filled our hearts with dismay; it would have been despair, but we had our Heavenly Father with us, and through this and all our subsequent trials we have realized His constant and keeping power. Our house had been looted by the rabble that day, and we were now practically homeless. This not only meant the loss of our all, but also the belongings of Miss Gregg and our fellow-worker, Mrs. Cameron, who was away in Chefoo. The Master had given us an opportunity to take joyfully the spoiling of our goods for His sake.

It seems that after we left, the servants thought it well to gather the things together as much as possible, and even went so far as to remove several boxes, under cover of dark on Friday night, and deposited them in their homes. On the Saturday morning two of them went next door to interview the landlord. They told him we had gone away for a time, and asked his help in keeping the place intact. Upon this, the landlord, professing to be in full sympathy,came round to our houses and at once advised that they should completely clear the three dwelling buildings of the main court, stowing away the things in the two rooms through at the back, the idea being to throw the place open to any who might come about, when word of our flight got round, and let them see that we had really gone and the place was empty. So they set about the work, our three men, the landlord, his brother and partner. All our foreign padlocks were removed from the doors and some considerable amount of stuff was already stowed away at the back when one suspicious character after another began to arrive. Thicker and faster they came, and the affair soon developed into a general riot, everyone making off with what they could lay hands on. The whole thing was planned by the landlord; he had been on the roof the night before watching our men removing the things. Now he locked the two back rooms with his own locks, ordered off our servants and would not let them touch another thing. At an ordinary time this could not have happened, but if it is understood what a state the country was in, what an anti-foreign spirit there was abroad, how the news of the wholesale murder of foreigners and the destruction of Mission property was rife, how the Boxers were doing their terrible work under the patronage of the Dowager-Empress and a certain party of the Government, how the officials were all afraid to show favor to foreigners and quite unable to give them any protection, then it will be seen what an easy matter it had become.

NO HELP FROM THE MANDARIN.

The mandarin, who would know quite well what was going on, took no step to prevent it. Some may wonder why I had not sought his protection instead of ourselves finding a place of retreat, and why I left without letting him know, but since my last communication with him the Government had taken a step which effectually prevented the officials from in any way defending or befriending foreigners. The Boxers had been officially recognized by the Peking authorities and some of their leaders promoted to the highest ranks and grades. They were now being used with the regular army in the effort to exterminate all foreigners and check the advance of European forces at Tientsin. Knowing this, I thought it no use to make his position more difficult and run the risk of its getting abroad that he refused to do anything for us. Now, however, I was led to go to him, as privately as possible, to see if he could do anything for us, or at least get his advice, which I felt would be friendly. I impressed upon the servants and the two enquirers who brought the news the importance of finding a more permanent and safer hiding-place, where if possible we could remain until the trouble was past, feeling that this state of things could not continue long. To move far away was out of the question as the districts all round were worse than our own immediate neighborhood. Sunday, July 8th, was a day of much sadness and perplexity, but again we proved the promise "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." Towards evening I set off for the city, but, as I had anticipated, the mandarin was powerless to help me. He did not even come to see me, our conversation being carried on through the Secretary who had been to our house twice. Explaining why he could now do nothing for us, he asked me to remember what he had done a week or two previously as an indication of what he would do if possible. He, too, was afraid of the Boxers. Several officials known to have pro-foreign tendencies had been killed by them, and already a report was about that he had taken a bribe of Tls. 700 from me. If I could myself find some hiding-place for a time, it was the best thing that could be done under the circumstances. He sent a strong guard of underlings to escort me out of the city and help me on my way again. An enormous crowd had gathered outside the Yamen when it became known that I was there, but we gave them the slip. The few score who gathered at our heels before we got to the city gate were held back there by part of the escort and I was able to get away without any molestation, arriving at the temple about 11 p.m.

FLIGHT TO A TEMPLE.

By the next day, Monday, July 9th, the report that we were living at "Lien-hua-shan" had reached the village near, which really had control of the mountain and its temples. There was quickly an uproar: the big gong was beaten round the village to call the inhabitants together. A council was held, at which it was decided to send a representative to see if we were really there, and if so to order us off at once, or they would come that night in force and turn us out. About 3 o'clock this man arrived at the temple in company with one of the priests. We were suddenly alarmed by the sound of footsteps. The priest showed more or less kindness, but the man from the village was a real bully, and looked as though he would like to lay hands on us then and there. I quietly assured him that I would gather my things together and go at once. They then left us and we were face to face with the fact that go we must; but where?

Our first impulse was to turn to our Father, and we poured out our hearts before Him, the "God of deliverances;" then with trembling faith, looking to Him to open a way, we set about packing up all we now possessed of this world's goods. We could not communicate with our friends in the city, and as for the temple-keeper, who had promised to visit us daily, we knew not what had become of him, as we had seen nothing of him since our arrival. Having the two children to carry, we knew but little else could be taken with us, and not knowing where we might get the next meal we were all just trying to choke down some food when the keeper himself arrived. He first told us why he had not visited us; his mother had died the day before and he had been unable to leave her. Since then he had been making funeral arrangements. The priest had proved his friendliness by going at once to him, telling our position and urging him to try and help us out of it. We knew that our prayer was answered, as soon as we saw him coming, and our hearts overflowed with thankfulness to God as he said, "Don't be afraid, I have another place for you; it is a natural cave, high up on the face of the mountain; plenty of room inside but a very small entrance; very few know of its existence; you will be perfectly safe there until they can find you a better place."

(To be Continued.)

CHINESE SHOEMAKERS.

Monthly Notes.

THE BOOK "MARTYRED MISSIONARIES OF THE CHINA INLAND MISSION," has had a very good reception both from the public and the press, and we cull the following notices: "This book gives us at last an impression of what the Chinese massacres were, and of what the China Inland Mission really suffered. The story, not only of the martyrdom, but of the life and devotion, of each of those who suffered, is simply, sometimes thrillingly told; and there are many photographic illustrations. In many cases death was not the form the marytrdom took, but it was martyrdom none the less. How did they endure it? How did the children endure it? One who survived the terrible journey from Shan-si to Han-kow, has written: 'I can truly say that even by the little ones of the party no hatred was felt. Invariably those who were old enough to understand would compare it with how Jesus was treated, and often spoke about the naughty soldiers who treated Jesus badly.'"—Expository Times

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"**This notable volume of over 300 pages**, is a record (1) of all that is yet known of the last days of those members of the China Inland Mission (fifty-eight adults and twenty children) who perished in the recent massacres in the Provinces of Shan-si, Chih-li, and Che-kiang, and (2) of the perils and sufferings of some who escaped with their lives. The time has not come for entering fully into the lives of those who have finished their work, and the brief sketches in this volume may yet have to be made up in much fuller form, but all that is given is full of tender interest. The Lord has honored the China Inland Mission in many ways since it entered on its wonderful career in 1865, but certainly the supreme honor is that wherewith it has just been crowned in being called to surrender so many of its beloved representatives to the martyr's death. If we may judge by the spirit of those who, through ways of most grievous trial, have yet escaped with their lives, we may be absolutely assured that those who had to lay down their lives, did so with perfect calmness and an assurance of the Divine presence, of which we shall perhaps yet hear from their executioners themselves. Nothing could well exceed the thrilling interest of the narratives of those who, not a few, passed through many days of a living death once more into life and freedom. Their witness is one which this age eminently needs, a witness to the all-sufficiency of Christ for the direst needs of His people. 'All who did escape, literally knew what it was to die daily, and many of them suffered more than those who were speedily relieved by death from suffering and agonizing suspense. One who was spared, in a letter to her parents, when speaking of those who died on the road, said: "I need not conceal the fact that when journeying a few more of us would have gladly gone. However, the Lord has seen fit to spare us for some purpose."'"—Medical Missions at Home and Abroad.

We have received word from London that the P. & O. Steamer "Sobraon," by which Mr. Frost, Mr. Nasmith and Mr. Sloan left Shanghai on April 23rd, ran on to a reef the following day, and is likely to become a total wreck. A dense fog existed at the time, and this doubtless accounts for the catastrophe. The passengers and mails were taken by Chinese junks over on to the mainland, and landed at Foochow. No lives were lost, and hopes were entertained of saving much of the cargo. We would ask continued prayer that God will yet bring these and all other travelling friends safely to their desired havens.

In our last month's issue we noted the arrival at San Francisco of Mrs. Stott, and since than we have had the joy of receiving her into our home here in Toronto. Mrs. Stott has been travelling in Australia and New Zealand, holding missionary meetings, on behalf of the work in China, and has come to this continent to continue this ministry. She has had unique experience in China, as her work "Twenty-six Years of Missionary Work in China," abundantly testifies, and we will be glad to hear from any friends who would like a visit from her. The work that she and her departed beloved husband, were privileged to begin in Wen-chow, is now one of the most encouraging missionary fields of labor in China. The story of this work is well told in the above mentioned book, which has had a large sale, the third edition being just published, price $1, to be had from the Mission.

Amongst the many burning questions that are now being discussed in China perhaps that of the proposed indemnity to the Allied Powers, takes a foremost place. We are appalled, however, at the vast sums demanded from a poor country like China, by nations who for years have been making large profits out of iniquitous opium traffic. Whatever the Powers may do in this matter, it will be well for Missionaries to take a more Christ-like course: and even gladly to suffer the loss of all things, that the Gospel be not hindered. Our own Mission has decided to make no claim whatever, either for life or property, and has assumed the responsibility of the orphan children of the martyred Missionaries. When the Chinese come forward and of their own accord offer compensation for property destroyed, the Mission holds itself free to accept such, but in no case demands anything. For the native Christians it will be impossible to really ascertain their losses, so we must do what God enables us to help them, and to care for bereaved relatives. Should the Government offer them compensation, they can arrange this amongst themselves. Many of our friends will be glad to know the position the Mission has taken with regard to this matter, and may we ask earnest prayer that the ultimate settlement of this extremely difficult and complex business may be carried through in the mind and spirit of Christ.

Christ Our Example.

BY MR. H. W. FROST.

JESUS CHRIST is the pattern to men of all true life and service. In the Scriptures, again and again, He is held up as such. His redemptive work, strictly speaking, occupied only three hours of His precious life, the hours on the cross when His head was bowed beneath the wrath of God, and this part of His life is unique and inimitable. But for the rest of His life, He lived that men might know how to live, to talk, to walk, to serve, to suffer and to die. The Apostle Peter emphasizes this in the verse of our text: "Leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps." The Apostle John refers to the same thought when he declares: "He that saith He abideth in Him, ought himself so to walk, even as He walked." The Apostle Paul has this truth in mind when he exhorts: " Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ."

In spite of the teaching of Scripture to this end, men feel and say that they cannot imitate Christ. The fact that Jesus was more than man seems to many to put Him out of reach of those who are only men Such persons say that the creature cannot imitate the Creator, the finite the infinite, the imperfect the perfect. And such go on to argue that the Scriptures, while they exhort men to be like Christ, do not expect them to do this; they but hold up a perfect ideal and example, in the hope that men will come higher than they otherwise would. Such persons are ignorant of the fact that such a theory reduces Christianity to the feeble position of an Eastern Cult, which exhorts men to be good without giving them power for the same, and also actually turns our holy faith into hypocrisy and our Lord and Apostles into deceivers.

Following Christ, literally and actually, is possible, first, because He was a man. " He took not on Him the nature of angels, but He took on Him the seed of Abraham; wherefore in all things it behooved Him to be made like unto His brethren." If Christ had become an angel, He would still have been as truly out of touch with us as if He had remained in the glory the God He was. But He became a man; He lived the life of a man; He gathered up into Himself and His life all that properly belonged to manhood. Thus He touched us, pressing Himself into our humanity; He became at last, "bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh." Such an one is not out of reach of men. Grant the power to do the works of Christ, and we have at once in Him, not only the ideal of life for men, but also, the only true or reasonable outcome of what a man's life should be.

Following Christ is possible, in the second place, because the Scriptures teach that Christ did not live out His life on earth from the divine standpoint, but rather from the human standpoint. Not that Christ was less divine on earth than He had been before and was afterwards in the glory; but that it was a part of the process of His humbling, or emptying, that He held the manifestation of His divinity in abeyance. In other words He did not work His mighty acts as God; He wrought them as the Son of man, who had been empowered from on high by God, His Father. Hence His need of the baptism and filling of the Spirit; hence His life of dependence upon God through prayer, through the study of the Holy Scriptures, and through seeking constantly the guidance and empowering of the Spirit. This the Apostle Peter summed up when he declared "God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost, who went about doing good." And the application to us is clear. If Christ was what He was and did what He did only because He was God, He was indeed beyond any human life, in spite of His being in the form of man; but if He was what He was and did what He did, because, as man, He was empowered by divine energizing, then we who are commanded to be endued with power from on high may indeed imitate Him and be like Him. From this aspect of the case, the question is reduced to this: Are we filled with the Holy Spirit?

Following Christ is possible, in the third place, because the Spirit with whom we may be filled and empowered is the very spirit of Christ. It has been said that Christ on earth wrought all His works in the power of the Spirit. This is the Spirit whom He sent down at Pentecost; not another Spirit, not a similar Spirit, but His own Spirit, who had lived and reigned in Him through all the years of His earthly life and service. This blessed fact is what the Apostle Paul refers to when he says: "The supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ." Now, like begets like, and the Spirit who wrought Christ-like acts in Christ, will necessarily, if unhindered, produce Christ-like acts in us. The difference, therefore, which there must be between us and Christ, outside of His divinity and His sinless humanity, is that of measure and not of kind. In the life of Christ, there was full, uninterrupted, continual yielding to the Spirit, and hence there was the full manifestation of the Spirit; to the degree that we follow Christ in that yielding, to that degree will there be the same manifestation. Herein do men differ from Christ, and herein do they differ from one another; but if the Spirit is allowed to work in any life in any measure, to that full degree does that Spirit bring the Spirit of Jesus Christ—reproduce the works of Christ and make the man like Christ.

Let no one deceive us in this matter or take away our hope from us. It is almost overwhelming to one, who, in any sense realizes his sinfulness and unworthiness, to think of being like Jesus. But where sin has abounded grace has much more abounded, and we need to learn reverently to magnify such infinite grace by allowing it to produce infinite results. It will not displease our beloved Lord for us to trust Him to make us like Him; on the contrary, since He died for this, it will grieve Him and add sorrow to sorrow in His tender heart, if we do not do exactly this. Let us, therefore fix our gaze upon the face and form of the Son of God, taking no other standard of life, and accepting that to the full with hopeful confidence that we shall be able to follow Him, to imitate Him, to be like Him. "And He said unto him, 'Follow me!' And he left all, rose up, and followed Him."

The Story of the China Inland Mission.--Four Decades

Year	Missionaries Including wives of Missionaries and associate members	Baptised Communicants.	INCOME Funds received in China and Funds specially transmitted to Missionaries not included.
1864	2	——	$ 258 50
1870	29	——	18,555 55
1880	67	807	43,450 75
1890	410	3038	190,605 94
1900	*738	8557	287,992 86

Baptised from commencement..................	12,964
Organized Churches in 1900......	266
Schools.......................	134
Hospitals, Dispensaries and Opium Refuges	70
Stations and Out Stations........................	394
Provinces in which work is done...............	14

*Not including the 58 who were massacred last year. The number of Missionaries is large, but it will be seen that the great increase is of recent growth, and that many of the Missionaries are young and new to the work,

Thrilling Experiences of Missionaries.—Continued from last month.

A Personal Narrative of Persecutions, Flight from and Destruction of Home, Hiding in Mountain Caves, Discovery, Shooting of Mr. Green, Weary Marchings, a Timely Refuge, and Escape at Last by Arrival of Foreign Troops.

BY MR. AND MRS. C. H. GREEN.

SHOULDERING a giant's share of our things he then led the way; we carried a load, and dear Vera trotted alongside over the difficult stony pathway. The last 300 feet was a steep, trackless, climb, and the children had to be carried up, but after two or three trips we were all sitting breathless in His own "Cleft in the rock." Promising to go to the city next day, and let our servants know where we were, and indicating a spot at the foot of the mountain where I could get water, he left us. On inspecting our new home we found how damp it was; only one small place on the ground, five feet by three, seemed really dry, and here we spread our bedding-bag. Certainly it was beautifully cool, after the intense heat outside of the hottest month of the year, but we realized how injurious to health any prolonged stay there would be.

GROUP OF ESCAPED MISSIONARIES FROM SHANSI.

MR. LUTLEY. MR. DREYER.
MISS PALMER. MRS. LUTLEY. MRS. DREYER. MISS RASMUSSEN.
MISS JOHNSON. MISS J. HOSKYN. MISS HIGGS. MISS FRENCH.
MISS A. HOSKYN. MISS GAUNTLET.

THE CHILDREN BEG FOR WATER.

It was now about 6 p.m., and we partook of some food, the chlidren asking piteously for a drink. We could only promise that they should have some water as soon as it was dark enough for father to go down and fetch it.

The last words on little John's lips as he fell asleep were, "I'm so thirsty." About 10 p.m. I ventured to creep out and climb down to the stream; unfortunately none of our utensils would hold more than about a quart; so taking a kettle and small bucket I made a successful trip, finding that it was quite as much as I could manage to climb up with. After a rest I made a second trip and secured enough for our needs the next day.

When the news reached the city next day that the village people had turned us out of the temple, our servants and friends were filled with dismay. Not having the least trace of us, they could only guess that we had not gone far, owing to the children and the effects. So five or six of them set out and searched nearly all day in every nook and cave they could find. When the man went to the cook's house to tell him our hiding-place, he, poor fellow, was out searching for us and the messenger dared not leave word with anyone else. The search party had separated in order to cover more ground, and some remained until dark in their vain effort to find us. One of them, an enquirer, met a gang of eight or ten men who said, "Are you looking for the foreign devils, too?" Others of the party had seen the same gang, and later on we learned they were a band of Boxers. The Governor of Shansi had only travelled some twenty miles from T'aiyuenfu, his capital, when he was recalled on urgent business, but the troops and Boxers had come on and arrived at Huailuh that very day. Hearing that our house was empty, and that we were hiding on the "Lienhua Shan," a party of them tried to find us, and even searched the temple we had left the day before! We were hidden alike from friend and foe, for when He hides, none can find till He Himself show the way. This was the first of our wonderful deliverances from death, for they certainly would have killed us had we fallen into their hands.

GOD'S WONDERFUL PROVISION.

Late in the afternoon our cook returned to his home tired and hungry. When told that a man of a certain description had called to see him, he knew it was the temple-keeper, and it immediately flashed upon him that in some way he knew of our whereabouts; so, only waiting to get necessary food, he set off again to the keeper's home, who about 10 p.m. brought him along to our hiding-place. What a meeting! How we praised God together! The lad had carried with him a big stone bottle of Chinese tea and some eatables, and also the good news that on the Monday he with our servant had been into the country and found what seemed to be a splendid retreat for us. It was too late then to arrange for our removal that night, but he promised to come the next night, with three or four others, and help us move to our third home, about three miles away. The two days spent in the cave were truly a trial to our faith. After sleeping the one night there, we all felt the cold; chilled to the bone we sat huddled together, covered with rugs; our food supply was very meagre, in fact by mid-day on the Wednesday we had very little left. But the God who sent ravens to Elijah sent us a feast of unleavened cakes and cucumbers by the hand of a man who had one time been in our employ; his village was near, and he was friendly with the temple-keeper. Succeeding in learning from him our hiding-place, he brought these cakes, just when we were feeling very hungry, and offered to take us into his home if we would go. Picture the little company sitting round in that dimly lighted cave, a dough cake in one hand and a cucumber in the other! I assure you we needed not to pray "for what we are about to receive make us truly thankful!" The children especially felt the restraint of these two days. We dared not let them speak above a whisper, for there were shepherds with flocks of sheep on the mountain side nearly the whole time. With thankfulness too deep for words we welcomed our relief party, who, with us, could hardly keep back the tears of emotion and joy.

ANOTHER HIDING PLACE.

Six men came so that we might be relieved from every burden. With Vera on the back of one and John asleep in the arms of another, the long single file moved on. A bright full moon made the progress easier, though not so safe, and all were very glad when we reached the place about 1.30 a.m., without having been seen by anyone.

We found a nice clean little room prepared for us, such as one rarely sees in a Chinese farm-house. The principal value of this place as a refuge was the fact of its standing alone, the nearest village being a mile away, and hidden from view by hills. These single houses are very rare in this part of China. The household consisted of Mr. Kao, his wife, two little girls, and his elder brother. Arrangements had been made that they should cook for us, it being impracticable for us to have anything else but Chinese food now. Receiving us very kindly, our landlord assured us that he intended to take good care of us and nothing should be left undone that could possibly lessen the trials of our imprisonment there; although we found afterwards that he did not know the seriousness of our position. A splendid watchdog was an additional advantage. No one was allowed to get nearer than hearing distance without there being a vigorous warning. So here we have a house alone, completely shut off on all sides by mountains, out of sight and hearing of the nearest village, and a clean room; a strong-minded landlord, respected and feared by all the near villagers; a clean woman, who could cook Chinese food admirably, and two little children about the same age as our own, whose laugh or cry would be a set-off against any similar noise our bairns might make; a good watchdog, and a household of one mind, to keep the fact of our presence there a secret.

Surely this must be owned as the Lord's provision for us. There were disadvantages, however, for the hillsides all around were terraced and under cultivation, and this being a busy time on the land our court-yard was overlooked all day. Thus we were obliged to remain in the room and could only take air and exercise after dusk, when the toilers had gone over the hills to their villages. The well, too, being the only one in the valley, was constantly used by those who were working on their land, and only a very thin wall, through which the slightest sound could be heard separated this well from our room; thus many times a day we were obliged to keep perfect silence. Then, again, they often came to borrow some implement, or to chat with the landlord; and although he did his best to get rid of them quickly, all this tended to make the restraint under which we were placed more trying and difficult.

NEWS FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

It was here, however, that for the next four weeks we learned many precious lessons from our Master, and enjoyed much of His loving kindness and fellowship.

On the night following our arrival two of our men came to bring provisions, and a reply telegram from Shanghai, in which anxiety for the safety of our station was expressed, and for that at Shuenteh. I had to reply that both stations were already rioted, and gave some idea of the danger and difficulty of our present position.

Very few nights passed, especially during the earlier part of our stay, without our men coming either with provisions or news of some kind; and though daily we hoped for an improvement in the situation, things seemed to go from bad to worse. Not very long after he had got rid of us, the landlord of our house in Huailuh, now under his true colors, invited a teacher of the Boxers to the place, and soon a school of some twenty men and youths were in full possession of our premises, learning the mysteries of "Boxerism," which is the art of becoming invulnerable to knife or bullet and a fit subject to be possessed by demons. From time to time we heard of different Mission stations being destroyed. Through the kindness of the clerk, I kept in touch with the telegraph office, though the wires were repeatedly cut in both directions. A message I sent to P'ing-iao, one of the Shansi stations, was returned after nine days' delay with the words "No receiver" on it. This, with the terrible rumors of what was taking place in Shansi, although we could learn nothing definite, convinced us that the awful persecution was spreading in that province also, and kept us constantly in prayer for our friends there.

Again, as though to add sorrow upon sorrow, some of those who had helped us in our exile, falling under the temptation of the evil one, sought to gain advantages to themselves at our expense and serious injury. Sickness, too, came to test us. Miss Gregg had a very bad attack of dysentery, which lasted about a week.

My dear wife passed through nearly three weeks of great suffering with abscesses in her ear, whilst I myself was troubled more or less with neuralgia and indigestion nearly the whole time. Only the Lord Himself enabled us in the midst of so much suffering both of body and mind to bear the constant strain of answering and quieting the children.

The messenger who first brought word of the riot at Shuentehfu had promised to return within a fortnight and let us know how our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Griffith and Mr. Brown, fared; but as time passed there was no news of them, and we were thinking of sending to enquire, when we were startled one night to hear from our cook that After spending a fortnight in the mountains, they were turned away by the villagers, their money was all gone, and being practically destitute they walked back to Shuenteh Fu in the night, and demanded protection from the chief official there. He promised to escort them to a place of safety and was sending them through into Shansi. Had there been time to get there and back before daylight, I would have gone to the inn to see them, but we could only send them a few of our things, with a letter of sympathy, and follow them with our prayers as we heard of their destitute condition and the ill-health of Mrs. Griffith and her baby. The dread uncertainty of their destination, and the fear that in going west they were only going from bad to worse, seemed almost more than we could bear. Four days later, as a further surprise, word came that they were again in Huailuh. It appears that when they reached P'ingting Cheo, about seventy miles away, the official there would not allow them to be sent back to Shuen-teh. He told them that Mr. Pigott, of the Sheoyang Mission, thirty miles further on, had been killed by Boxers, and that it was almost certain death to proceed. This was indeed the Lord's deliverance for our friends, and we praised Him for it. On arriving at Chentingfu, twenty miles east of Huailuh, Mrs. Griffith was very ill, and, as to continue travelling by cart seemed risking her life, they decided to accept an invitation to go into the Roman Catholic Mission there, which was still untouched, thus we were able to correspond with them and know of each other's welfare.

HIDDEN AND DISCOVERED.

With the third week of our stay at the farm came a new trouble. It began to be whispered abroad that we were there. This led our host to prepare a place for us in case of emergency. By cutting a passage-way through the cliff that the house was built against, he joined one of the smaller rooms off the kitchen with two tumble-down caves at the back of the building, which had once been used as dwellings. Leaving only a very small entrance on the house side, and no one but ourselves knowing of its existence, it could easily be concealed. The doors and windows of the caves were walled up, only leaving a very small hole to admit a little air and light, and the only means of entrance was by the secret passage from the kitchen. With but a very short warning, we and our belongings could be hidden, so that anyone searching the place would search in vain. But of course the caves were too damp and dark for us to stay any length of time there. Even with this additional security, we thought it advisable to seek another retreat. One of our enquirers urged us to go to his home, about forty miles south, and we had a very warm invitation from the Roman Catholic Bishop at Chentingfu to join the friends there. It was on Thursday morning, August 10th, while we were in the very act of talking about these two offers and seeking to know our Lord's will for us, that the decision was suddenly taken from us and we found ourselves in the hands of a band of armed Boxers. Warning was given that several men were approaching, and we quickly hid ourselves in the cave, while the woman covered the entrance with household chattels. The inquirer mentioned above. Mr. Keng, who was there at the time, joined us in the cave and listened near the opening, so that we might know what was going on. Soon the trampling of many footsteps and loud altercations could be heard. Mr. Keng came to tell us in awed whispers that a number of Boxers were searching for us.

We felt that, if they had any reliable information that we were there, they would soon intimidate the farmer into revealing our hiding-place. Escape was hopeless. We were walled in securely; the only exit there was was through the house now being looted and searched. Looking up to our God, whose own peace garrisoned our hearts, we waited with bated breath to hear if they should discover the concealed doorway. The footsteps came nearer, the voices grew louder, there was a banging of utensils, then a shout of triumph!

SHOT BY THE BOXERS.

With one voice we lifted up our hearts crying, "Thou art worthy." We thought of the dear children, whose piteous queries, "Will they kill us?" "Are they going to kill now?" pierced deeper than any Boxer's knife, and we told them that very soon we should be with Jesus, and I was led to go out and plead with these men for the lives of the ladies and little ones.

Groping my way along the passage, I stooped and lifted the curtain which covered the hole and was just creeping through when one of them fired at me. By the dull heavy thud on my head I knew that I was wounded, and was conscious of falling through the entrance, then rising to my feet I seemed to spin round two or three times in the room, then I leaned against the wall for support. As I did so, I saw through the open door several Boxers run across the court-yard and heard one shout, "All get outside and on the roof." The blood was now streaming down my face, but clearing my eyes with my handkerchief I saw one of them on the roof opposite just firing at me. It was an old flint-lock and just flashed in the pan and missed fire. Then two others appeared further along on the roof, armed with guns, who sought to aim at me through the windows and doorways as I staggered from room to room, scarcely knowing what I was doing. I think I was looking for a way of escape.

Then I made my way back into the cave and said to my wife, "They have shot me in the head, dearie; 'tis certain death for us, only a matter of time, now. We are not worthy, but He is worthy." Soon after, Mr. Keng left the cave. They knew they had us safe and had not been watching the entrance, and as they did not know he was with us he managed to conceal himself in one of the other rooms, and escaped when all had left. Fearing we might be armed, they dared not venture into the dark unknown passage, and now we heard them battering in the recently walled up doorway of the cave from the fields outside. Some few bricks were removed, letting the full light in upon us, and we retreated into the darkness of the second cave. Then the battering ceased, and soon the farmer himself came through the passage and joined us. Poor fellow! his face was a terrible picture of fear. He told us how they had robbed the place of everything moveable worth taking away, and now threatened to set fire to the house unless he could persuade us to come out of the cave. They promised not to kill or injure us in any way, but would take us to the local Magistrate and let him do what he liked with us. This was so far removed from any known Boxer policy that we were sure it was only a ruse of the farmer to save his property. To die in the cave or outside in the yard was all the same to us, and if the man's house could be saved why should we prolong this terrible waiting? So we sent Mr. Kao to tell them that we would come out into the yard, and, after briefly committing each other to our Faithful Creator, made our way through to the kitchen. Not a soul could be seen through the open doorway, but as I stepped on the threshhold I saw a man standing on each side against the wall, with their huge ghastly swords uplifted. Stepping back for a moment to tell the ladies to be prepared, I walked out with one of the children in my arms, the ladies following with the other child.

We were immediately seized and those great knives brandished over our heads. Then the word was given, "Bring them round to the back," and they dragged us out of the court, round the buildings and up an embankment leading on to the flat roofs of the north rooms. Here, without releasing or removing the swords from our necks, they demanded to know what things we had and where they could find them. Seeing the distress of the children they told us to tell them that they would not kill us. Having secured all that was left of our clothing, bedding, etc., they proceeded to search our persons, even to the tearing off of my wife's wedding-ring, keeper and spectacles. The only thing Miss Gregg had with her was a small pocket Bible which she was led to slip into her pocket as we left the cave. It was examined by two or three of them; then, although divided in opinion, the leader handed it back and said she might keep it, adding, "If you read that you can get to heaven."

Thus our gracious God made provision for His children, and this little treasure, positively the only thing we now possessed, beyond the few clothes we were wearing, has been an untold help, blessing and constant comfort to us through the rest of our trials. "I have esteemed the words of His mouth more than my necessary food." Once on a later occasion it was taken from us but He prevented its destruction, and after six days' wanderings it was again restored.

Much to our surprise, having secured all the booty, they led us off to the city as promised, and actually hired two men to carry the children, seeing how weak I was from loss of blood and that our progress was too slow.

(To be continued.)

How the Troubles Began in West China.

BY MR. B. RIRIE.

AT Kia-ting, the trouble began in June. Outside bands of lawless people kept roving about and inside the city. Some evil disposed persons kept us informed of the days when we were to be destroyed. The officials, however, were on the watch, and during the months of July and August some fifty persons were put to death—most of them starved in cages—for robbery and murder, and for trying to make trouble. On the 9th of July, a message came from the British Consul, asking all Missionaries to go to the coast. All the Missionaries came down from Chen-tu, and all Ya-cheo and Kia-ting Missionaries left with them same day. Mrs. Ririe had to go down to Chung-king to take over Mary, and so went along with Mr. and Mrs. Parry. Mr. Toyne and I stayed behind to keep the way clear for Tibetan party and others, as it was very difficult to get boats, all having been bespoken by soldiers. Some two thousand five hundred were on their way to the coast from Kia-ting. There was some excitement over so many Missionaries leaving, but after they left all was quiet, and we went on with our work. In July all the Tanlin Christians outside the city had been driven from their homes and lost everything. The Chen-tu official beheaded two men for that, so it was clear the Si-ch'uen officials had not decided to obey the edict for extermination of Christians. The Roman Catholics did not fare so well. Several lost their lives, and some of the French priests' houses were torn down. For the most part, however, their converts are encouraged to arm and defend themselves, and quite a distinction is made between Protestant and Roman Catholic natives. A band of several hundred gathered in one place north of Kia-ting, evidently for rebellion, but I believe it is broken up. The trouble in August broke out again at Tatsuh hsien, where at U Mantsi troubles began two years ago. About that time, middle of August, the Chief Magistrate came and showed us a document which appeared to be a telegram from the Consul General at Shanghai, to the Governor-General of Si-ch'uen, to protect all foreigners congregated in Chung-king, and that all were to gather there. So when the parties who had left the Tibetan border for Kia-ting, had all arrived, we went with them. I had not heard from my wife for a month, and was getting anxious. I had only native rumours to say that all foreigners had left Chung-king in a hurry. It seems that Mrs. Ririe was not allowed to stay in Chung-king. She went down in a native boat with Mr. and Mrs. King. On the second day, the captain left them and took all their money. Fortunately, they were able to signal the small steamer "Pioneer," which had started from Chung-king some days later, and though crowded with Chung-king Missionaries, Customs and Consul staff, the captain kindly took them on. There was room ordinarily for twenty and they made room for ninety on the little boat. After a pretty trying journey, with the three children to look after, she reached Shanghai safely. We were not allowed to land in Chung-king so after some delay changing men, we went off down the river. Our party increased on the way and by the time we got to a steamer we were some thirty persons—mostly ladies. Now the question is, what does all this mean? I am sure you will be praying for us that we may be taught of God, seeing so many brought together from all parts. Does it not seem as if God will yet bring good out of evil, if we wait for Him? We had a day set apart for waiting on God on Monday. Mr. M. Beauchamp at the 7 a.m. meeting, read Psalm 50, and it seemed so appropriate. News has come that the Mission houses in Kia-ting and Sui-fu have been destroyed, but I doubt it very much. If it is true, I would be afraid for the native Christians, and I sincerely hope it is not.

In Memoriam---Pastor Wang of Hang-Chau.

The following "In Memoriam" notice of Wang Læ-djun, for so many years the "greatly beloved" pastor of the Church in Hang-chau, Cheh-K'iang, is compiled from a sketch, prepared by four native brethren well-known in the Churches of Hang-chau.

WANG LAE-DJUN was born in a small town south of Ningpo, seventy-two years ago. He was called of the Lord in the year 1855, and was baptized by the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor. When Mr. Taylor returned to England in 1859, Pastor Wang accompanied him. Being an intelligent and thoughtful man, he greatly assisted Mr. Taylor in a translation of the New Testament into the Ningpo colloquial. He also was sent to the London Hospital, in Mile End, London, to study medicine. His delicate and neat dissections in his anatomatical studies called forth the admiration of the then Professor of anatomy and surgery in the said hospital. After spending five years or so in England he returned to China, and for some time helped to preach the Gospel and heal the sick in the city of Ningpo."

CHINESE ANCESTRAL TEMPLE.

Upon the organization of a church in Hang-chau in July, 1867, Wang Læ-djün was ordained as its pastor. In those early years he itinerated a great deal, and opened several out-stations in the Province.

In character, Pastor Wang was "diligent in business, meek and unobtrusive, kind and gentle and good to all; his speech and demeanor unblameable; faithful to his Lord and Master; sincere and reverent in his devotion, apt and diligent in feeding and nourishing the Church; impartial in his attitude towards and treatment of others; never trusted in or unduly esteemed outside influence or human power; was ever ready to forgive, and easy to entreat; forgiving and forgetting any ill-treatment he received at the hands of those who, at one time, were envious and jealous of his position and influence. Thus the heathen and Church members alike respected and loved him, and received stimulus from his virtuous and godly example."

As a pastor he was most zealous and devoted; "preaching diligently, and incessantly teaching the members of the different Churches [in his large district] the Scriptures of truth, and caring earnestly for the people under his charge. In the height of summer heat, or winter cold, rain or fine, he went at all times to his work with a willing mind, and delighted in labors, which to many others seemed irksome and wearisome, but which to him were meat and drink."

He had an only daughter, born to him in 1867. She married a Mr. Ren, an earnest, godly man, whose special gifts and graces made him an exceedingly valuable assistant to his father-in-law in the pastoral office. "For nearly thirty years he [Mr. Ren.] has been engaged in the noble work of preaching the Gospel, and feeding the Church of God. He is a man of prayer, and exceedingly jealous for the cause of God." He has now succeeded his father-in-law in the pastoral oversight of the churches in Hang-chau district. Pastor Wang received no salary from the Mission, but was entirely self-supporting. "By his frugality and carefulness he had laid by some money for his old age, which he desired to divide into three parts. One part to give to the Lord's work; one part to give to his son-in-law; and the other part for his own use and that of his family." Pastor Ren, his son-in-law, however, persuaded him to "divide his savings into two parts; one part for the Lord's work; and the other for the use of his [Pastor Wang's] family," preferring rather to follow in his father-in-law's footsteps, and continue to support himself in the Lord's work. For many years neither of these two devoted men have received any money from the Mission for their own support. When in the summer of 1900, the awful tidings of the massacres in the North of China reached Hang-chau, the whole city was alarmed. Riots occurred in several of the adjacent Mission stations, and Pastor Wang advised his son-in-law to seek safety in flight. Mr. Ren answered his father-in-law almost in the words of Nehemiah: "Should such a man as I flee, when our poor members are coming into the city for refuge every day, hoping that I may be able to help them!" Such is the character of the man who has succeeded to the pastorate of the Church in Han-chau and district. The end of his predecessor, the beloved Wang Læ-djun, was very sudden.

"On the first Lord's Day of the 8th moon, after handing round the Communion elements, he was suddenly taken very ill with fever. Then later a malignant boil developed in the spine. Having committed his affairs into Pastor Ren's care, he was removed to Dr. Main's Hospital, where he lingered on until the twenty-eighth day of the month following. On the twenty-eighth day of the intercalary 8th moon—the Lord's Day—he called all his family round him, and said to them, 'I am going.' His wife replied, 'Are you going to be with Jesus?' He answered 'Yes.' He said no more but died in peace, seventy-two years of age. Several leaders and Pastors from other churches came to take part in the last services, and to minister sympathy to the bereaved family."

Memorial Services for the Martyrs of Pao-Ting Fu.

ON March 22nd, a party of Missionaries left Peking for Pao-Ting Fu, and after arrival there, had united Memorial Services for the Missionaries of the three Missions, American Presbyterian, American Board, and the China Inland Mission. From the following account it will be seen that the Chinese took a prominent part, and were evidently greatly impressed.

. . . .

The provincial and city officials had exerted themselves to make everything as comfortable as possible for the visitors. They had fitted up rooms at their own expense, neatly papered, matted, and provided with furniture, sufficient for all the party needing accommodation, and on the night of arrival sent red cards with four led sheep, forty fowls, two hundred pears and five hundred eggs, besides furnishing a quantity of foreign stores. The first service was at 11 a.m. on the 23rd, on the ruins of the utterly destroyed Presbyterian compound, rather more than a mile north of the north gate. Here a mat-shed had been erected in the style usual for Chinese funerals, and the Chinese officials personally attended during the interesting and impressive service, which was largely in English. The Rev. C. A. Killie, of Peking, read appropriate passages of Scripture, interspersed with remarks, a paper was read by Dr. J. Wherry, giving some account of the Presbyterian martyrs, the foreigners among whom were eight in number, as follows: Rev. F. E. S. Simcox, wife, and three children; Dr. C. V. R. Hodge and wife; Dr. Geo. Y. Taylor. All of these had taken shelter in the house of Mr. Simcox when attacked by the mob on the last day of June, and when the house was fired they all perished together. As no remains whatever were ever found, there were no coffins prepared, and there was no burial other than the memorial service at this time. At the close, Mr. Lowrie returned thanks to those who had attended, which included General Kettler, Colonel Ritcher, and other German officers, with a detachment of German soldiers, and the German band, as well as several French officers; and likewise in Chinese thanked the Provincial officers, Treasurer, and Judge, the prefect, and the district magistrate for their attendance. At the close of the services each of these officials came forward and saluted the numerous scrolls and inscriptions with which the mat-pavilion was decorated. The German band discoursed beautiful and appropriate music, and the cordial bearing of both German and French officers and men was very marked. A Roman Catholic priest was one of the attendants. The number of Presbyterian Christians killed connected with Paotingfu, so far as at present known, is about thirty-five, many of them at a distance from the city, so that the recovery of most of their bodies was impracticable. On the following day, Sunday, the services for the martyrs of the American Board Mission and China Inland Mission were held in a large Chinese compound in the south, at no great distance from that formerly occupied by the Mission, but now wholly in ruins, although a few of the walls are partly standing, whereas at the Presbyterian place not so much as half a brick is to be seen without careful search. The officials perceiving the large attendance at the services of the 23rd, hastened to provide still more ample mat-sheds, of which there were previously three of large size. The southern one of these contained twenty-six coffins, including those of the foreigners, whose names were as follows: Rev. Mr. and Mrs. B. Bagnall, and their child Gladys, together with Rev. William Cooper, of the China Inland Mission, who took refuge in the Chinese Camp near by, whence they were handed over to the Boxers and dragged to the Ch'i-shengan inside the south gate, and killed; the Rev. Horace Tracy Pitkin, Miss M. S. Morill, and Miss A. A. Gould. of the American Boad Mission, situated not far from the south gate of the city, who were attacked by a mob on the morning of Sunday, the 1st July, and were soon overcome, Mr. Pitkin being shot through the skull, and beheaded, and the ladies taken to the temple mentioned above, and in the afternoon led out to the corner of the city wall and speared or chopped to death. The remains of all the above were afterwards buried, and were recently recovered, and encoffined. The service was attended by the Chinese officials as on the day before, the Provincial Treasurer, and the Judge, the prefect, and the district magistrate being in attendance, as well as a Colonel of the Chinese army. General Kettler, and Colonel Ritcher, of the German army, and numerous other German officers were likewise present, and a party of French officers, as well as a Roman Catholic Father in citizen's costume. The German and French bands again played appropriate music.

The services were largely in Chinese, consisting of hymns and Scriptures, and an address by the Rev. D. Z. Sheffield, D.D., and by a native Pastor from Shantung, the Rev. Wu Yü-hsiang, who was a Seminary class-mate of the Rev. Meng Chi-hsien, the senior Native Pastor of Paotingfu, who was killed by the Boxers, being unwilling to desert the missionaries, although it would have been easy for him to have escaped. Each of these addresses paid a fitting tribute to the characters of those deceased, explaining the motives which led to such sacrifices. The Rev. A. H. Smith followed with a similar utterance in English. After the close of the exercises the officials as before, paid their respects to the dead—this time to the coffins—and then retired. Many handsome floral tributes were sent in, some by the Roman Catholic Fathers, with a very sympathetic letter, and others by the officials. Each coffin was decorated with a wreath of evergreens, and the mat-pavilions were adorned with scores of scrolls, screens, mottoes, etc., all of them most appropriate and many of them deeply touching. Over the mat-shed containing all the coffins were the four characters: Shou Ssu Shan Tao, meaning, For the Good Doctrine they were faithful unto death. In the afternoon of the same day, the burial proper took place, at a cemetery newly acquired on a large plot of land lying between the old compound and the former hospital premises. Only six catafalques remained in the city, and all of them were voluntarily placed at the disposal of the Mission without any charges. The remaining coffins were otherwise transported to the graves, but the long and imposing procession passed to the south gate, through the entire length of the south suburb, and by a devious route to the cemetery, gazed at in respectful silence by thousands of spectators. Without any previous intention the day in each of these funeral services turned out to be exactly nine months subsequent to the massacres. The contrast between the tumultuos rioting of that terrible occasion, and the sabbath stillness of this was among the most striking contrasts of this extraordinary experience. A few simple exercises at the graves concluded the ceremonies in public. At a later hour the eighteen foreigners interested, including representatives of four Missions, met at the residence of Mr. Lowrie for a private memorial service, where tearful tributes and testimonies were offered to the memories and the work of those who had fallen, several of them upon the very threshold of their life's task, and others after decades of service. In many cases it was evident that the sorrow of some of the outside Chinese was unaffected and sincere.—N.C. Herald.

The Wreck of the "Sobraon."

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits; who . . . Redeemeth thy life from destruction. Ps. 103.

IN our last issue we mentioned in the Monthly Notes the wreck of the steamer "Sobraon," by which our friends Messrs Frost, Nasmith and Sloan, besides quite a company of missionaries, were travelling home to England. Details have recently come to hand, of the circumstances in which our friends were placed, and the merciful deliverance God wrought, and spared us and the beloved relatives from sorrow upon sorrow. Mr. Frost has promised to write an account of the shipwreck, but meanwhile the following items partly from Mr. Nasmith's letters, and partly from other sources, will be found of particular interest.

The fine new steamer was one of the latest additions to the P. & O. fleet, and was a twin screw steamer of over 7,000 tons gross, and was a very powerful vessel. When the accident occurred she was going at the rate of fourteen knots, and in a fog. How she came to be so far out of her reckoning no one yet knows; but the merciful thing was, that in running on to the rocks, the ship ran up a shelving beach, and there was held fast. She barely missed a rock which had she struck, it would have sunk her in twenty-five fathoms of water.

The ship's bow is opened up and crushed for twenty feet, and there is a rock under her stern, and another under her bow, and as Mr. Nasmith truly says, "she fits like the key in the lock."

EXTRACTS FROM MR. NASMITH'S LETTER.

"A few minutes after three, on Wednesday morning, fourteen hours after leaving Shanghai, we were suddenly awakened by a shock. Mr. Sloan was first to speak, and said we must have gone aground, and very shortly after sounds of grating and rockets going off, set us all considering the possibilities of immediate destruction. The electric lights still burning enabled us to act intelligently.

We put on life belts, put a few mementos in our hand grips and went on deck, where we could see sharp, beetling, high cliffs along the right side of the ship, and the foam breaking around their base. There was no panic amongst the passengers, and the stewards carried our packages and grips up on deck.

We could not tell whether the great vessel might not lurch over, or slide back into the water. We were kept in perfect peace and knelt together, commending one another and all our dear ones to His care.

Biscuits were handed round, and all prepared for taking to the boats. which by this time had been lowered. and the captain standing by the gangway, word was passed, 'Women and children first,' and soon all were in the boats. We remained in these till daylight, when the position of the ship was ascertained, and finding it safe to return to the vessel, we did, and had a hastily prepared breakfast.

We then started off in Chinese junks, but finally returned to the vicinity of the wreck. After search parties had found a landing-place on the island, we all went ashore and prepared to camp for the night.

I climbed the hilltop and was surprised to see the position the steamer was in, and my heart was filled with praise to God for though hopelessly among the rocks, she had got in like the wards of a key in a lock. To all human vision it looked as if fifty feet either one side or other, she would have been in open water, and with perpendicular cliffs."

The Ta-Tong-Fu Martyrs---More Particulars.

THE following particulars regarding C.I.M. Missionaries stationed at Ta-tong Fu, are furnished by Lo Uang-kuei, formerly one of Mr. August Karlson's helpers:

On the 18th of the 5th moon (June 14th), the trouble at Ta-tong became acute. On that day the Boxers went to the different Mission premises and began breaking up everything and looting. The Missionaries, however, managed to escape without injury, to the city Magistrate. The Magistrate at once did his best to protect them, and interfered in time to save the Mission houses from absolute destruction. He seized the leading Boxer and had him beaten 200 blows, and put the wooden collar on him for several days. Apparently the Magistrate was afraid or unable to do more. The Ch'en-tai (general), and Chih Fu (prefect), protested against any ill-treatment being meted out to the Boxers. The Missionaries, however, were well taken care of in the Yamen, in spite of the fact that the Boxers, after a few days, came continually demanding that they should be given up to them. The Boxers growing in numbers and boldness, as time went on, the Magistrate found it more and more difficult to keep the Missionaries in safety, and things at last came to a climax. On the 15th of the 6th moon, (July 11th), orders came from the Prefect that the Magistrate was to protect the foreigners no longer, and also that he was in no way to interfere with the Boxers. Under these circumstances, it seems to have been thought best for the Missionaries to be sent back to their homes, and accordingly, in the night of July 11th, they were sent, under cover of darkness, back to their own empty houses. Very early on the morning of the 12th, the houses were surrounded by a Boxer mob. Mr. Stewart McKee seemed to have thought that he could do some good by going out and remonstrating with the rioters. Instead of listening to Mr. McKee, they at once atacked him and hacked him to pieces. His head was afterwards exposed on the fourth memorial arch. The mob feared to enter the rooms where the remaining Missionaries were, but they set fire to the house, and they were all consumed in the flames.

The messenger further states, that in Ta-tong Fu, more than twenty native Christians suffered martyrdom; at Ing-cheo Fu, the burning of five native Christians as already reported, is confirmed; around Soh-P'ing Fu, a native Christian named Lao-Uang-hsien, was starved to death in a cage at the Yamen door.

The Massacres of 1900.

The Rev. J. W. Stevenson, has compiled the following complete list of the Protestant Missionaries who were killed, or who died from injuries received during the Boxer uprising of 1899 and 1900; the Societies with which they were connected; the Provinces in which they were located; and their nationality.

SOCIETY.	ADULTS.	CHILDREN.	TOTAL.
China Inland Mission	58	20	78
Christian and Missionary Alliance	21	15	36
American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions	13	5	18
English Baptist Mission	13	3	16
Sheoyang Mission	11	2	13
American Presbyterian Mission (North)	5	3	8
Scandinavian Alliance Mongolian Mission	5	..	5
Swedish Mongolian Mission	3	1	4
Society for the Propagation of the Gospel	3	..	3
British and Foreign Bible Society	2	3	5
	134	52	186
PROVINCE.			
Shansi and over the Mongolian Border	112	45	157
Chihli	13	4	17
Chêkiang .	8	3	11
Shantung.	1	..	1
	134	52	186
NATIONALITY.			
British..	70	28	98
Swedish	40	16	56
United States of America	24	8	32
	134	52	186

Items from Shanghai and the Provinces.

Notes from Shanghai.

FROM REV. J. W. STEVENSON'S LETTERS.

YOU will be pleased to hear that we receive almost daily cheering accounts from our friends who have gone back to their stations. Both the officials and the people are manifesting the utmost courtesy to our Missionaries, and the Christians are delighted to have them back.

"All the information that reaches us indicates a great willingness to hear.

"The work in Yang-chau seems encouraging, and Mr. and Mrs. Crofts have gone to assist in the work there during the summer.

"The station of Kao-in has been reoccupied by three sisters, and Misses Gertie and Edith Trudinger and Miss Bell have re-opened An-Tong.

"Mr. and Mrs. Moodie and their child hope to spent the summer in Chin-Kiang.

"Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson and their children have arrived safely at Ts'ing Kiang-P'u. Mrs. Ferguson is improved and the children well.

"The new Governor of Shansi has telegraphed to Rev. Timothy Richard, to go to Shansi to help to arrange the Protestant indemnities. We hope that ere long it may be possible to arrange for a distinctly C.I.M. party to return there. The chief reason that we wish to get to Shansi now, is for the sake of the native Christians."

Kiang-si Province.

From Mr. Bevis.—Mr. Saure and myself escorted Mrs. Taylor and children to Chang-Shu, where Mr. Taylor met us. On arriving at Kih-An, I was able to get a passage on a smaller boat and left next morning. There are nine other passengers on board and are all very friendly, and have shown interest in the Gospel. I expect to see Messrs. Horne, Craig and Tyler to-night. The Governor and the officials are all anxious to arrange our difficulties in connection with the recent troubles.

A Tour in Kiang-si.

Mr. Edward Pearse, the superintendent of the North-east portion of Kiang-si province, has recently returned from an itinerary of over five weeks among the Mission stations of the Kwang-sin River district. Mr. James Lawson accompanied him on this tour. Reporting upon their experiences, Mr. Pearse writes: "We have visited Rao-chau, Gan-ren, Kwei-k'i, Ih-yang, Yang-k'eo, and Kwang-feng, spending several days in most of these places. There has been much to cheer and encourage in this journey, and some things to make one sad. On the whole, the Christians have stood well, but some have taken down their Ten Commandments, etc., and others have opened their shops on the Lord's Day, and kept away from the services. There has been some persecution, but not a great deal. Of course, there have been plenty of threats of dire calamities to fall upon the Christians. The services in most places have been sustained, but in a few centres there have been longer or shorter breaks in the holding of meetings, and in one or two places they had ceased altogether until our arrival. We have, where necessary, had the doors, which were sealed, opened by the officials, in order to show that we were returning and also to facilitate the carrying on of the work of the station. The officials seem generally to have given all the help and protection in their power. We found them uniformly courteous and the people friendly. In fact, I think everyone was glad to see us, for our presence was a sort of guarantee that affairs were being settled and the country was resuming its normal condition. We purposely showed ourselves as much as possible on this account. The Christians, of course, gave us a very hearty welcome, and are very anxious to know when the ladies are returning. There is really nothing in the condition of the several cities and towns to prevent their going back at once, but I doubt if the consular authorities will give their consent for them to do so yet. This is a matter for prayer."

An-Huei Province.

BY MR. B. T. WILLIAMS.

Ing-cheo Fu.—"I have been back here since March 13th. Everything is quiet in the city. We have been having great crowds every Sunday. Most of them come from curiosity to see us, and especially to see Mrs. Barnett. Mrs. T'sin, from T'ai-ho, is here, helping Mrs. Barnett with house-work and with meetings. She is doing well and I am sure she will yet be a splendid Bible-woman. She seems to be the one chosen of the Lord for the place after many prayers. The soldier is still faithful at his post as door-keeper. He has made a great deal of progress in reading, and is able to repeat from memory, a large number of the miracles and parables of Christ, and preaches them to the people in the front. Last night as we both sat in the front hall in the dark, he repeated to me a whole tract through, about the plan of redemption. Also he repeated from memory several chapters of the Catechism.

"Two weeks ago to-day, Mr. Chu and myself visited old Mr. Shu at Wu-ing-Tsih. We spent a happy Sabbath with the old man. He is still faithfully worshipping the Savior. It is quite a treat to see his New Testament so well marked. He is very fond of those parts referring to the eternal home. As I was bathing my feet after my journey on Saturday, the old man began quoting Scripture on the subject. He comenced by speaking of the woman washing the feet of Jesus, and also of Jesus washing the feet of His disciples. The old man shows his knowledge of Scripture in his aptness to quote it. Mr. Chu has gone out to-day to see him again, and to have worship with him on the morrow. I am sorry not to be able to go myself. I hope to visit him frequently after this. Mr. Barnett has been down to a village 100 li south of us to see Mr. Wang, who appears to be a devout man, and uses the money he makes at his business in paying men to read the Sacred Edict to the people. He had just returned from a journey of 1,400 li when Mr. Barnett saw him at his home. Pray for him that he may be led into the true light of the Gospel."

Monthly Notes.

THE ANNUAL MEETINGS of the Mission in England, were to be held on the 11th June, and it was hoped that both Mr. Sloan and Mr. Frost would reach London in time to be at these gatherings. So far we have no word of their arrival. They travelled by the P. & O. Steamer "Ballarat," from Hong Kong.

Since our last issue the following Missionaries have arrived in this country from China, some travelling via England and others coming direct: Mr. Charles Thomson, Rev. and Mrs. R. L. Evans and two children, and Miss Muldoon arrived at San Fransisco on May 20th, and on the same day Mr. and Mrs. F. Dickie arrived at Montreal.

The Annual Conference of Missionaries at Clifton Springs has just been held, and we hear there was a very large gathering of Missionaries. The founder of the Conference and Sanatorium, the late beloved Mr. Foster, was greatly missed, but his successors seem determined to perpetuate his good example. Missionaries were there from all lands, and amongst them some of those who have come through the great trials in China. We pray that the outcome of such a Conference will be the strengthening of the spiritual life and stimulating the zeal of those who were there, and that the blessing will reach out to many weary souls in other lands.

All our friends know about the famine that is now raging in Shansi Province, and that many of the Christians there as well as the others are suffering terribly. The following extract from Dr. Edwards, written from Pao-Ting Fu, will give the reasons for this distress, and we might add that funds are being forwarded from Shanghai to the native Church in Shansi to alleviate the suffering. Will our readers pray that God will have mercy upon that Province and send the much needed rain. That this Province in which so many of God's dear children fell martrys, should now be mutely appealing to us, is surely the nemesis of God, and a grand opportunity for Christian love.

. . . .

"You will doubtless have heard through Mr. Stevenson of the distress of the Christians there, caused by the looting and burning of their property last year. In addition to this, the price of nearly all edibles has risen to almost three times the usual price, as both 1899 and 1900 the harvest was poor; and last autumn only the irrigated lands could be sown with wheat. As there was but little snow all last winter, the wheat harvest to be reaped in June will be very poor. When the last messenger left T'aiyuen Fu (on April 9th), no rain had fallen, and unless it has already fallen or falls soon, some of the crops (such as sorghum and the larger kinds of Indian corn) cannot be sown this year. While the distress in Shan-si does not appear to be so great as was at first represented, there must already be much suffering among many of the Christians, and the outlook under any circumstances is serious."

The most encouraging thing in our news from China, is the evident willingness to welcome back the Missionaries, both by the officials and the people. In many cases the actuating motive is probably a desire to avoid more trouble with the foreign nations, but we believe also that in many cases, the welcome our beloved Missionaries are receiving, is a sincere and hearty one. Multitudes of the Chinese now know that the Missionaries are there with no selfish motive, and only the innate pride and prejudice of the literary classes has prevented this being appreciated. That China should be humbled first, ere any great blessing could come to her was predicted forty years ago by Dr. Legge, the famous Anglo-Chinese scholar. In the introduction to the historical books, he says: "China, separated from the rest of the world, and without the light of revelation, has played its part, and brought forth its lessons, which will not be without their fitting exposition. Whether it be a dependent or independent nation in the future, to be taken up or remain united, the first condition to happiness and prosperity is humility on the part of its scholars and rulers. Till they are brought to look at their own history and their sages, falsely so-called, according to a true estimate, and cease from their blind admiration of them there is no hope for the country." The lesson has been a long and painful one to the Chinese, but God is bringing that day to pass, and if in the near future there should be a widespread acceptance of the truth as it is in Jesus, it will be because the lesson has been learned.

We cannot help giving a sigh of relief, at the news that the allied troops are at last vacating Peking, and that negotiations for indemnity have been concluded. This is the prelude to the return of the Emperor and court to Peking. It was hardly to be expected that they would return so long as the foreign troops were in force in Peking. The occupation of Peking by the allied army, has not been an unmixed blessing to China by any means, but two facts comfort us as we read of all their excesses and brutalities. 1. That God reigns over the nations as well as over the armies of heaven. 2. That the majority of the Chinese are able to and will differentiate between the messengers of the Gospel of Peace, and those of war and bloodshed.

That God wrought a merciful deliverance for all of our friends who were on the "Sobraon" is abundantly evident from the extracts which we give on another page. That in the darkness of the night and fog, and the ship going at fifteen knots an hour, she was driven up on a shelving ledge of rocks, instead of striking them sheer, may be to many only a lucky accident, but to us, it was more—in a word it was God over all, blessed for-ever-more. How many times God drives us on to the shelving rocks, when if we had but the eyes to see them, there are rocks around and near that would have sunk us in deep water. Along with our dear friends Messrs. Frost, Sloan and Nasmith, there were on board quite a number of our Missionaries and their children, amongst them being Mrs. Ogren and her two children, who had gone through such terrible suffering in China, and whose arrival at Hankow we chronicled in our last issue. We hope to get a full account of the wreck from Mr. Frost, and shall publish it in the "Millions" when it comes to hand.

Life for Evermore.

"He asked life of Thee, Thou gavest it him; even length of days forever and ever."—Ps. 21:4.

THESE words were true of David; but in their deepest sense they are true only of Christ. In another sense they are also true of us, and of every royal soul which has been made a king and a priest unto God. Leaving, therefore, their special reference to David and to our Lord, we will apply them to our own life, which is menaced by days of trouble. When around our frontiers dark clouds are brooding; when cares and anxieties, business worries, and temptations, like hordes of heathen peoples, threaten us, there is no resort like prayer; then we should seek the face of God, and, in seeking it, find deliverance and help.

I.

THE FAILURES AND DEFEATS OF OUR LIFE ARE DUE TO OUR LACK OF PRAYER.

Here is a fragment of a most interesting letter which was written by St. Theresa to the Bishop of Osma, who asked her to pray for him. In her reply she says: "I promise myself from your goodness that you will take in good part what I feel compelled to say to you. Recognizing the great favors our Lord has done for you in having bestowed on you humility, charity, zeal for souls, and a strong desire to vindicate the divine honour, I besought the Lord for the increase of those same fruits and perfections, till it was discovered to me that you still wanted that which is the foundation of every virtue, and without which the whole superstructure dissolves and falls into ruins; you lack prayer, you lack believing, persevering, and courageous prayer; and the lack of prayer causes all that drought and disunion from which you say your soul is suffering." And she goes on to say: "I wish you, therefore, my lord bishop, that you will betake yourself again to God, saying, 'I come, O my Lord, to Thee, bishop as I am, to the children's school of prayer; I come to Thee, not as a teacher, but as a learner; I come to be taught how to pray.'" As these words come back to us from a saintly soul, one cannot but feel how exactly she has laid her finger on the cause of all our failures, whether in our character or our Christian service; and if you are deeply conscious of such failure, though it may touch you to the quick, take to yourself her words, "The lack of your life is believing, persevering, courageous prayer."

Just so long as you prayer-life is so deficient in the qualities that should characterize it, you cannot expect to be triumphant either in your conflict with sin, or in your work for God. Have you had some terrible fall lately? It is because you do not pray. Have there been disunion and misery in your home, children against parents, and parents against children? It is because you do not pray. Has there been failure in your Christian work, so that those who are co-operating with you challenge your authority, and those you are seeking to win for God appear further away than ever? It is because you do not pray. Every one of us stands condemned because, in the day of dark trouble, instead of trusting in the name of God, we look to our horses and chariots, and find that these are not sufficient to win the victory.

II.

THIS LACK OF PRAYER IS A SIGN OF FEEBLENESS IN OUR SPIRITUAL LIFE.

When we are told that our prayers are lacking, we mentally resolve at once to amend them. We vow that we will rise earlier in the morning, will adopt some new system of prayer, will take up a prayer-book and recite its collects and intercessions, will make a whip of small cords, and scourge these sluggish natures of ours

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to betake themselves to prayer; we will give each day so much time, so much energy. But all this will disappoint us. Prayer has been called "the pulse of the Christian life." Now, suppose our pulse begins to flag, you would not be so foolish as to take alcoholic stimulant, by which for a few brief minutes that pulse might be galvanized into action; you would rather go behind the pulse to the general health of your body, and, discovering some cause of illness, by a system of medicine and diet you would recover health, and so a regular pulse. If, then, it be true that we have allowed public and private prayer to fall into sad neglect, let us go at once to the heart of the matter and confess that there is a failure belonging to our inner life. Our faith has been deteriorating; we have been allowing ourselves to be corrupted by the enervating influence of the age, by the success or the cares of our business; and all that spiritual life which once was expended upon God and eternity, has now become dissipated and corrupted. Until this is adjusted, and our spiritual life has been renewed, we shall never attain those holy heights of prayer upon which we used to stand with God.

Some of us are conscious of neglected prayer hours; many must confess that they used to pray more, others must confess that though they kneel in outward prayer, the old ardour has long since departed, and their minds are filled with wandering thoughts. All these are symptoms of the terrible decay of the inner life. "A man's praying power is not an arbitrary thing; it is the result of long antecedent processes. If a man finds himself an effective intercessor with God, it is because he is growing in spiritual wisdom, unselfishness, and grace. The praying power of a man is no mere accident of his mood, no mere impulse of his necessity. It is the slow growth of spiritual character, the gradual development of a faith that has grown exceedingly, a chastened selfishness, a carefully cultured heart. We have so little disposition or power to pray, because our general spiritual life is so meagre and languid.

III.

This Feebleness of our Spiritual Life can only be Made Good by the Reception of more Life from God.

Here the text comes to our help, "He asked life of Thee." A man must have life before he asks life. Have you life? Have you received the life of God into your soul? It may be languid and enfeebled, because it has been inhaling corrupt and enervating air, by reason of which its health has become impaired; but have you life? Then ask for more life. It is the Divine life in the soul which cries for life from the Source of Life. Life crying for life from Him who said: "As the Father hath life in Himself, He hath given to the Son to have life also in Himself." And Who said again: "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly."

"'Tis life of which our veins are scant;
'Tis life, more life, for which we pant."

And the intense desire for the life that shall express itself in prayer, for the victorious life which shall lift us above this world's cares, sorrows, and trials, which has been wrought in our souls by the blessed Christ Himself, is intended to drive us to that Source and Fountain of Life, welling up for each one of us in His royal heart.

Ask life! Soul, conscious of the failure of life, ask for the renewal of life, and be not content without letting down the bucket of faith deep into the wells of life that bubble up from the very heart of Emmanuel.

When this cry for life comes, it must be coupled with the preparation of the receptacles of life. You would not ask for life, and then let the channels be so choked that they could not receive the crystal waters. The cry for life, if it be genuine, will involve the excavation of its course. Oh see to it that the *debris* and the rubbish, the unhallowed friendships, the evil habits, and lusts by which your soul has been choked, are put away by the grace of Christ, so that you may be enabled to receive the fulness of life.—"Life of Faith."

"He Leadeth Me."

In pastures green? not always; sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be—

Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night;
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright—

Only for this—I know he holds my hand;
So, whether in the green or desert land,
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by still waters? no, not always so;
Oftimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go:

But when the storm beats loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo it is I."

And more than this: where'er the pathway lead
He gives to me no helpless broken reed,
But His own hand sufficient for my need.

So where He leads me I can safely go:
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why in His wisdom He hath led me so."

Extracts from Recent Letters from Mr. Frost.

AS formerly intimated, we secured passages on the P. & O. S.S. "Sobraon," due to sail from Shanghai upon April 23rd. At that time, about five in the afternoon, our company of Missionaries went to the jetty upon the Bund to take the launch there for the steamer lying twelve miles below at Wu-sung. The C.I.M. Missionaries were as follows: Mr. Sloan, Mr. Nasmith, Miss Black, Miss Jane Black, Miss Seymour, Miss Mabel Fishe, Mrs. Horobin, Mrs. Ogren, Miss Sandberg, Mr. Robinson and myself, besides six children. In addition to these were Missionaries of other Societies, Dr. and Mrs. Hogg, from Wen-chow, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Hogg, from Wei-hei-wei, and Mrs. Sharman, besides eight children. There being so many Missionaries departing a large number of C.I.M. and other Missionaries gathered at the jetty and the parting was solemn and affecting. At last the launch moved off, and the last exchanges of hand and handkerchief-waving were over. Two hours later we embarked on the noble ship "Sobraon" to find ourselves beautifully provided for, and with the prospect of a comfortable and happy voyage before us. The "Sobraon" was one of two new vessels whose second saloon accommodation was particularly good and she was designated through to London, so that we anticipated having no change up to Marseilles. We sailed from Wu-sung shortly after midnight on Tuesday morning, the 23rd, and all of us had refreshing sleep during the night hours. The next day was a delightful one; we retired at 10 p.m., and slept unconscious of danger.

"At 3.15 in the morning all of us were awakened by noises which we knew at once betokened serious ill. There were first a sound of violent scrapings and bumpings beneath us, then there was a space during which we heard the engines reversed; there followed this, further scrapings and bumpings with sounds of jarring at the stern, and then came a fearful crash at the bow, after which the steamer came to a standstill but with trembling and rocking from stem to stern. Mr. Sloan rushed on deck and came back in a moment to tell us that we had run upon a reef on to a great pile of rocks, and probably we should be sinking immediately. We took time to put on most of our clothes, and to adjust to us the life belts, then Mr. Sloan and I tarried for prayer. It seemed, especially as the ship was rolling over and slowly settling, that death was near at hand. With this thought in mind Mr. Sloan said to me with a firm voice and a happy face, "I think, dear brother, that we are going to have the privilege at last of seeing the King!" Then he put his arm over my shoulder and we bowed our heads as we stood and prayed that we might be prepared for whatever was before us; after this we went on deck, where others were already gathered or gathering. There was no confusion of any kind; the Missionaries particularly were quiet and calm, each one forgetting self in thoughtfulness for others. The officers and crew were getting out the boats, supplying them with stores, blankets, etc., and preparing with others to escape from the sinking ship. The steamer had ceased, however, from its rolling and seemed somewhat more steady, though still lying partly on its side. Mr. Sloan, Mr. Nasmith and I thought this gave us more opportunity for prayer and so we returned to our cabin. Here we secured our money and our Bibles and then we knelt in prayer; even in our extremity God gave us grace to praise first and only then did we ask for deliverance. As we prayed the vessel gave a lurch, rolling further to starboard; and we sprang to our feet and ran up on deck to what seemed certain death. It was intensely dark, but the electric lights continued burning, so that we could see our way about. Walking as well as we could upon the sloping deck we got the ladies and children forward in hope of putting them off in the boats now lying at the side of the steamer. As the ship now held its own we were able to do this at last, and it was a joy to look over the side rail and to see them all safely seated in the lifeboats, standing off from the ship sufficiently to prevent damage in the case of our going further over. The steamer still holding where she lay, the men were next passed into the boats, and within an hour after we struck we were all—with the exception of the captain and one or two officers and a few engineers—away from the ship and lying in a little bay between her and the rocks beyond. Here we waited, expecting to see the great steamer roll over and disappear, but she did not. We sat on, waiting for an hour or more. Finally morning broke. The light revealed a scene both terrible and blessed. We had run into an island, the face of which was a mountain of rocks, and the bow of the steamer, in spite of its steel ribs and plates, had been torn to shreds; but the steamer had settled, as the vessel turned over, upon a great rock and this had held her from going further over. It was a marvellous deliverance, and as some of us sat in the lifeboats gazing at the rock, we had little difficulty in giving thanks, strong and fervent, to Whom thanks alone were due. The officers said afterward, that the steamer, if it had struck the island at any other point or in any other way, would have gone down immediately, and we should have been lost. By God's command angel-hands had lodged us, since the wreck must be, where not a life should be in danger.

"After the captain had examined the steamer he concluded that it would hold its position for some hours more, and so he had us brought on board that we might obtain food. A hasty breakfast was prepared, and it was hastily eaten. Then several junks which had come from neighboring parts of the island were engaged to take us and our luggage to Foo-chow, thirty-seven miles distant to the west. We were finally got off on junks one after another, three remaining by the wreck for further stores, these not having passengers. The first junk immediately set off for Foo-chow, but the others sailed for a village about five miles away, where they were anchored, their captains and crews refusing to proceed to Foochow as the wind was not favorable for the journey. It was a wise decision, for which we came to be thankful. The first junk only reached Foo-chow after two days and one night of travel, and after much suffering on the part of the passengers, one lady nearly dying from exposure. We ourselves finally insisted upon returning to the steamer, which we reached after being away from it for some hours, and in time to have an afternoon meal. Then the question arose as to what should be done. The captain did not dare to have us remain upon the steamer as she was steadily settling and might turn over at any time, and we could not get to Foo-chow. Nothing seemed to be left but to take to land, and as the second officer and his boat-crew had found a beach and bay near at hand it was decided that we should seek this as our place of refuge. So the ship's boats transferred us into the bay and in an hour, at about five in the afternoon, we were all safely landed with a considerable quantity of stores, and a number of officers and stewards to protect and care for us. Shortly after a rough tent was raised for the ladies and children, in which, as the night came down, they retired. The rest of us, on and under ship's blankets, lay down on the stones on the beach and slept in the open. It was a mild night, and, excepting for our hard beds and pillows and an hour of rain, we suffered no harm. The next day a rude tent was improvised for the men; meanwhile food, though plain and served without regard to appearance, was plentiful. After a day we had settled down with a fair degree of comfort, and from that time on we really enjoyed our camp life and outing. The bay with its high rocks on either side, with its beach of stones, its rolling surf and its sloping mountains high behind, was ever an object of interest, and the climbs up the high slopes and then up the mountain ranges beyond with their views landward and seaward added interest to interest. The only cloud on an otherwise fair sky was our anxiety as to whether the junk had reached Foo-chow or as to whether our distress signals should be seen by passing steamers. At last, after two days, a passing vessel heard and saw our distress rockets and came into the outer bay to see what was the matter. This steamer was the fore-runner of others and finally a French man-of-war came from Foochow reporting the arrival of the junk. Word was at last sent us that the captain had engaged a small steamer to take us to Shanghai or Hong-Kong, and after three days of life upon the island we were transferred to this steamer, "Irene." Excepting for being under better shelter, we were hardly as comfortable here as we had been on shore, the ladies and the children being the only ones who had cabins, this meaning that the rest of us had to sleep upon the floor of the saloon with hardly room to turn. After two days of life of this kind, including a Sunday, we had the good news brought us that the P. & O. S.S. "Coromandel" was coming from Shanghai; the following day she arrived. It was a goodly sight to see a ship so large and strong sent to our rescue, and she was hailed with delight. Most of us had been separated from the first from all our luggage. Imagine then the comfort of getting into a clean cabin, with the privilege of baths, change of linen and clothing, etc. I limit the last statement so far as Mr. Nasmith and I were concerned, for our boxes and bags had disappeared, the crew of one of the junks having sailed away under cover of night for parts unknown; these have not since been recovered, and I suppose we have lost for good and all, our necessary under and outer clothing, our writing materials, our letters, our photographs, and I my Bible Reading Notes which it will take years to reproduce

"But we are thankful for what we have and especially for spared lives, and this puts the inclination to murmur far from us. As for our goods, we shall hope to stock up again when we reach Hong-kong. The steamer on which we are is obliged to lie here to care for the crew now attempting to save the wreck. We are not able, therefore, to proceed at once to Hong-kong. What will be done for us we do not know. We suppose, however, that this steamer will eventually transfer us to Hongkong, and that there we shall be permitted to take our choice of steamers on other lines, or to join the next P. and O. boat, which leaves Shanghai six days from now. If we choose the latter we shall be just two weeks behind our original sailing. This has its serious aspect as it brings us into warmer weather and also probably into the monsoon in the Indian Ocean, but our ways are ordered of the Lord and we have seen too much of His kindly care of late to doubt either His wisdom or His love. How blessed to be journeying with such an all-powerful and all-faithful Friend!

"As we look back over the past week we marvel more and more at the marvellous way in which God has dealt with us, both in allowing us to be delivered up to death, and then, in saving us from death. It is the common testimony of the officers of the various steamers which have called here, including British Men-of-War, that our steamer was saved from sinking as by a miracle. The cause of our salvation, as said, was the great rock at the stern and also rocks beneath, which combined to keep the ship from sinking and rolling over. But the miraculous element has been seen more in our hearts than elsewhere. Not a Missionary on board has been anything but calm and quiet and patient through all, and many a face, even in those dreadful hours, wore no look but that of trust and joy. For myself, I must witness to the faithfulness of our adorable Lord, and I would thus add to His glory that from first to last, in spite of the natural shrinking from death, a great peace possessed my heart, making me gladly content with the will of God whatever it might mean. Indeed so real an experience has this been, that I am more grateful than I can express for all we have passed through, and because of blessings received I truly feel that I would not have been without the experience for the world."

Russian Steamer, Beirut, Syria, June 10th.

I shall never forget the first sight of the land of our Saviour. There was the long line and gentle curve of shore above the deep blue waters of the sea, and there were the hills beyond with patches of yellow sand here and there, with dark green herbage and foliage covering other portions, and above all such a sky of blue as can only be seen in these favored climes. Of course this was only Syria and not Palestine, the land of King Hiram and not of Solomon, a portion which our Saviour never trod. But these mountains were Lebanon, of which Jesus knew, these waters were the ones of which He spake and the sky the one upon which He looked, and which received Him at last homeward. Oh what grace it was which brought Him down from His heavenly home to touch our earth! Thank God, these skies will again yield Him up, this land will once again hold His form, and not in humiliation but in glory and honor, the Desire of the nations and the Pride of Israel.

Our Sufficiency is of God.

MRS. HOWARD TAYLOR.

This and the following address were delivered by Mrs. Taylor, at the Anniversary Meeting of the China Inland Mission, held in Toronto, on January 4th. Press of other work has prevented Mrs. Taylor heretofore from revising the proofs, and we are glad to have them for this issue.

RECENTLY I have been much impressed in studying the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, with that startling record of the triumphs of faith. It seems to me that now, in these difficult days for China, we need afresh to lay hold upon God, and to prove as they did long ago the prevailing power of faith and prayer. How often we have proved it in the past. It is no new thing, is it, for us to cast ourselves on God? All the time we need to do so for our own spiritual lives. It may be that there are some here to-day face to face with strong temptation, apprehension, sorrow, or fear. It may be that you, dear friend, even at this moment, have a trouble or difficulty that no one else understands; something you have no power to meet, and yet cannot escape. Oh, what a wonderful God we have! He can do for you and to you just what you need to-day. That remarkable account of the capture of Jericho has been much in my thought during the last few days. It may be that you are compassing about your trouble, looking up at those great, impregnable walls of difficulty. Dear heart, look above them. Above them is that great God; the God that is enough; and by faith those walls of difficulty shall fall down. Compass them, then, with faith, not fear; you, too, shall be delivered.

[Mrs. Taylor's brother was at that time seriously ill.]

When I think of my brother at home to-night (it is midnight now in London); when I think of that precious life, humanly speaking just ebbing away, O friends, it is just one more occasion of being brought to the end of all human help. But what matters the extremity, if it only casts us upon God? I remember my dear father-in-law, Mr. Hudson Taylor, saying to me once in China,

"It does not matter what the pressure is; it only matters where the pressure lies. Does it come between you and God? Or does it only press you closer to His breast?"

Thank God we have often proved this true and often shall again. It does not matter what the trouble or the burden is, so long as it only presses us nearer to that heart of love, that arm of power. Beloved, at this time of terrible crisis in China, we want to press nearer to God, and look into His face, until there are no difficulties left, until there exists nothing for us but the presence and power of Jehovah. Then let us go forward, and all will be well.

BURNING BUT NOT CONSUMED.

We believe that God has great purpose for China in this new century. What wonderful things He has been doing there during the past few months! As regards our own Mission, one among so many Missions in China, there is a symbol that often comes to my mind—the picture of the burning bush. What a worthless, helpless thing it was. Just an ordinary desert bush, at the backside of the mountains; a bush on fire, wrapped in flames from which nothing could save it. Yet it was not consumed; for God was in it. What matters it, dear friends, that our China Inland Mission is weak and poor, and nothing in itself, that it is only a desert bush in flames, so to speak; its very existence imperilled by the fiery trial through which we are passing at this time? What matters the weakness or the peril, if only God is in the midst of us, to bless and to sustain?

Oh, if ever our Mission has been passing through a fiery furnace of affliction, it has been during the past year. How little we can realize over here what it has been. This Mission has been shaken from end to end, and the political troubles and massacres in China are not all that has come upon us. There are difficulties now facing this Mission, that would sweep it out of existence were it not that God is with us. What wonderful things He has done and still is doing! In the matter of loss of life, you know that fifty-eight of our beloved Missionaries laid down their lives last summer in China, and you know also that many who have not actually been sacrificed in this way have suffered even more than those who have been taken. You know about those awful journeys, for days and weeks through the intensest summer heat, with sometimes no food to be had but the grass that could be gathered by the roadside. One cannot go into details. My own dear brother cut in China for thirty days and nights, with three fellow Missionaries, was in momentary danger of death. Through all, how wonderful God has been; not only in saving the lives of so many, protecting and caring for them in countless ways and bringing them safely to the coast, but also in filling their hearts with peace, triumph, and even joy in the midst of these awful experiences.

It is easy enough here at home to think and speak about laying down our lives for Christ's sake; it is easy to contemplate sacrifice, sitting here in a comfortable hall or by our quiet firesides; but how little most of us begin to understand what it really means. Personally, I had little or no idea the last time I stood upon this platform, what it would be to die for Christ. I had been in China then for several years, and had often faced the thought of laying down one's life for His sake, feeling that one would be ready and willing to do it. But since last I was in this city, seven years ago, my dear husband and I have been privileged to face the actual fact; we have ourselves passed through experiences of that nature. We know now something of what it really means; and, dear friends, I can assure you we had not the slightest realization until then of how awful such an experience would be. I will not speak of this further now, as I may have another opportunity to-night, but oh, let us try to understand that these things are intensely real, intensely awful. And yet, in the midst of such experiences, God has filled the hearts of our dear friends in China with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

OUR RICHES.

How rich our Mission is to-day. We have never been so rich before. "Treasure laid up in heaven." This aspect of our pain and loss has been a great comfort to dear Mr. Hudson Taylor during the terrible months of last summer. Many a time I have seen him walking up and down the room when those telegrams came from China, with the tears running down his face. It very nearly killed him. In the worst part of the summer, we had to keep the news from him for some weeks; he could bear no more. But again and again in the depth of that unspeakable anguish he would stop and look up, exclaiming: "Oh, how rich, how rich we are. Never so rich before. Treasure, such treasure in heaven."

It all seemed so real and present to him, even in the darkest days; and now his one longing is to get back to China to help re-organize the work so largely suspended.

For we are sure that God is going to open up China again to the Gospel, and that His blessing upon the work in days to come will be even greater than in the past. Many reasons assure us of this. I can only mention one or two just now. Perhaps our chief cause for encouragement is the way in which the native church has stood in China. God does not change, and Divine principles remain the same. We know that if there had been ten righteous men in Sodom, only ten, the city would have been saved. Oh, think of the Christian Church in China! Not tens but hundreds, and indeed thousands of our fellow-believers, maintaining amid the most awful sufferings a faithful testimony to the Lord they love. It is glorious to read the record of how these witnesses all over China are standing fiery trial by the grace of God. Is it possible that there should be no blessing in store for such a church as that—a martyr church, baptized with such a baptism? Thank God we know His Word is true. His promises can never fail; and He Himself has said that if a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it shall bring forth much fruit. Dear friends, we want you to join us in prayer, constant believing prayer, that on every spot in China where lives have been laid down, where tears have fallen, and blood has been shed for Jesus sake—on every such sacred spot, we may reap the abundant harvest. Think what an area that covers, what a population that embraces—every spot! Yes, let us believe it, and pray for that harvest, a harvest of precious souls. "Faith is letting go all—but God." We will not look around us, but above. His arm is not shortened that it cannot save; His purposes are broader than we apprehend. We must believe and work to bring about the great and final victory. Believe to see that glorious harvest, and go to work to reap it on every sacred spot where lives have been laid down. Young men, we want you to help us to go and reap that harvest. Fathers and mothers, we want you to send your children to this work. Here at home we must pray for it, pour our gifts into the treasury of God; sacrifice as we have never sacrificed before; and by faith obtain what God is not unwilling to give—such a harvest of souls in China as will repay a hundred-fold the lives laid down.

There are places in China that we long to go to; places in Ho-nan, Shan-si, and other Provinces, where I want to help to reap that harvest.

SUFFERINGS OF THE NATIVE CHURCH.

Ah, what our beloved native Christians have suffered in Shan-si! One city that we visited up there has been the scene of many martyrdoms. We went to the home in that city of one dear old man about eighty years of age, a Christian of long standing, who only a few weeks ago was dragged, with some twenty other men, to a neighboring temple, and required to worship the idols and renounce his faith in Christ. He well knew what it meant to refuse, but in company with the rest of that little band, he stood firm and was cut to pieces in that temple outside the walls of the city. We know the place and realize a little what such an experience would mean. And oh, we long to go to Southern Shan-si and help to reap the harvest.

A few miles further up, in a village we also visited, there was a dear old lady of seventy-nine, who was also required by the Boxers to burn incense before the idols. She was the mother of Pastor Hsi, whose life I have just been writing, and had been a Christian for many years. When she refused to burn the incense, her tormentors threatened that they would chop off her hands. They were tremendously in earnest and she knew it, but nothing could shake the dear old woman's faith or make her worship those false gods; and they did cut off her hands with a rough chopper, then and there. In all probability that dear old saint did not survive the shock; one among many hundreds in that Province who have been faithful unto death. We want to go back there, among those hills and valleys, to help to reap the harvest.

Another sacred spot that I would like to go to is where Maggie Cooper died. Their station burned and destroyed, she and her husband and little children with a number of other Missionaries had unwillingly to flee in the hope of reaching some place of safety nearer the coast. Hundreds of miles of country in the hands of the Boxers stretched between them and Han-kow; and alone, unarmed and unprotected, the little party set out to face the perils of the way. Attacked and plundered at the very outset; walking barefooted over a large part of the road; exposed to burning summer heat and indescribable sufferings by night and day; for seven weeks they pursued that awful journey, the full details of which will never be known. Several of the dear little children died by the roadside. Maggie Cooper lost her baby, and with breaking heart and failing strength struggled bravely on. Two of the ladies succumbed to the unspeakable sufferings they endured, also died by the way, and at last dear Maggie Cooper, too, could go no further. Turning to her husband just at the last she whispered:

"I have one wish."

"Why, Maggie dear," he answered with straitened heart. "What is it?"

"I want," she said, "to live, and to go back there, to tell those people more about Jesus."

But Maggie Cooper's work was done. Hers was the privilege not of living but of dying for the souls she loved. That spot is hallowed ground. And whenever I think of it, I long to live and to go back there, to help reap the promised harvest.

Do you believe, Christian friends, that such lives can be sacrificed and no ingathering follow? Spiritual principles are just as unchangeable as natural laws. We have got to lay hold upon these great ruling principles, get our lives into line with God's purposes, and there will be no questioning, no hesitation or fear.

THE PRIVILEGE OF SUFFERING.

Beloved friends, why do we talk about the suffering as if it were waste, and regret hardship and loss endured for Jesus' sake? Oh, what blindness —what folly! Do we not see, do we not understand, that life can offer us no higher privilege than that of suffering for His sake? Through all eternity we shall be able to serve Him; freed from sin and with perfect powers, far better than we can down here. "His servants shall serve Him and they shall see His face." But, friends, will eternity itself ever offer us the opportunity of suffering for Him again? When this little life is over, and sin and sorrow are no more, when God has wiped all tears from our eyes, shall we ever have the opportunity of sacrifice and suffering for Him again? Shall we ever be able to deny ourselves, to give up what is dearest to us, to be lonely, to toil, to weep for Jesus' sake? Oh, beloved, do you not see it? To all eternity He offers us the fellowship of His joy; a share in His glory; a seat upon His throne; but there is something deeper in the heart of Christ than that. Thank God, now, in this little life, He offers us what is more and deeper than all the rest: a share in His cross, in His tears, in His suffering and death for the redemption of the world. It seems to me that eternity itself can hold no higher privilege.

About our work in China, we are more encouraged than ever; because we see more clearly than before what God has done in the hearts and lives of the Christians. All the stations in our own Province of Ho-nan, for example, have been destroyed, and the Missionaries driven out months ago; but only this week we got a letter from one of our native friends, saying that from the day the Missionaries had to leave, the Christians have been meeting regularly every Sunday for worship, though at the risk of their lives. Of one place the letter says, "We meet for worship in the house of Mr. Kuo, and are not afraid to praise the Lord with a loud voice." In another station, not only on Sunday but on Wednesday also, the women were coming together for their regular meeting; and they write to tell us that some from among the heathen have even been led to Christ and united themselves with the little church since these troubles began and the Missionaries were all driven away. Oh, how we love these people! And we believe in them. We feel they are worth living for, and worth dying for; and our one desire is to get back into the midst of that blessed work again.

Dear friends, in this difficult crisis there comes a supreme opportunity to show whether we really believe in the power of the Gospel or not; whether we do love our Lord as much as our lips profess; whether we esteem it the highest privilege that time or eternity can give, to lay down life itself for His sake. Let us see to it that, by His grace, we fail not to lose the crown that may be ours to lay at His feet.

CHINESE GENTLEMAN'S FAMILY.

Blessing Through Trial.

EVENING ADDRESS.

MRS. TAYLOR opened her address by speaking of the work among students in the colleges of the Eastern States, in which she and Dr. Taylor had been engaged since coming to America in November. Referring, then, to the dawn of the new year and the new century, Mrs. Taylor continued:

We have come to the close of a marvellous century of Christian enterprise, and are now upon the threshold of a still more wonderful period; for God is moving on; one cannot but see in it the world-wide progress of Missionary work, which seems to be the supreme work of these last days. The power of God is behind it, and we have yet to see what He will do, not only in China, but all over the world.

In thinking about the future of our own Mission, one cannot help wondering sometimes what will be in the years to come, when those who have been the leaders and guides must more and more be taken from us. A few days ago my hsuband and I were visiting Northfield, and found ourselves there just a year after the removal of dear Mr. Moody, whose loss came as so crushing a blow. In the midst of that scene of varied Christian activity, we learned to our great encouragement that since Mr. Moody's removal the work has been greatly prospered of God. They told us that there have been more students in their institutions and that they are financially in a better position than formerly, and it was very evident that the blessing of God still rests upon the work. This was to us a great encouragement in thinking of our own Mission.

For in looking forward and considering all that has yet to be done in China, one cannot but realize that the difficulties before us will be more serious than ever, and that fresh dangers must attend the work for a long time to come. There is a word in the last chapter of Hebrews that has been a great comfort to me in this connection:

"Be ye free from the love of money; content with such things as ye have: for Himself hath said, I will in no wise fail thee, neither will I in any wise forsake thee. So that with good courage we may say, the Lord is my helper; I will not fear; what can man do unto me? Remember them that had rule over you, which spake unto you the Word of God; and considering the issue of their life, imitate their faith. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," Heb. 13 : 5, R.V.

Remembering those who have gone before, and following them as they have followed Christ, we are to be full of courage, because one fact remains: Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. So that, going out into a new century, to face the needs of a new China, with new and added difficulties, responsibilities, and opportunities, we may count on the unchanging presence of Him who will in no wise leave us, neither in any wise forsake us.

OUR OWN EXPERIENCES.

In closing this meeting I want to say something about what we should expect as to the outcome of the present troubles in China; and I have been asked to speak from personal experience. We do not feel that there is in the present troubles any cause for discouragement. It has always been God's way to bring blessing out of trouble; and we have noticed in China that often the best results are only obtainable through sufferings of this kind. The Chinese are wonderful people. I cannot express what we think of them nor how we love them. It is thirteen years this very month since I first went to China, and my husband and I have both spent about nine years of this time in close contact with the people. I can only say that the more we know them, the better we love them, and the more we are impressed by the fact that they offer the very finest material for the Gospel. We see this, too: That there are plenty of men and women in China of strong, independent character, fine intelligence, courage and enterprise; just the very people to make the grandest Christians; men and women who will be won to faith in the Gospel at a time like this by the very sufferings and the faithful testimony of the Missionaries and native Christians, who might never be reached in any other way. We have ourselves seen such conversions far away in inland China, and we are making it a special matter of prayer at this time that the number may be multiplied, and thus the very evil be overruled for good.

As an instance of blessing being born of trouble, let me tell you something of our experiences in T'ai-kang, an important city in Honan, that the Lord gave us the privilege of opening. We were greatly helped there by some of the dear native Christians who went with us, and bravely bore much persecution for Christ's sake in the early days of the work. One of these was a dear old man named Li. Sometimes people ask us what kind of Christians we have in China, and seem to doubt the possibility of their being equal to the average church members at home. I often think of Li, and many another like him, when I hear such questions raised. It is not very often at home we find the simplicity, love, earnestness, and devotion to Christ that many of those dear people show.

For example, just before we left China, this dear old man, Li, came to the Missionary in charge of the station and requested a private interview, saying he had a serious communication to make. They went together into a little study, and when the door was shut the old man unfolded what was on his mind.

"It is just possible," he said, "that before long I may be taken away. I expect to die suddenly. You are the pastor of the church, and in this case I should like you to understand the reason of my removal."

The Missionary, greatly surprised, waited for further confidences.

"I have been thinking," continued the old man, "about Mr. Hudson Taylor. He has been much upon my heart. I have heard of his being seriously ill in western China, and I am constantly grieved that he should be laid aside. His life is very precious. It seems to me that the Church of God cannot do without him."

It is, perhaps, necessary to explain at this point that the dear native Christians in connection with our own Mission in China have, in many instances, quite an exaggerated idea of the position of the beloved Director of the Mission. They seem to think of him as the head of the Church Militant, in comparison with whom even the Pope of Rome himself sinks into insignificance! And no amount of explanation on our part succeeds in entirely disabusing them of this idea.

"My life," pursued the dear old man, "is not much good anyway. I am an uneducated man, and it would be no great loss were I to be taken away. But we cannot do without Mr. Hudson Taylor and so I have reverently entered into an arrangement with the Lord. In the ordinary course of things my life might be prolonged another ten or twelve years; but I have been asking the Lord if He will graciously take the remaining years of my life and add them on to Mr. Taylor's life. It is very important that he should be spared as long as possible. And so, if I should die suddenly, you, sir, would understand the reason why, and not be surprised."

All this was said most simply and with touching earnestness, and no idea seemed to enter that old man's mind that he was doing anything out of the ordinary, or making any sacrifice.

This dear old coolie, Li, accompanied us when we went to T'ai-kang, an important city in which the Gospel had never been preached before. We obtained part of a house, and settled down; but there was a great deal of unrest, and we often had to go away for a time, to calm the people, and let them become gradually accustomed to the presence of foreigners. During such absences we used to leave old Mr. Li in charge of our part of the house, as doorkeeper, and I should like to tell you something of the influence of his life there, that you may see how precious these dear native helpers are. There were, of course, no Christians in that city, but some of our neighbors were beginning to show a little interest in the Gospel. Among these was one man of good position, who lived quite near us, and delighted us by his intelligence, culture and refinement. He was a gentleman and a scholar, a Confucianist, with a degree equal to our B.A. His father and grandfather also were distinguished scholars, and his family for generations had been in a leading position in the city. He was a man of about thirty-five years of age, singularly gracious, gentle and lovely in spirit, although not a Christian. He had heard the Gospel since our coming to the city, and was studying Christian books, particularly the New Testament. We were, of course, deeply interested in this new friend, and were very sorry, at times when we had to leave the city, that there was no one who could instruct him. But Mr. Tseng himself had been more observant than we. He had noticed the old coolie poring over his well-worn Bible, and been struck by his love of the Book. So when we were gone, and the house empty, he would come along to see old Mr. Li, quite willing, scholarly gentleman though he was, to learn all he could from the doorkeeper. Dressed in a long white summer gown, and book in hand, he would knock at the door of our quarters, sure of a welcome at any time of day.

"Well," he would say, "old brother Li, I see you are all alone again."

"Yes, sir," respectfully responds the old man. "You greatly honor me by such consideration. Pray come in and take a cup of tea."

And while the fragrant beverage was being prepared, Mr. Tseng would take up the old man's Bible, and scan what he was reading, anxious to draw him on to talk of spiritual things.

"When did you learn to read characters, old Li?" would be a convenient question.

"After I became a Christian, sir; only a few years ago. You see I was so anxious to read for myself the precious Book of God, that I had to begin to learn, although so stupid and so old."

Long and interesting talks would ensue, when from a full heart the old man would give wonderfully intelligent answers to the scholar's questions, and put before him, with simplicity and earnestness, the truth as it is in Jesus. Many a time in those quiet conversations the Confucian gentleman would exclaim with surprise,

"Well, old Li, you are not a scholar or even an educated man, but you certainly do understand this Book, and you are helping me to understand it, too."

MR. TSENG CONVERTED.

Thus, little by little, that cultured gentleman was led to faith in Jesus, largely through the instrumentality of of the dear old coolie; and one time when we came back to the city, we found Mr. Tseng an out-and-out believer, and not afraid to declare himself on the side of Christ. Naturally, as soon as he took this stand, persecution bitter and terrible, broke over his head. His father, his mother, his wife and all the clan turned against him, and did everything they could to frighten him out of his new faith. On one occasion he came around to us at night. We had not seen him for a day or two, and were surprised to find his gown and coat in tatters, and his usual careful and gentlemanly appearance sadly disordered. It transpired that his wife had torn his clothes to pieces, and would not mend them, and he had been unable to venture out in daylight for fear of being laughed at! On another occasion we noticed his hand bound up and in a sling. At first he would not let anybody see it; but after a time the pain was severe, and he was prevailed upon to let the doctor attend to it. What was my husband's surprise when he found the hand inflamed and festering from the marks of human teeth. Very reluctantly the poor man had to confess that his wife had attacked him in blind fury, and had bitten his hand and arm almost to the bone. These are little indications of the state in which that poor fellow lived for months. Often, when he came round to the Mission-house to attend the meetings, his wife would follow him. She was quite a young woman, but a perfect virago. She would search him out, wherever he might be, and before the assembled people she would storm and swear, and order him out, working herself up into the most terrible passion. Sometimes, to avoid a scene, he would go with her, and then she would follow him home, through the streets of the city, cursing and raving openly, as she went along, to the delight of the onlookers and his most bitter shame. Of course, if she had dared to attempt such conduct before he became a Christian, he would have given her a severe beating; but now she knew he would not do this and was no longer afraid. One day, I remember, he said quietly:

"I am praying for my wife, and I think the Lord will lead her to Himself. You know we have no little boy. I am asking the Lord to give us a little son, because I think that would comfort her heart, and perhaps be the means of leading her to Christ."

The trouble went on for a long time, but sure enough, a year or so later a little son did appear; and that was the beginning of the change in the young mother's life. She is now a sincere inquirer.

But not only from his wife had Mr. Tseng to meet with persecution. His whole family united in a determined effort to turn him away from Christianity but without success, thank God! On one occasion his old father, as a last resort, fell down on his knees before him, and in the presence of a crowd of onlookers knocked his forehead repeatedly on the ground—which is an act of worship—refusing to rise up unless his son promised to abandon all connection with Christians. Imagine the acute painfulness of such a scene! The Chinese venerate their parents to the point of worship, and an unfilial son is considered worthy of death. Think of that young man's feelings as his old white-haired father, a distinguished gentleman and scholar, knelt upon the ground at his feet, imploring, with his forehead in the dust that his son would obey his wishes, and refusing to lift himself up again until the promise was given once and for all. Imagine the indignation of the onlookers, the anger of the family, the shame and disgrace of it all! The only thing the son could do was to run away. Happily he managed to do this. But he did not venture to return home for a full fortnight after that time. I must not go further into details. Suffice it to say that Mr. Tseng remained firm and true to Christ. The very bitterness of the persecution seemed to develop a remarkable strength and sweetness of character. His life was fragrant of Christ, and he was much used of God in leading others to a knowledge of the truth. Numbers of men in that little church to-day trace their conversion, directly or indirectly, to the beautiful life and earnest witness of dear Mr. Tseng. And all this again is due to the faithful testimony of the dear old coolie, Li.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE MAN.

Mr. Tseng had one special friend, who was also a scholar, one of the leading men of the city. He soon became most anxious for this friend's conversion, and did everything he could to lead him to Christ. But Mr. Wang was not so easily won. He was not so gracious, nor so receptive, as Mr. Tseng had been. He was a man of a more practical turn of mind; full of energy, intelligence, and strength. Many difficulties, doubts and questions suggested themselves to him as he pondered the story of the cross. And the fear of consequences, if he became a Christian, raised almost insurmountable barriers in the way. He had everything to lose, and he knew it. Gradually, he began to be intellectually convinced; but nothing would persuade him to give his heart to Christ. He seemed to need some further proof of the reality of the Christian faith—something convincing and powerful to break down his reluctance and overcome his fears. And this God gave him. Oh, how wonderfully He can make even the wrath of man to praise Him! I want you to see in this truly remarkable conversion, how safe it is to trust in God and how, in the midst of suffering and danger, He can care for the interests of His own work, and make all these things turn out for the furtherance of the Gospel.

What actually took place was this: a terrible riot, in which we nearly lost our lives. Drought and famine had visited the district; the harvests failed and the people were in serious distress. I cannot now go into detail, but the outcome of it all was this serious riot, when thousands of people surrounded our house, broke into it, stole or destroyed everything we possessed, and when we ourselves fell into the hands of the mob for a considerable time.

It was a terrible experience. Oh, Christian friends, when you read in the newspapers about troubles at this and that station, and of the lives of the Missionaries being in danger—as in Tientsin just now—it sounds ordinary enough; but you cannot imagine, you cannot begin to imagine, what it really means to face such experiences. I never had the least idea, before that day, of what an awful thing it is to die—to die a violent death at the hands of an angry mob. But when we stood face to face with those thousands of people, expecting every moment to be the last, we came to understand, in some measure, the heart of Christ when He cried, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me."

Our lives were saved, as by a miracle; and not only our lives were saved, thank God! Notice how the Lord used this whole affair for His own glory and the advancement of His kingdom. Mr. Tseng and Mr. Wang, as soon as they heard of the riot, came together into the midst of that great raging mob of people, to see what they could do to help us. All the Christians tried their best to protect us; but Mr. Wang was not a Christian, and came simply as an outsider, one of the leading gentry of the city, to see what he could do for our help. He came through to the back of the house where we were—facing the great courtyard crowded with people. I shall never forget his face as we saw it that day. He came right up to the doorway where we were standing, and where we expected every moment to be struck down. I could see at a glance that he was friendly, and looked at him in surprise as he took up his stand by my side. His face was perfectly white. In the excitement of the moment it did not dawn upon me that this gentleman was the Mr. Wang of whom I had heard as somewhat interested in Christianity. I turned to him and asked his name. Very briefly, for he could hardly speak, he answered, "My name is Wang."

"I hope, sir," I responded, "that you will stay beside us until help comes." For Miss Brook and I were all alone, unavoidably separated from the others, who were in the front part of the house.

"I intend to stay here," was his reply. "I will not leave you"

Much interested, and wondering who he could be, I looked at him—which was a most improper thing to do—and then looked away again over that raging mob of people. But he never looked at us. His presence saved our lives, for he stayed beside us, and in some measure restrained the violence of the mob, until the Mandarin came and everyone fled before him. Then Mr. Wang disappeared. But the work was done! Little as we guessed it then—bruised and bleeding and only half alive—that had been just what was needed to bring him to Christ. Had we but known in that awful hour!

(To be continued.)

Items from Provinces and Personalia.

From the following items, it will be observed that the work in the interior of China is again being rapidly resumed. The reports from the different workers are most encouraging and full of hope for the future of the work. It was to be expected however that Satan would be very busy during the enforced absence of the Missionaries, and that not a few defections from the Church would take place. But what of those that remain? Shall they not be counted as gold tried in the fire? Many Missionaries long laboring in fields that seemed all too barren of spiritual results, will now be justified in taking up the great apostle's refrain:

"*For what is our hope or joy or crown of rejoicing? Are not ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming: For ye are our glory and joy.*—1 Thess. 2 : 19.

Shanghai.

FROM REV. J. W. STEVENSON'S LETTERS.

MISS BATTY was booked to leave Shanghai on June 9th, and would be accompanied by Algie Thompson, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, who were martyred at Kiu-chau Fu, in Cheh-Kiang.

"With regard to Kiu-Chau Fu, Mr. Wright on arrival there received a very cordial welcome both from officials and people. He was making arrangements for the burial of our martyred brethren and sisters who fell there. Most of the coffins and remains are still unburied. The officials seem anxious to make amends for the sad tragedy of last year.

"We are sorry to hear that Miss Morris has typhoid fever in Shanghai. So far there are no complications, and she is being well cared for by doctors and nurses."

Kiang-Su.

BY MISS M. A. REID.

An-Tong, April 25th.—"To-morrow, it will be three weeks since I arrived here, and I have to praise God for His great goodness. He has made the people most kind and quiet, and the Mandarin has been very attentive. We have had very good times in the women's meetings."

BY MR. A. GRACIE.

Iang-Cheo, May 13th.—"At our workers' prayer-meeting last Tuesday, each of the workers gave very encouraging reports. Both in the city and country doors were opening up for them. Miss Baumer told of one old woman who had taken down her idols and had decided to follow Jesus. All seem quite full of enthusiasm and hope in their work. Please pray that this spirit may increase amongst us."

Si-Ch'uan.

BY MR. H. WUPPERFIELD.

Uan-Hsien.—"The Lord is giving me much joy and blessing in the work here. The meetings are very well attended, sometimes over-crowded. Four men have been baptized recently, and there are about twelve others who have asked for baptism. Last Sunday, two men burnt their idols in the presence of about 100 people. After the meeting, four other men came to me, expressing the desire to follow the Lord."

BY MR. W. HERBERT

Ch'ong-K'ing, April 11th.—"The chapel here is finished and we held the first service in it last Sunday. It was a time of both joy and sorrow to the Christians; they were joyful at having a nice, roomy chapel in which to worship God, and sad because they were saying farewell to Mr. Willett. The chapel was crowded and the Lord was speaking to us through Mr. Willett, who took the morning service."

BY MR. G. F. EASTON.

Pao-Ning, April 25th.—"We arrived here safely on the 22nd inst., and found all the friends well, and everything quiet and peaceful. We had no trouble on the way, and as far as the condition of the interior of this Province is concerned there appears to be no reason why friends should not travel. Mr. Trüdinger and I expect to leave for Hang-chong on the 29th."

BY MR. THOS. TORRANCE.

Ch'en-Tu, April 24th.—"I arrived here on the 14th March. The natives did not know of my coming, and it was a welcome surprise that morning, when I walked in. Each one vied with the other in showing their joy over my return. The converts had all stood firm and loyal to their profession, and now they are less liable to fall away than before. When I saw how much God had helped them and was satisfied on their account, I naturally began to think of the out-stations.

"On the 26th March, I took boat down to Pen-shan, and arrived there the following morning. The friends had heard of my coming and were eagerly awaiting my arrival. On the Sabbath I had a splendid day with the converts. Here also not one had left. I could not but thank God and tell them how full my heart was of joy over their steadfastness.

"The next week and following Sabbath was spent at Mei-cheo. All here stood well, with the exception of one or two. One of them was a woman whose husband was a heathen, and you can imagine how difficult it must have been for her. Our stay here lasted ten days, and we were greatly gratified concerning the work.

"At Tan-lin, the place we next visited, things were vastly different. Last year nearly all the members were robbed and lost their all. Not only this, they were in constant fear of losing their lives for some weeks. I heard quite a number of stories of their experiences and sufferings. And how have they come through it, do you ask? As a whole, not well at all. Before, there were nearly 120 members on the roll, now there are only fifty-five. Over sixty members, and some twenty enquirers besides, have left. We were cast down. One expected better things from our largest out-station. Still, as we saw the remaining fifty-five we could not be despondent. We heard how joyfully they had taken the spoiling of their goods, and how through all, they had not deserted their Lord. And what if some have gone back? Perhaps among them there are some Peters. What they had to bear was very hard and trying. A long time ago, I said, regarding the Tan-lin church, I was afraid of it because the members were so lax, as a whole, in their observance of the Sabbath. I think it could be proved that those who have fallen away are those who formerly were most guilty of Sabbath breaking."

Kiang-si.

BY MISS EMMA FORSBERG.

An-Ren, April 24th.—"We arrived here on the 18th, and were heartily welcomed by our people, and even the heathen neighbors greeted us pleasantly. We found the house and our things all right.

"On Sunday morning, I was called to the bedside of an enquirer, who was very ill. I am glad I went, because he said he knew me, that he trusted in Jesus and had peace. The next day we heard that he died on Sunday night. His wife is a Christian, and she feels her loss greatly, as he was a good man.

"These are days of lights and shadows. It is a joy to meet the Christians, but a sorrow to hear of one and another who have not been very bright. There is, however, much for which to be thankful. Some enquirers have kept bright. Mr. Wang is the same faithful pastor as ever. He is glad to have us here to share the burden."

BY MISS A. GIBSON.

Ho-K'eo, May 6th.—"You will praise God with us for His goodness in bringing us here in safety on Saturday, the 4th.

"We had a very good attendance of the Ho-k'eo Christians and enquirers on Sunday. Very real thanksgiving went up to God for His tender mercies toward us, and we praised Him for the privilege of seeing so many of His dear children again.

"We have heard very good testimonies of the native helpers, as to their faithfulness in service. One of the recently baptized Christians, in speaking about the Bible woman, said she was just like the foreigners.

"The stories of how the lives of the Christians were threatened were very touching. Some of their relatives came and took down the commandments to save their lives. Many have stood the test and are brighter than when we left.

"One of our helpers, formerly an opium smoker, has been seen taking opium. We are very sorry and trust God will give him the grace of repentance. He will lose his position in the church. As far as I can learn, he has only taken it occasionally. Mr. Pearse will deal with this case when he comes."

An-Huei.

BY MR. G. DOMAY.

Cheng-Iang-Kuan, May 1st.—We arrived here safely on the 21st April, after a quick journey, and found the people quiet and friendly en route. On arrival here the service was going on in the chapel. A man named Liu, of Siang Hsien, Ho-nan, was leading the service. There was great joy on seeing us. The Christians were all present. The Mandarins gave us a friendly reception and have issued the Imperial proclamation and promised full protection. The people seem friendly, and there is every prospect of a good harvest."

BY REV. WM. MALCOLM.

T'ai-Ho, April 3rd.—"The church members appear to be very much as when we left. The work also is in much the same state. Perhaps not quite so many come to the hall as formerly. We have started the school again and it is slowly increasing. I expect to baptize a man very soon who came ten miles to worship regularly while we were absent."

BY MR. A. DUFFY.

Lai-An, May 13th.—"I reached here after a very pleasant trip, on Saturday, the 11th, and found the evangelist well and happy, also all the other Christians. Several outsiders came to worship yesterday and listened very attentively all through the service.

"To-day is market day, and a large number of the Christians from the different centres have been in to see me. They report everything quiet in their different districts. I leave to-morrow morning, D.V., to visit five centres in which there are Christians."

Cheh-Kiang.

BY MR. A. WRIGHT.

Hang-Cheo, March 21st.—"I have enjoyed the time here with Nying Sien-seng very much. His work goes on smoothly and well; and even in the midst of all the trouble last year, he had many applicants for baptism. In July, he baptized four, in September three, and at the end of the year six. All of these came into the church ready for, in fact expecting persecution. Thank God for such a work."

Hu-Nan.

BY MR. JAS. R. BRUCE.

Ch'en-Cheo, April 1st.—"Everything appears to be running smoothly here. The Sabbath services continue to be well attended. Amongst those whose interest in spiritual things seems to be deepening I might mention a Mr. Liu, a school teacher in the city. He comes regularly to the services and has read most of our stock of literature.

"Some days we have quite a number of visitors. Yesterday we had five who really asked encouraging questions. Since Mr. Gemmell left we have had an addition of one scholar, making a total of ten now. They attend very regularly."

Shipments and Notes.

Friends in Canada desiring to make shipments of goods to members of the Mission in China will please send their parcels or boxes to the office of the Mission, 507 Church St., Toronto, on or before the first of August next

Owing to pressure on our space this month we are obliged to hold over our Monthly Notes.

We have had the pleasure of receiving a cablegram from Mr. Frost, dated London, July 10th, stating that he would be sailing (D.V.) on the 18th, inst., per S.S. "Commonwealth" for Boston. He and Mr. Nasmith made a short visit to Palestine, resuming their homeward journey at Port Said.

The book "One of China's Scholars," by Mrs. Howard Taylor, will be sold from the office of the Mission, 507 Church St., at the special rate of 75c. per copy up to August 30th next, after which time the price will be $1.00.

CHINA'S MILLIONS

"El-Shaddai"—The God that is Enough.

An Address delivered by Mrs. Howard Taylor at the Methodist Episcopal Conference, New Orleans, April 25.

> "My soul, wait thou in silence for God only;
> For my expectation is from Him.
> He only is my rock and my salvation :
>
> —*Psalms LXII.* Revised Version.

TWICE repeated in this impressive Psalm is the exhortation so full of meaning, "My soul, wait thou in silence for God only," followed by the statement, "My expectation is from Him; He only is my rock and my salvation :" and the thought I would dwell on for a little while this morning, one that has been much in my mind lately, is the thought of God Himself, God only, as our supreme need.

At the beginning of these days of conference, from which we hope so much blessing will flow, is not this just what we should seek: to come into closer contact, into deeper personal relations with God Himself, from Whom alone our expecttion comes? We want to be more rightly adjusted to the need and claims of this dark suffering world; to see our duty more clearly toward our brother man; but first and most of all we want to be brought into right relations with God. We must begin at the beginning; we must put God first.

I have been thinking much lately of God as the Great Restorer, always calling, bringing back the soul to Himself. The burden of the prophets is this—God's purpose and power to restore. If there is to come great blessing from this conference for the Church at home, and for the heathen world, we must begin here. "God shall bless us—God shall blees *us*—and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him."

* * * * *

I need, O Lord, to come back to Thee, to Thee only; from sin, from self, from man. Just now I turn from all beside, to seek Thy face. My soul crieth out for the Living God. My soul waiteth in silence for God only.

* * * * *

At a time of conference, one cannot but realize afresh the greatness of the work to which God has called us, and the wonderful possibilities he has put within our reach. We know not fully the purpose of God in calling us together; we know not what the outcome may be. But to some extent we realize the solemnity of our position; standing between the Living God and dying man; for this is the true meaning of our gathering here to-day, before us the great map of the world, lying in darkness, above us the opened heavens and Him Who sits upon the throne, saying, "All power is given unto me, go ye, therefore."

Too often, in seeking for help, we forget the Source of Power. "Power belongeth unto God." Too often we are taken up with people and with work, with calls made upon us, with what we can do and what we cannot do, with our plans and projects and so on, to the exclusion of Him alone, Who is the great worker. Oh, this morning, let us sweep all these away and come to God; face to face with God only; and realize that the place whereon we stand is holy ground. Are we right with God? If so, we are right all round. This is our supreme need: not money, friends, openings, sympathy, enthusiasm, good meetings, a "going" concern; but Himself, the Living God, the Fountain of all Fullness. We want God to take hold of us afresh, and of His own work.

AUGUST, 1901.

Would that the Holy Spirit, now in this quiet hour, might take deeper possession of our hearts; showing us afresh our great need; showing us afresh our great God.

With this thought in mind, I have been pondering lately some of the life-stories recorded for us in the Scriptures; the stories for example of Abraham, Jacob, and Moses. When you come to search into principles, what is the foundation-truth underlying the experience of these men? Their histories are simply the record of "the steps of that faith" (Rom. iv, 12) by which they were gradually drawn away from dependence upon surroundings, gradually cut off from home, friends, and outward sources of supply, separated from everything else, and shut up to God alone, taught to walk before Him only, and to find in Him—Enough. It is a profoundly interesting and profitable study.

To these men God revealed Himself by great and wonderful names, full of significance. Notice the character of His dealings with them; very different in each case, but with this similarity, that they were all called forth from everything else to know God, to deal with God, and were by circumstances shut up to faith in God alone.

(1) GOD ONLY—FOR THE FAITH OF ABRAHAM.

The facts of the life of Abraham are familiar to us all; from the first verse of the twelfth chapter of Genesis, in which the message of God came to him "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred and thy father's house," through all that long life in which he was more and more shut up to God alone. There is a beautiful definition of faith, which means very much to me, and is written in my Bible over the eleventh chapter of Hebrews: "Faith is letting go all —but God." This is what you see in the life of Abraham, and to this man it is that God first reveals Himself by the great and wonderful name of "El-Shaddai," the God that is Enough.

It is deeply interesting to notice the connection in which this name first appears. Genesis xvi gives the story of the birth of Ishmael; the son, not of promise, but obtained by natural means; the son who became the source of so much sorrow. Between the last verse of the sixteenth chapter and the first verse of the seventeenth chapter there is a significant interval of thirteen years, passed over in silence; and then it is, after that long pause in which God seems to have left Abraham to himself to find out the mistake he had made, then it is that God comes to him with renewed and wonderful promises, and with the supreme message, "I am El-Shaddai" (the God that is almighty, all sufficient, enough) "walk before me and be thou perfect."

If we are walking before God, we do not need to devise ways and means for the accomplishment of His purposes. He alone, is sufficient for all the needs of His own work. This is the great lesson of the life of Abraham, To find in God—enough.

(2) GOD ONLY—FOR THE FEARS OF JACOB.

How different is the life and character of Jacob from those of Abraham, the friend of God. Jacob was not a giant of faith, or a hero in any form. He was just like you and me; full of weakness and fears, full of dependence upon self, inclined to think and plan and worry rather than to wait in silence upon God only; a man who only after long wanderings and bitter experiences was taught to wrestle with the angel and prevail. But to Jacob also God revealed Himself by that precious name. It is helpful to notice the circumstances of that revelation. Not in his early life, when all his ambition was to supplant his brother; not in the long years of his plotting and scheming far away in Paddanaram; not in the climax of his fears, the crisis of a lifetime, when at last he was brought face to face with Esau; but after all this, when he had got back to Bethel (Gen. xxxv, 1), the place of his first consecration and earliest visions of God (Ch. xxviii, 16, 19); then it was that God appeared to him by this wonderful name (Ch. xxxv, 11), "El-Shaddai," the God that is Enough. Jacob, after long wanderings, had come home at last. Putting away all the strange gods (Verse 2), purifying himself and his household, he retraced the steps of the sacred past, and rebuilded the altar to the God of Bethel (Verses 3 and 7). Brought to an end of himself and into new and deeper relations with God, he had found restoration of soul and was ready for the great revelation that came to him at last—the long-lost revelation of the God that is Enough.

I am so comforted often that the Lord speaks of Himself as "the God of Jacob"; for I am just like Jacob, so prone to wander and get into trouble by dependence upon self and forgetfulness of Him who alone is all-mighty. If God had called Himself the God of Abraham only, you and I might often be cast down; but there is room for us alongside of Jacob, and infinite encouragement in that word, "Fear not, thou worm Jacob, with the I will thresh mountains."

(3) GOD ONLY—FOR THE WORK OF MOSES.

The life and circumstances of Moses form a marked contrast with those of both Abraham and Jacob; but the underlying principle is the same. Moses was called to a great work, a work he was to accomplish for God and man in the power of the Almighty; but Moses though educated, cultured, of the highest social position, full of resource and power, was not ready at first for this service. He had not yet learned to depend upon God only, and so failed when the test came. Notice in Exodus ii, 11 to 15, this first phase in the experience of Moses: "Moses was grown up—went out unto his brethren—looked on their burdens—saw an Egyptian smiting a Hebrew, one of his brethren—looked this way and that way (but did not look up)—smote the Egyptian and hid him in the sand."

In strong contrast comes the brief paragraph from the 20th to 25th verses: "The children of Israel sighed by reason of the bondage—they cried, and their cry came up unto God—God heard their groaning—God remembered—God saw—God took knowledge"; and in Chapter iii, 7, "I have surely seen the affliction of my people—I know their sorrows—I am come down to deliver—Come now, therefore, I will send thee."

Obedience to the voice of God, led Moses into circumstances of crisis and peril, and in the end of the fifth chapter we find him face to face with his, humanly speaking, impossible task. "Moses returned unto Jehovah and said, 'Lord,—why is it that thou hast sent me. For since I came to Pharaoh—he has dealt ill with this people; neither hast Thou delivered Thy people at all."

Then it is that God reminds Moses of that same great name, with its infinite promise and fathomless meaning, "El-Shaddai," God the All Mighty (Chapter vi., 3); adding to that name one even greater, His special revelation to Moses: JEHOVAH, Self-existent, Changeless, Eternal, (Ex. iii., 14-15). And in the strength of the God that is Enough, the same yesterday, to-day and forever, Moses went forth to his difficult work.

Time fails to unfold more fully the life-stories of these men who learned to "wait in silence for God only." Their experiences are recorded for our learning, that we may discover the true secret of our power, the alone Source of victory over sin, self, circumstances, and every difficulty we meet in the pathway of our service. Shall we not in these days of precious opportunity unite to seek God's face, that this three-fold experience may become more deeply ours:

To set God first, as Abraham, turning from everything else, from everyone else, to Him alone, with a faith that is letting go all but God;

To find God enough, as Jacob, returning from long wanderings to Him only, taught by wrestling with the angel to prevail with God first, and so with man;

To stand with awe and humility in His presence, as Moses, and wait for God to carry out His own great will. Learning to do God's work in God's way, at God's time, and in the mighty power of Him Who is Enough.

> "My soul, wait thou in silence for God only;
> For my expectation is from Him."

MISSIONARIES GATHERED AT CHEFOO IN MARCH, 1901.

1. Messrs. McLaren, Keller, Gracie, Stooke, McCarthy, Russell, Hoste, Frost Bird, Murray.
2. Dr. King, Miss Gillies, Miss Campbell, Mrs. Stooke, Mrs. McOwan, Mrs. King, Mrs. Alty, Mr. Alty, Miss Macdonald, Messrs. Forsyth, Tomkinson.
3. Mrs. E. O. Williams, Mr. Gillies, Mr. Lindsay, Misses Fiske, Blackstone, Seymour, Sheppard, Slater, Norris.
4. Mrs. Belcher, Mrs. Forsyth, Mrs. Easton, Mrs. Cameron, Misses Mills, Stephen, Angwin, Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Corbett, Misses Coxon, Fiske, Black.
5. Mrs. Tomkinson, Mrs. McCarthy, Misses Wood, Lilley, Atkinson, Trudinger, Churcher, Fiske.

A Warm Welcome Back to Hunan.

BY DR. F. A. KELLER.

A CHINESE official of Chi Hsien rank occupied the cabin next to us on the steamer coming up to Chang-sha last week. He has been in Shanghai for some years, is a native of Siang-t'an and has also been in Ch'ang-sha over ten years. He took quite an interest in us, drew a map of the city for us, marking the principal streets, Yamens, etc., and gave us much valuable information. He said that in deference to the customs of Ch'ang-sha, and the feelings of the gentry, we ought first of all to call on Ts'ai Tao-tai, even before going to an inn, and he offered to escort us to the newly established "Yang-wu Küh" (Bureau of Foreign affairs). After prayer and thought we decided to accept his advice and escort. We arrived at Ch'ang-sha Saturday noon, June 8th, were met on the steamer by a small military official, who asked from where we had come, and where we were going. On learning that our destination was Ch'ang-sha, and that we wished to meet the Tao-tai, he promptly summoned some soldiers and escorted us to the Tao-tai's Yamen, i.e., the "Yang-wu Küh."

Ts'ai Tao-tai received us most courteously, when we told him that we hoped to settle in Ch'ang-sha, he assured us of a hearty welcome. He asked if we had a house, and we told him no. He said the "Yang-wu Küh" had been opened a couple of months ago for the express purpose of rendering all possible assistance to foreigners coming to Ch'ang-sha, and that he would be glad to help us find a suitable house. He invited us into a small guest room, where a dainty lunch was served, and several "Uei-uen" of "Chi-Hsien" rank came in to help entertain us.

Officials were sent out to look up houses, and Ts'ai Tao-tai said he hoped to have at least a temporary house for us before evening, and he kept his word. He not only borrowed a house for us to use for a few days, but also borrowed sufficient furniture to make us perfectly comfortable. He said that we must have supper at the Yamen before going to the house, this kindness I tried to decline, but he said, "It is late, your things are not unpacked, how can you prepare supper?" I said, "Oh, we will manage nicely; we can dine at an inn." He replied, "I could not think of allowing you to do such a thing, you are my guests, the inns are very dirty and you must not go there, I will not make you uncomfortable by spreading an elaborate feast, I will order a simple meal and insist on your staying." We had to accept such a pressing invitation, and did so with thanks. I happened to overhear his instructions to his steward. They were, "I leave all the details of the meal to you, only be sure and take special care that everything is very clean." After supper we were escorted to the house, which was to be our temporary abode, soldiers were sent out to buy stove, fuel, water butts, and other essentials, and before our kind friend left us on Saturday evening we were all ready for simple housekeeping, all in one afternoon! They even sent two lamps filled with oil for our use, fearing it might not be convenient to unpack our lamps that evening.

On Monday two officials of Chi-Hsien rank, named Iao, and Süen, escorted us to see some houses.

We saw several houses, one of which was quite satisfactory, the deed of rental was drawn up, and Messrs. Iao and Süen kindly signed the paper as our sureties. On Tuesday these two gentlemen took full charge of our moving, called coolies, settled the price, sent soldiers with them, and finally escorted us to the "China Inland Mission" in Ch'ang-sha. Since then they have been around every day to see how we are getting on. I am out on the streets every day and have only been called "foreign devil" once in the whole week. The people are very respectful and quiet. To-day we have been out returning calls. We called on Ts'ai Tao-tai to thank him for his kindness. He first received us in his large guest hall, then after the necessary formalities he invited us into his home, showed us his family apartments, escorted us all through his beautiful park with its lake, trees, flowers, rustic bridge, grottoes, and here and there pretty arbors, each furnished with divan, round table and chairs, and finally he asked me to see and prescribe for his little daughter. This I was glad to do, and hope for her speedy recovery. He has promised to return our call at 9 a.m. to-morrow. He says that if we can find a more suitable house anywhere in the city, "north, south, east or west," he will do his best to help us secure it.

. . . .

In an enthusiastic letter, contributed to the North China Herald, Dr. Griffith John writes regarding his welcome by the officials: "At Chang-sha, the Hu-nan Governor, Yü Lien-san, was kind enough to lend us his steam launch, the Siang-fan, which took us up to Hen-chow and back again all the way to Han-kow. . . . I expected good times on this journey, and I have not been disappointed. We have had good times—times far exceeding my most sanguine expectations. . . . At every place we were received most cordially by all the officials, both higher and lower. At Chang-sha we called upon the Governor, and he received us with every demonstration of respect. Tao-tai Tsai, the official in charge of Foreign Affairs in Hu-nan, treated us with marked friendship. He gave us an excellent feast, and we spent hours together, conversing in the most familiar manner on all matters connected with the well-being of the Empire, and especially of Hu-nan. . . . Hu-nan is open. I have longed for many years to be able to pen that short sentence of three words, but could not do so till now. . . . I do not mean to say that we shall have no further trials in Hu-nan, and that the Missionary after this will find Hu-nan a bed of roses. Nothing of the kind. Difficulties and trials are awaiting him there as in every other Province. What I mean to say is, that the old wall of partition which excluded him from Hu-nan is thrown down, and that it will be his own fault if he does not enter in and take possession."

Chinese Methods of Detecting Thieves.

BY MRS F. H. C. DREYER.

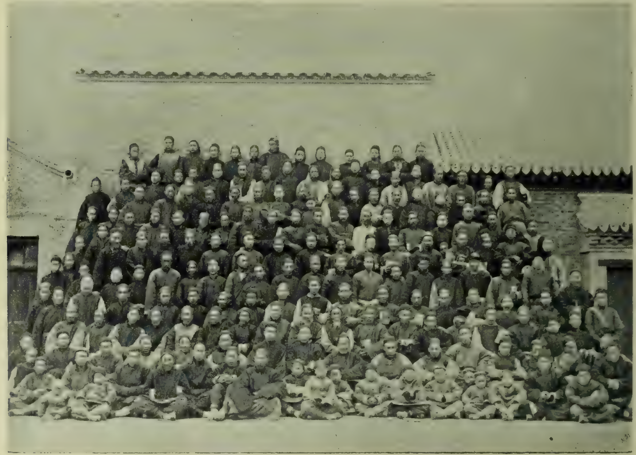
ON one occasion, when something was stolen from a house, the officials could not definitely fix upon the guilty party, but suspected several as possible offenders. The Mandarin had these all arraigned before him in the judgment hall and told them that he knew positively that the guilty party was amongst them: that, moreover, he had one infallible way of telling who it was, and was going to use it. He ordered all to be laid side by side on a mat on the floor, and covered over, just leaving their feet sticking out. Then with a loud voice, he ordered a man to get an axe and chop off the feet of the guilty individual. He continued giving various orders, all having reference to the feet chopping and intended to inspire fear into the guilty one. When all was supposed to be ready, he said, "Now, when I say chop, you chop off the feet of the one who stole those things, then chop those," and in flew the feet of a woman, who doubtless feeling that her sin had found her out, meant, nevertheless, to save her feet! The Mandarin had gained his end—all were let up. The innocent were set free, and the guilty punished. How this story reminds me of Solomon and the two women!

Another story is told of a Mandarin at T'ai-ping, thirty miles southwest of here. A poor man went to a pawnshop and in coming away, left a note on the counter. The note was pocketed by the shopkeeper, who denied having seen it when the man returned and asked for it. The poor man ran to the Magistrate's office, and beat the big drum, which is only done in desperation. The Mandarin was kind-hearted and gave him a hearing at once. He thereupon sent for the pawnshop keeper, and after a close examination, in which the shop-keeper absolutely denied knowing anything about the note, the Mandarin secretly sent one of the runners to the shop to say to the clerk in charge, "Mr. So and So has sent me for the note which the man left on tht counter. He is at the Magistrate's office, and the Mandarin will not set him free until it is produced." The clerk, fearing lest by not giving the note he might bring his master into yet deeper difficulties, and not suspecting the Mandarin's scheme, handed over the note, which the runner took to the official, who brought consternation and dismay to the shop-keeper by showing it to him while he was yet stoutly maintaining his innocence. Doubtless it cost him a few more notes to gain his liberty. Let us hope that this experience made him at least a wiser, if not better man, and that he learned that honesty was, after all, the best policy.

Another interesting story is told of a case in Shen-si. A traveller had a considerable sum of silver stolen while stopping at an inn. The inn-keeper was brought before the local official, who found difficulty in dealing with him. Relating the case to a visiting Mandarin, the latter desired to look into it. Next day they sat in the judgment hall, and the prisoner was brought before them. After a preliminary examination, the visiting official ordered that the character for silver be written on the palm of the prisoner's hand, and admonished him to preserve it carefully, for it would not fare well with him if any part of the character was missing when he returned to settle the case. Then he ordered the prisoner to be carefully guarded, and all be allowed to rest until his return. He left to attend to some business in a neighboring city, and in due time returned to sit for this case once more. This time, he called the inn-keeper's wife, and after some preliminaries, asked her where they had secreted the money which they had stolen from the traveller. The woman protested that they had not taken it. "Oh, but your husband says you have," said the Mandarin. "Let me ask him again, in your hearing." Then he ordered that the prisoner be brought to the door leading into the judgment hall. The woman was kneeling before the "bench," and could not hear his voice quite distinctly. The Mandarin, addressing the prisoner, asked, "You have that silver, have you not?" The poor man, thinking the officials meant the character "silver," which had been written on his palm, perhaps not even suspecting that his case was being tried at the time, and desiring to show that he had faithfully observed the Mandarin's injunctions in preserving the mysterious character which had been written on his hand, held forth his hand, and said, "Yes, sir, I have it." The official said, "That will do," and the prisoner was led away. Turning to the woman, he said, "There, you hear your husband says you have the silver, and how dare you affirm that you have it not? The fact is this, your husband has confessed the whole thing, and I want to hear your side of it, too, to see if it tallies with what he says. Out with it now." The poor woman did not know what to do. She knew nothing of the character "silver" written on her husband's hand, and could not understand how her husband could have been foolish enough to confess the theft. Yet since it was so, she felt she would only make matters worse by lying more about it. So very reluctantly, perhaps tearfully, she told it all. When the man had satisfied himself on all points, she was dismissed and her husband called forward. To his utter amazement, the circumstances of the theft were detailed to him for his corroboration, and he could not but admit its truth and sorrowfully submit to the recompense of his misdeed, which justice awarded. Someone has said, "Truth and oil always come to the surface." They often do, even here in China, though not invariably, by any means; but what queer means they have of bringing it about! The incidents show the stratagem some wily officials use in getting into the heart of a case, and how could they do otherwise, in a land where, in some respects, the people are void of conscience?

The Martyr Church of Shansi.

A DEEP and pathetic interest is attached to the two photos we give on this and the opposite page. These are pictures of many of those dear native Christians who have laid down their lives for Christ in Shansi. It was at a Conference held in the Capital of the Province, Tai-Yuen Fu, now notorious for the terrible scenes of last year, that these Christians were gathered in 1898. Some of them were pastors, others teachers, and not a few leaders of the Church. Met under such peaceful circumstances, their time spent in Bible study and refreshing gatherings of Christians, little could they have dreamt that in two short years, the ruthless hand of the enemy would tear the church to pieces and they themselves be prey to the hunter. But so it has been, and many are now with their Lord in glory!



GROUP OF SHANSI CHRISTIANS TAKEN AT T'AI YUAN FU IN 1898.

On the opposite page are the women and the children who also attended the conference. Our readers will remember that when confronted with the cruel Governor, Yü-Hsien, these dear children refused to deny their faith. Many of the Christians, after the beheading of the Missionaries were made to kneel down and drink their blood, and while so doing were also killed. Not a few of those who remain, had crosses burned into their foreheads, and so in a very literal sense bear about in their bodies the marks of the Lord Jesus. Not only did those who survive suffer the loss of all things, but many have been in the throes of famine since then. For the kindly hands now stretched out to save them, and bring them relief, we give God thanks.

Brighter days are about to dawn for Shansi, and the Christians there. The new Governor of the Province is showing himself exceedingly friendly, and has already contributed largely to the famine relief fund. Not only so, but he has sent a pressing request for the Missionaries to return, and in response to which a party of nine Missionaries, representing different Societies, went to T'ai Yuen Fu to confer with the surviving elders and leaders of the church regarding the future of the work, and also the distribution of famine relief.

Out of the 135 Missionaries who were killed in China last year, Shansi claimed 112 as their victims, and of children, 45 out of 52.

As we look on the faces in these photographs, our brothers and sisters in Christ, we cannot but believe in the preaching of the Gospel as the power of God unto salvation. What were they—opium smokers, gamblers, but they are washed, they are sanctified, they are justified in the name of our Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.

A. E.

Blessing Out of Trial.

(Continuation of Mrs. Howard Taylor's address from last month.)

FAR too courteous, too much of a gentleman, to speak to us, unaddressed, to seem to observe us, Mr. Wang had yet been watching keenly all that scene. Nothing had escaped him. He saw the perfect calmness in which we were kept. He saw that we were able to take joyfully the spoiling of our goods, and that no anger or desire for revenge had any place in our hearts. Of course, we never thought of such a thing! But it was all very wonderful to him. He saw that all we asked from the Mandarin was that he would treat the prisoners he had taken with leniency; and that he would soon bring us back and enable us to resume our missionary work in peace. And then he saw when all was over. the marvellous flood of joy that filled our hearts. For oh, it was marvellous!

NOTHING TOO HARD FOR GOD.

And this was the means chosen of God to bring that strong man to Himself, humbled like a little child. Oh, Christian friends, here is nothing too hard for the Lord. He can bring blessing, wonderful, spiritual blessing, out of the most terrible experiences. Let us unite to cry to Him to make this year—even this disturbed and anxious and terrible time—the most fruitful in soul-winning that China has ever known. And let us ask the Lord to save soul-winners—men and women of strong character, even from among the persecutors, who shall become saviors of others also, like those of whom we have been speaking. He is well able to do it. This is no time for discouragement, but for advance!

Not many weeks passed away after that riot before Mr. Wang was earnestly and eloquently preaching the Glad Tidings of the love of Christ. Educated and intelligent, he was able at once to study for himself the Word of God, and he rapidly grew in knowledge and in grace. On one occasion, about two months after the riot, my husband had to leave the station where we were on important business, and invited Mr. Wang to take his place for a few days. He came down, and, as a matter of course, took all the services. I had not seen him since the riot; and one evening when he was preaching in the guest-hall on the front courtyard, I went out, under cover of darkness, and looked from a distance through the open window. Oh, what a change no that well-remembered face! Never can I forget that moment when first I saw, unmistakeably, in the man who had saved us that terrible

GROUP OF SHANSI WOMEN AND GIRLS.

When we came to ourselves so to speak, and had time to realize what had happened—that we had been counted worthy to suffer something for Jesus' sake—it seemed as though heaven itself were opened to us. Such joy and thankfulness filled our hearts that it was almost more than we could bear. And watching all this, unknown to us, the proud Confucian schoar had found something that utterly broke him down—had witnessed a practical evidence of the power and reality of the Christian faith that nothing could gainsay. That night he went home determined to be a Christian. "If these people," he said, " can be filled with joy and peace in face of an awful death; if they can pass through an experience like that without even being troubled; the doctrine they preach must be true, the God they worship must be the living God."

day, a new brother in Christ Jesus! His face was lighted from within with peace and joy. And his preaching was even more wonderful. Simple, clear eloquent, and suited to his hearers, I thought I had never heard anything like it before! And I stood there in the darkness weeping for very joy until I had to turn away because it was more than one's heart could hold! Ah, those are moments that anticipate heaven!

One other such moment I remember, in that very house where the riot took place. One month after the riot, when things had quieted down, the Mandarin of the city sent to invite us back in the name of all the leading gentry of the place. We had not taken aggressive measures to bring this about. We never informed our British Consul of the riot, nor was it written about in any paper. But we did wait upon the Lord in prayer, and He inclined their hearts to bring us back. And what a welcome was prepared. Almost all the Mandarins and gentry of the city turned out to meet us. They came with bands and banners and a great triumphal procession and met us outside the city gate, walking on foot with my husband right through the main streets to our house. The people said it was just like welcoming the Viceroy of the Province. Thus we were enabled to resume our work, and although we never recovered the things that we had lost, and never asked for compensation, the Lord gave us "much more than this"—for He gave us souls. Chiefly through the labors of our two scholar friends, Mr. Tseng and Mr. Wang, numbers of men were laid hold of and interested, not a few of whom became earnest Christians. At last, not before we had to leave on furlough, a little band of nineteen of these were baptized, one Sunday morning, in that very courtyard where the riot had taken place. We could not go down because my husband was lying dangerously ill with fever, but we heard the singing as our dear colleague, Mr. Ford, conducted the service. With a full heart I stepped out for a few moments on to the verandah of the old house and looked into the courtyard below, and there, on the very spot where, during that riot, I had seen my husband beaten down and thought he would have been trampled to death—on that very spot I saw through blinding tears of joy, those nineteen men confess their faith in Christ, dear Mr. Wang himself assisting, his face glowing with joy! When I returned to my husband's bedside, and knelt in silence as we listened to those songs of praise, I think we scarcely knew whether we were on earth or in heaven.

One word in closing as to our dear friend Mr. Tseng, who was led into the light chiefly by the old coolie. Oh, how we loved that man! To my husband he was indeed as a brother. Cultured, refined, intelligent, and full of the grace and gentleness of Christ, his life was very beautiful and precious. The subject upon which he loved best to preach was always the love of God. Oh, how he did delight to unfold this inexhaustible theme! On one occasion, I remember, he came to give an address to a company of twenty-five dear women who had just been baptized. With rapt and wondering attention they listened. For he was an eloquent and beautiful speaker. One sentence I never can forget, for the touching, noble way in which he said it:

"Oh, brothers, sisters, if there were no hell to fear, no future suffering to dread," and then he paused, before adding, "how could we sin against such love!"

Since we left China, this friend, this beloved brother in Christ, has been taken home. Heaven is dearer for his presence there; but, oh, how we miss him! My own dear brother, Dr. Whitfield Guinness, writes to us from that very station, telling of Mr. Tseng's last hours. All was done that medical skill could devise, but without avail. Patient and gracious always, he bore a consistent testimony to the last, and brightened wonderfully as the end drew near. Death itself could not disturb his peace; and when the last call came he passed away with a smile. Hours afterwards, my brother told us, that smile still lingered on his face. Wonderful, wonderful testimony to the heathen round about—that a Christian could die with a smile.

Thank God He is blessing His own Word all over China. Let us earnestly and constantly pray that He may overrule all the present dangers and troubles for the furtherance of the Gospel. Let us wait upon Him that through these very trials and difficulties men and women may be led to Christ who might never be saved in any other way, and who shall become in their turn, saviors of many, by His wonderful grace. Is anything too hard for the Lord?

A Women's Bible School at Wenchow.

BY MRS. E. HUNT.

ON the 25th of March the Women's Bible School commenced and continued for four weeks. In past years this has always been Miss Stayner's special work, and when we found it unlikely that she would be here in time, we doubted at first if it would be possible to hold it. But it seemed a pity to disappoint those who wished to come, as it was about the only month of the year when they have leisure to leave their homes; so I told the Bible woman if they wanted to come, I would undertake it. She did not expect many, but when all came there were thirty from various parts of our district. One young girl left after the first day or two owing to her father's objecting to her being here; two others were called away by home duties after a fortnight, but the others stayed all the time. For Scripture they were divided into two classes; those who could read pretty well took up the study of Joshua, and I had an hour's lesson every afternoon with them, which was a real refreshment, so responsive and appreciative were they, and I believe that everyone of them got a deeper insight into the meaning of that interesting book. The other class were only just learning to read the hymn book, and with them I took the principal miracles of our Lord for an hour every morning. Miss Young also had two classes daily in Romanised Colloquial, and good progress was made both in reading and writing; the first class especially learning to appreciate having part of the Scriptures in a language they could understand. Even this class was not without its spiritual fruit, for one young woman, truly converted we believe, but who has not thought baptism or the Lord's Supper very important, coming in her reading lesson one day to John 6 : 53, decided that she ought to obey the Lord's command, and gave in her name as a candidate for baptism. Every afternoon at 4.30 Miss Young had them all together for half an hour or more to hear them read over and explain the meaning of the hymns they had been learning, and to try to teach them to sing the tune. If you have never heard the Chinese try to sing, you will have no idea of the strange sounds that proceeded from the room during that half hour! If you have, you will appreciate Miss Young's self-denial and the strain upon her nerves, as nearly every one persisted in singing all along on one note—only each one's note was different, and the tune her own! But, notwithstanding that, some of the more intelligent ones got a little better idea of tune than they had before! We had felt very much our inadequacy for this month's work, and being thus more utterly cast upon God, perhaps that was why He was able to give such an abundant answer to the many prayers that went up for the "woman's month." At first the New Testament class was no small strain; nearly all were new inquirers; none could read well enough to read a verse or follow with the book; many seemed scarcely to realize the importance of what they were doing, or to be able to fix their attention for long, or remember much. Probably they had never before in their lives to make such an intellectual effort! But there was a marked improvement in this respect during the last two weeks, and one felt that all were progressing spiritually as well as in head-knowledge. On the last day but one, Thursday, April 18th, at the end of the lesson on the Raising of Lazarus, I asked one woman, in whose heart I felt sure the Spirit had been working, to pray; she hesitated at first and began very low, but she soon forgot everything but God and the weight of her own sins as she pleaded with tears for forgiveness. When we arose from our knees, I saw that several others were in tears also, so after a few words about the Saviour's love and willingness to forgive the truly penitent, I led in prayer again, and then thinking that a native could help them more than I, left them and sent the Oding Bible-woman, a very intelligent and earnest Christian—into them. They went on with a prayer-meeting until dinner-time and again after, and when Miss Young went in at two o'clock to take them for Romanised, they told her four had been saved that day. The next morning when I went to take the class, these four had an expression of peace and rest I had not seen on their faces before; but a felt solemnity pervaded the whole meeting, and when I said how glad I had been to hear the glad news of some being saved, one woman said with tears, "Yes, they are saved, but I am not." The subject was Bartimæus, and very close and earnest was the attention, not even the fidgety babies could distract it for more than a moment. At the end I asked for anyone to pray, and the woman who had spoken at the beginning at once commenced to pray, but broke down completely after a few sentences, so I took it up, pleading specially for any who were anxious. I was followed by the one who I had asked to pray the day before, and what a different prayer it was! Then another Christian woman continued and by that time most were weeping, so I slipped out to fetch some of the other women. Two of them were evidently on the look-out, and they just laughed for real joy when I told them what was going on and at once went in to help. Three, all preacher's wives, were the harvest that day, and one young Christian woman already a candidate for baptism, received a definate blessing and consecrated herself afresh to the Lord.

Converted Buddhist Nuns.

BY MRS. GRIERSON.

DURING the past month or so we have made quite a number of country trips together. Several times we stayed at the "Nunnery"—a miracle in itself of God's grace, for it was formerly a Buddhist temple, and it contains several more miracles of grace, not the least among which are two converted nuns—the Superior, now over sixty—and the younger Ling-kun-yie, about forty. The latter woman is now one of our Bible women and a most earnest Christian. There is also a little girl of ten called Ah-doe, who was given to these nuns when only three, to be trained as a nun, but now how different her life will be. She reads fairly well in her New Testament. The Sunday we spent there was a pouring wet day, yet the members began coming in from villages two, three and four miles distant as early as eight o'clock, and by ten about forty-eight were present. Sixty-four is the usual number, so forty-eight was not bad attendance for such a day. Ah-sai-pah took the morning service and then all the members had their dinner together. The custom is that as the members of each Church live so far away, usually they cannot go home for dinner, each man accordingly brings a pint of rice and some cash for the fish, meat, or vegetables eaten with it, and one man stays out during the morning service to cook the dinner and all eat during the intermission. After the afternoon service we went up to the top of the hill just above the "Nunnery" where we could see for miles around, away to the sea about eight or ten miles to the east, up to our Bing-yie Pagoda on the north, and had a fine view of the landscape all around, for we have scenery about here that would compare favorably with many noted mountain resorts.

News from the Field.

Shanghai.

FROM REV. J. W. STEVENSON'S LETTERS.

I HAVE had a telegram from Mr. McCarthy, from Chung-king, saying that he and another brother were proceeding in a few days to Uin-nan Fu. I am sorry that the British Consul at Chung-king still refuses to allow ladies to accompany their husbands to places beyond that port. This is a matter that needs our prayers. Also the British Consul at Ning-po has put difficulties in the way of sisters returning to their stations. We are not surprised that our great enemy seeks to hinder God's work; so we need constantly to be on our watch-tower.

"On the 2nd inst., we welcomed Mrs. Menzies back from home, and also a new worker, Miss Aplin. Mrs. Menzies left us yesterday, for Wen-cheo. I am sure Mrs. Stott and Miss Stayner will be interested in hearing about her. Miss Aplin has gone to Iang-cheo.

Our sister, Miss Weber, left us last night to return to Kiang-si, in company with Miss Guex and Mrs. Just. On Monday Miss Hall hopes to start for Kiu-kiang, en route for Ho-k'eo. Both these sisters have been very helpful to us during their stay in Shanghai.

"You will be glad to hear that news from the Kan and Kuang-sin Rivers, continue to be very favorable. Things are quiet and our friends have many open doors, for which we praise God.

Since my last letter, things with regard to Shan-si, have developed considerably. After much prayer, Mr. Hoste has decided to accompany Messrs. Orr Ewing and Tjader. Mr. Ernest Taylor is going to accompany Mr. Hoste, to help him with his correspondence. They left here on the 2nd June for Pekin. I heard from there last night, that the escort from Shan-si was expected there on the 4th of June; so that there is every prospect that our friends will be able to start without much delay, for Shan-si. I am not certain, but I think it is likely Dr. Edwards, of the Sheo-yang Mission and Dr. Atwood, of the A.B.C.F.M., are likely to accompany our friends. The Chinese officials seem very anxious that a settlement should be come to. We ask your prayers very specially for our brethren in this difficult work which they have undertaken for the Lord's sake, and that much help and blessing may come to the native Christians in Shan-si, who are suffering so. Two Shan-si brothers, who have been working down on the borders of Kiang-si and Hu-nan, have also gone forward to join the party.

"Miss Allen arrived here from Hankow on May 30th. We are glad to welcome her on the staff here in Shanghai. I trust that she will have health and be made a great blessing.

"You will be glad to hear that Miss Morris is doing as well as can be expected. The temperature is gradually going down, and, so far, there are no complications. The doctor and nurses are very well satisfied with the case.

Si-ch'uan.

BY MR. E. J. FARRENT.

Sui-Fu, May 18th.—"I have paid a visit to our outstation, Siao-ch'i, and found almost all those who were recognized as enquirers last year still attending the services regularly, and there were also new faces. Although they have passed through some severe persecution, several having had their houses completely destroyed, yet they do not seem inclined to leave their Lord.

Here at Sui Fu, the members and enquirers are attending the services regularly and others come in to listen, many of whom buy tracts."

BY MISS H. KOLKENBECK.

Ing-Shan, May 7th.—"All continues peaceful and quiet here, but there is very great need of rain. No rice has been planted out yet about here, and things look very serious. North of Pao-ning and Kuang-üen and Han-chong, things are far worse. there has been no wheat crop at all and no water to be had with which to cook food. It is carried about for sale from long distances. Rice is, of course, at famine prices. God grant that a famine may be averted in this Province!"

Miss Culverwell, writing from the same station on the 11th May, says:

"Some rain fell here last week, but not enough for the rice fields. The north and north-eastern part of the Province is in a bad condition. Sad reports reach us. Not only no water in the fields, but utter failure of corn crops. No water to drink at Kuang-üen, Pa-cheo and Peh-m'ao-cháng; and in the latter place, people buy water to drink by the kuan-tsī (jug) and not by the bucket."

Pa-Cheo, March 7th.—"After five days' happy ministry amongst the Pa-cheo Christians, Mr. Hannah and I left on the above date, for Pao-ning. After the departure of the foreign Missionaries last year, from Pa-cheo, the church (women members especially) set themselves to pray for an addition of ten souls to the church, and already fruit is seen in a few earnest enquirers coming about."

BY MR. WALTER JENNINGS.

Shuen-K'ing, April 18th.—"We quietly entered this city to-day. Some of the Christians and enquirers came out distances varying from a few to twenty-five li to welcome us. We found our premises as we left them. Evil rumors died out about the beginning of the ninth moon last year. Sad to say, Mrs. Long, one of our ten Christians, having a cold about the time of our departure, was so perturbed at heart about the rumors that her son, who had escorted us could not possibly return alive, that she died a few days after our leaving. Her son returned safely from Ch'ong-k'ing on the day after her death Praise God, there were no heathen rites at her death and she was accorded a Christian burial.

Kiang-si.

BY MISS J. CORMACK.

Shang-Ts'ing, May 9th.—"You will be glad to hear that we got back to this place on Monday last. Everything is quiet, and we had a very warm welcome from the people. The outsiders, too, are pleased to see us again, and say it is good we have returned.

Most of the Christians seem bright, and I can see it in their faces that they have grown stronger in the Lord. A few of them have suffered some persecution. One of the Christians has died since I left, an old man of over seventy. It is good to think he is safe Home. One has gone back entirely. Please remember us in prayer, for this place is truly where Satan's seat is."

BY MISS HETTIE B. FLEMING.

Kuei-K'i, May 28th.—"We have been back in Kuei-k'i more than a month. On Saturday morning, I went to Ing-tuen, and had such a welcome. The Christians there are very bright, with few exceptions.

The people are as friendly as one could wish; they do not seem surprised to see us.

Our people, on the whole, have stood very well. There have been inconsistencies and things to grieve us in the lives of some, during the last few months, but no real lapses into idolatry."

BY MRS. LAWSON.

Chang-Shu, May 21st.—"We have been here just over a month now. It hardly seems possible that we have been away for so many months. People come about us just as they used to, the meetings are well attended, particularly by the men.

In the country, there seems to be a good work going on. My husband expects soon to baptize three men, at least. I think others are ready, too. Last Sunday, we had seventeen of these countrymen here for worship; they walked seventy li each way."

Cheh-kiang.

BY MR. A. WRIGHT.

Iong-K'ang, April 16th.—"I reached this place a week ago to-day, and if the people expelled me rather hurriedly and roughly last year, they are trying to make up for it in the welcome they are giving me. Last Tuesday, I got near to the city about noon, and when within a mile's distance, I was met by the Magistrate and chief Military official, who had come out purposely to receive me, and with them a great concourse of the city people, and all seemed delighted to see me back. When the Magistrate had made his little speech of welcome, he invited me to take his chair. I remonstrated, but in vain.

"Of course, the Christians were most delighted. They came out in full force to welcome me, and very soon we had a praise meeting. We have had many blessed times since, and, so far as I have seen, I believe I have every reason for joy before God for the way the church members have kept on in our absence, not only has the work gone on as formerly, but there are a number of fresh faces, and I am told that they have been coming regularly since August."

BY MR. EDWARD HUNT.

Uen-Cheo, April 27th.—"My wife's Bible School closed last week, with very distinct blessing. Seven women (three wives of preachers) came out very brightly, though perhaps some were really converted before, and quite a number unbound their feet. A few days before, five of the school girls had professed conversion, and in every case life and profession agree.

"I have just heard that the Christians near He-yüe-so have rented some rooms there for a chapel. It is the centre of a populous district where the work has shown signs of much promise these last two years. In another outlying preaching centre, in Ioh-ts'ing, the Christians are negotiating to mortgage a house for a chapel.

"On the other hand, two able, voluntary preachers, educated in our school, have just left the district, mainly, I fear, because we disappointed their expectation of salaried employment."

Writing on 20th March, of their return to T'ai-p'ing, Mrs. Richardson says: "On arriving at Hae-meng, five of our church members came on board to meet us and escort us home, saying that they were too happy to wait for us to come down to T'ai-p'ing, quite a number of Christians, enquirers and our school boys were waiting for us on the landing, and we had warm, hearty greetings from them all. When we started for home we were quite a procession and we received warm greetings on every side. We were much touched by this display of feeling, and lifted up our hearts in praise to our God for His goodness to us. The greatest joy of all was that the work had been so well sustained, and that some who were timid disciples, and many enquirers, are now freely confessing their trust and faith in the Lord. Instead of the usual Saturday prayer-meeting, we had more of a praise meeting and all seemed anxious to lift up their voices in prayer and thanksgiving to the Lord, for all His goodness to us. On Sunday the services were crowded and there was scarcely standing room in the chapel. I had also a large number of women to my afternoon class. It is good to be back to one's work again and to see how the Lord's Spirit has been at work among the people."

BY MR. J. B. MILLER.

"Dong-Lu, May 3rd.—"I am sure you will rejoice to hear that our meetings continue to be well attended. It is so cheering to see such members come and listen to the Gospel. Our most faithful adherents are the soldiers of the garrison, Hu-nan and An-huei men. They are in the chapel night and day. One of them especially takes great delight in being able to sing one or two of our hymns. It is a great joy for me to be associated in the work with Teacher Chang. He is so faithful, in season and out of season, in preaching the Gospel. It is a pleasure to me to be his helper."

Monthly Notes.

DURING THE PAST MONTH we have had many enquiries as to whether we have a Famine Fund for the benefit of the suffering Christians in Shansi, and we desire to say that any gifts sent us for this purpose, are sent right on to Shanghai. and from thence hastened on to their destination. Many friends have kindly sent their gifts through us, many others have sent them through other channels, but however they have been sent we rejoice at the liberality of God's children in this matter.

We note the arrival of the following Missionaries from China: On the 4th of July, Miss M. L. Batty, Mr. Alfred Jennings; on July 15th, Miss F. L. Collins. Miss Batty was accompanied by Algie Thompson, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, who were massacred at Kiu-chou, in Cheh-Kiang Province last year. Algie and a younger sister were at school in Chefoo when the Boxer outbreak took place. and thus mercifully escaped the terrible fate of their dear parents and their two younger brothers.

There left us on July 6th, from Montreal, for England, Mr. J. S. Rough, Mrs. Rough and three children. They had been looking forward to the time when they would in the providence of God be permitted to go back to their loved work in China. News from their home seemed to determine otherwise, and now they have gone to render what help they can in carrying on their parents' business. Our dear friends were blessed to very many during their stay in Canada, and at Halifax, N.S., Hamilton, Ont., as well as in Toronto, a large number of those to whom they endeared themselves will miss them, and pray continually that God's blessing in even more abundant measure will attend their stay in England.

We have discontinued the narrative of Mr. and Mrs. Green's terrible experiences in the hands of the Boxers, but it is now published in book form under the title of "In Deaths Oft," price 20 cents. This book has already had a large sale in England and new editions have been called for. It is a thrilling story from beginning to end, and full of the most wonderful deliverances by God, out of the hands of the Boxers.

After seven months' absence, during which many will have followed from our pages the travels and experiences of our beloved Home Director, Mr. Frost, he arrived in Toronto on July 27th. Mr. Nasmith, his companion in travel and shipwreck, remained in England and will not return to Canada till the end of September. Mr. Frost journeyed from China via Red Sea and Europe. He was able to visit Palestine on his way, though the visit was but a brief one. He was also able to meet at Geneva our beloved Director, Rev. J. Hudson Taylor.

From Mr. Frost we learn that Mr. Taylor, while far from being re-established in health, is yet able to hold his own. That means but little, however, so far as decided improvement is concerned, and we would ask for a continuance of the prayers of God's children, that Mr. Taylor may be blessed with additional health, and that many years of service for God and China may be yet given to him.

Along with many other Missionary Societies, we have been requested to send forward our Missionaries to China. This we intend doing so soon as it proves possible. As there are a large number of Missionaries who have been on the field, and who had perforce to leave China last year, owing to the troubles, we purpose that they should be sent on first. Having the language and being to a large extent familiar with the people, we trust they will ere long be back in their old stations, rebuilding the ruins of Zion. There are also a number of new workers waiting to go forward, some who had hoped to go out last fall, and others more recently accepted, all of whom are eagerly looking forward to service for Christ among China's millions. We would earnestly commend this matter to the prayerful sympathy of our friends. The openings now in China will be unique, and while commerce and other interests will be pushing forward their representatives, shall the living Church of Christ be behind-hand?

. . . .

Our first party to sail for China will consist of Miss Margaret King, of Montreal (returning), and Miss E. G. Taylor, of Ottawa, a new Missionary. These will leave on September 3rd, travelling via Vancouver, and we trust they will be the advance-guard of a large contingent of workers sent out from here this year.

Those friends who were acquainted with the Mission Home in the earlier days of its history, will be sorry to hear of the death of Miss Rica Harder, who served in it so long and faithfully, until two years since. Miss Harder came to Toronto, with Mr. and Mrs. Frost, from Attica, in 1889, and, first as nurse to their children and afterwards as assistant housekeeper in the Home, commended the Gospel of Jesus Christ by a peculiarly consistent and lovely life. Quiet in manner and address, she was yet strong in influence, and many Missionaries and others who passed through the Home were deeply impressed by the self-denying and devoted service which she rendered so incessantly and to all. Miss Harder contracted a severe cold about two years ago which developed into consumption, and had to leave for her home in Attica. Here she remained, growing weaker and weaker, till the end came upon June 26th. Her death was as triumphant as her life had been. She remarked to her mother, just before passing away: "It is not hard to die." And so her labors are ended. But not her influence. Many will thank God for her ministry while life lasts.

CHINA'S MILLIONS

A Saviour From Sin.

BY REV. A. T. PIERSON, D.D.

"He shall save His people from their sins."—Matt. 1 : 26.

CHRIST'S miracles were *not* merely *works of power*, but *works of love and grace*: their main purpose being, not simply to vindicate His claim to Messiahship, but to demonstrate and illustrate His power to *forgive sin*, and to make man *spiritually whole.* Some twenty-two or more distinct miracles are recorded by Matthew—nearly every one of them having a manifest spiritual and typical value. They cover every imaginable form of physical ailment, because He meant to show that every imaginable form of the soul's sickness—of which these are types—He is able to reach and cure immediately. Hence, there are few instances of more than *one* cure of the same disease; and even these are not repetitions—some features distinguishing them and emphasizing the general lesson in a specific way.

Moreover, the *order* is sometimes, if not always, significant. For example, the man full of leprosy is the first, because to the Jew, leprosy was the walking parable of guilt, death, and judgment. On the leper already rested the curse and wrath of God. His attire, cry, staff, exclusion from society, and from the courts of God—all told of his uncleanness. His disease was deep-seated, loathsome, repulsive, pervasive and spreading, incurable and fatal; and hence no other one disease so expressed the hopeless guilt, defilement, and condemnation of sin. This is the reason why the healing of the leper comes first of the ten.

THE FIRST NEED OF MEN

is to be saved from *guilt* and *curse*. This unhappy man approaches Christ with worship. He says: "Lord, if Thou *wilt*, Thou *canst* make me clean." Whatever confidence he had in Christ's *power*, he had doubts of His *willingness*; and it is these doubts which Christ at once removes. "I WILL: Be thou clean." Here is a revelation of the *grace* that saves. And notice that our Lord "put forth His *hand* and *touched* him." The touch was needless; in fact it identified the Healer with the Leper and made Christ ceremonially unclean as a leper; but even this is significant, for He was made sin for us, though "He knew no sin"; and in this first recorded miracle He showed His entire *oneness* with our fallen humanity.

If we examine the other nine miracles (recorded in chapters viii., ix.), we shall see that each teaches a different lesson, or rather supplies a different illustration of Christ's saving power.

For example, the second cure is that of *palsy*. That disease naturally represents the *powerlessness* and *helplessness of the sinner*. This is especially emphatic in the second case of palsy, in which the man is borne of four others into the presence of Jesus. The man could do nothing; apparently his whole body was paralyzed. Yet he was so immediately and perfectly cured that he went home carrying the bed which had carried him. Christ can give the believing sinner ability and strength to obey and serve God.

The third miracle cures *fever*, which suggests to us the burning *heat of unholy passion* and desire, which seems to be in the blood. At His touch the fever left her; and so He can cool and calm the fever-heat of sin, and give calmness and quiet in its place.

A similar lesson seems taught by His speaking peace to the winds and waves on the Lake. Some of our tempestuous experiences are due to our *surroundings*, rather than to our *inward state*—to the opposition

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of men and of the spirits of evil. We are, as we think, victims of circumstances. But whatever the cause, the Lord of all is equal to our deliverance from all disquiet.

The case of the woman with the bloody flux is apparently invested with a particular importance. As we compare the three narratives (Mark v., Luke viii.) we observe *seven* particulars of her condition—she had an issue of blood ; of twelve years standing ; she had suffered many things of many physicians ; she had spent all her living upon them ; but could be healed of none ; was nothing bettered ; but rather grew worse. See

THE SEVENFOLD EMPHASIS UPON HER DESPERATELY HOPELESS STATE.

Then, again, there are *seven steps* that she took—she heard of Jesus ; she said within herself, "If I may touch but His clothes, I shall be whole ;" she came in the press behind ; she touched the border of His garment ; the issue of her blood straightway dried up ; she was made whole ; and she felt in her body that she was healed.

And now *seven* more stages follow in the course of this singularly complete story of healing. Jesus perceives that virtue had gone out of Him. He inquires : " Who touched Me ? " He repeats the seemingly useless inquiry with emphasis. She, fearing and trembling, falls down before Him, and tells Him all the truth ; she declares before all the people her course and her cure ; and is dismissed with His commendation and confirmation of her cure. The completeness of the narrative is intentional. The sinner is here taught how hopeless is his condition as to all human remedy, and that at the most desperate crisis, after vainly trying all other expedients, when he comes as a last resort to Christ he finds immediate help.

Many other lessons are conveyed, but these suffice to show the moral meaning of our Lord's miracles, and why they are so diversified in form and in the ailments they reach.

But one great lesson we must not overlook, *viz.*, *the lesson of faith*. The *confidence* and the *obedience* of faith are taught in nearly every miracle of healing : sometimes by the faith which the party exhibits who seeks healing ; sometimes by the injunction of our Lord, requiring faith, or reminding us that the measure of faith is the measure of blessing. But the one great truth is that faith is the *receptive faculty* in us, without which the *impartive* faculty in the Great Healer is hindered in blessing us. For this reason we find so many and such varied references to faith throughout the narratives of healing. Nothing is said about the leper's faith, but his own language reveals his unquestioning confidence in Christ's power. The Centurion's faith was so beautifully simple that he would not trouble the Master to come under his roof : it would be enough to speak the healing word at a distance, and disease would depart ; and Christ commended his faith in terms used in but one other case, that of the woman of Canaan.

In connection with the palsied man, He saw "*their* faith" who had borne him. In the case of Jairus' daughter He said : " Be not afraid ; only believe, " even when she was already dead. He told the woman healed of the bloody issue that " her faith had made her whole. " And to the blind man He said : " According to your faith be it unto you. " To the man whose son was so tormented by the demon (in Matthew xvii.) He more expressly says : " If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth. " The man had cried in agony of despair, after vainly seeking help from the disciples : "*If thou canst do anything*, have compassion on us, and help us. " To this our Lord's reply is : " It is not a matter of *My power*, but of *thy* faith. "

And this lesson is the standing and all comprehensive lesson of the ages. The power of God is as great and as available as ever. He *can*, but we *cannot*. It is our faith that limits His imparting, because it limits our receiving. Now and evermore " according to your faith be it unto you," is the one law of God's dealing. The greater the faith that seeks and claims, the greater the blessing that comes and fills.

He Faileth Not.

Thinkest thou God hath forgot?
Take this thought for thy consoling,
All things know His wise controlling;
Hearts of kings are in His hand,
Ravens, wait for His command;
Trust in Him, He faileth never,
Jesus is the same for ever,
He is with thee, fear thou not.

On His staff of promise rest.
Every need thy God supplieth,
If Thy faith on Him relieth,
Cruse of oil and daily bread;
Food convenient, He hath said,
Daily shall to thee be given,
Sure as if from Gates of heaven,
Sent to thee at His behest.

He appointeth all thy lot;
He who winds and waters holdest,
Thee with Father's love enfoldeth
'Neath the shadow of His wing.
He doth note the smallest thing
That befalls thee; all thy needing
Bring to Him with trustful pleading:
Praise Him, for He faileth not.

From Life of Faith.

Medical Work in China.

BY DR. WM. WILSON.

Address at Annual Meeting of C. I. M. in London.

MANY aspects of missionary life, and not a few forms of missionary activity, were this afternoon brought before us in one way or another through the words which we heard from this platform. During this evening also other information on the same topic will be brought before us. So I feel the less hesitation in confining my remarks to one form of missionary activity which I believe is specially suited to our work in China. I refer to medical mission work.

Let me take you in imagination right away to the heart of China, to a city which is perhaps not very well known by name to those here—the city of Sui-ting. It is only during the two years or so that there has been any settled Protestant Mission work in that city. About a year ago my wife and I entered that city with our two youngest children, and there we had the pleasure of working with our colleagues, who went to that place a few months previously. That Protestant Missionaries have been able to reside in that city is due, very largely, I believe, to the fact that scores of would-be opium suicides had been saved from death mainly through the instrumentality of one of our lady Missionaries. We were very greatly favored in being able, almost immediately upon entering that city—I think within ten days of our arrival there—to secure a very suitable house and property, which we were able to purchase. There was a nice piece of land immediately adjoining, on which we hoped in a few months' time to commence building a small hospital. I remember when we had nearly accomplished the work we had a large feast, and some hundred or more neighbors and friends were all invited. We gave a day to entertaining them and ingratiating ourselves, as well as we could, with those who were to be our permanent neighbors. On the door at that time was a notice in the Chinese style, on a piece of red paper, to the effect that on the fifteenth day of the seventh month the doors would be unlocked, and the hospital would be thrown open for the treatment of patients, and that all who came, whether they belonged to the city or to the country, would be gladly received. That was our intention; but by the fifteenth day of the seventh month we had left the place. We were suddenly summoned to the coast, as so many had been from all parts of China, and by that date we had left the city and everything behind us, excepting the few articles we were able to take down in the way of food for the journey, and clothing in case we had to winter in Shanghai. It was a very great comfort about a fortnight ago to receive a letter from one of the brethren who had travelled into that part, in which he told us that hardly any harm had been done to our property; that although immediately after we had left, a large party, the rabble of the city, had rushed into the place with the evident intention of looting the premises, the two faithful men whom we had left in charge did all that they could to protect our goods and that help coming from the Mandarins, all disturbance was quelled. I was very much interested in one little item, which I may mention here. We had packed away all that we could into boxes and cupboards, and had screwed and nailed up these boxes and cupboards as securely as we could. One large cupboard in the sitting room we had not had time, in the hurry of our flight to secure and when these people came in, a faithful woman servant who had only been in our employ two months, knowing that this cupboard was not secured, instead of fleeing away from the rabble, went right up to it and sat down on the floor with her back against the doors and defied the onset of these people. Let us remember that faithful woman. Let us remember also those two faithful men who during these months have been keeping that place, with all its valuables, safe.

SUDDEN DEPARTURE.

REMOVES PREJUDICE.

May I take you now, for a few moments, in thought, to another city, where from 1883 to 1895 I was living, the city of Han-chung Fu. In a very few words I would like to impress upon those who may be interested in this subject the special value which all Medical Missionaries in China feel is to be derived from medical work in the inland stations and in all stations. First of all there is the removal of prejudice against foreigners. Perhaps nothing is so helpful in removing prejudice and winning our way into the hearts of the people as the daily opening of the dispensary or the hospital and letting it be known, as it quickly is known all through the city and all through the neighborhood, that whatever disease a person is afflicted with we at least, will be glad to do all that is in our power for their relief.

Then again I would like to emphasize this fact, that perhaps there is no better opportunity presented for preaching the Gospel than we have day by day in the waiting rooms, in connection with the dispensary work. I have had the privilege of preaching in many and varied places in China—on the streets, in the markets, in the tea shops, in the chapels, and in the preaching halls—but there is nothing which I have enjoyed anything like so much as preaching to the patients as they are quietly sitting waiting their turn to see the doctor.

There is, however, one huge class of people—the educated class—with whom it is very, very difficult even to come in contact, and it is amongst this class that the Medical Missionary finds his special opportunity. They come out of curiosity to see the wonders in the foreign hospital, or they invite the doctor to visit in cases of illness, their families; and thus in one way or another, the Medical Missionary is brought, as very few others are brought, into contact with the educated classes of China. We use the opportunity which is so given us in leaving in their hands the word of life, and speaking to them about the real purpose for which we come to their land.

One other development which I would refer to is this: medical work is frequently a means of scattering a knowledge of the Truth in places where the Missionary is unable personally to go.

May I take a simple illustration? I remember a boy being brought into our hospital suffering from a fracture of the leg. He had been swinging, and had fallen from the swing and broken his leg. His mother brought him, and I advised them both to stay, and they remained in the hospital for some five or six weeks, till he was perfectly well. Of course he had a great deal of time on his hands then, and so had his mother. He was able to read; his mother was not. I remember that the ward in which he was lying was alongside the room where we had family worship with the Chinese every morning and evening. The boy and his mother soon noticed that we were singing hymns and reading words out of a strange book, and they became so interested that the boy spent most of his time reading the Testament to his mother, and himself learning off numbers of those hymns. The result was, through God's grace, that the mother became an earnest follower of the Lord Jesus and continued so all the time that I had any knowledge of Han-chung Fu. They returned to their village, and, of course, all the villagers made many enquiries as to who these foreigners were, and what the work was, and how they managed the work, etc., with this result: A few days after they returned home, a man came to us bringing with him his grown-up son. This son had a surgical malady which, if not attended to, would certainly bring him very soon to death's door. We operated upon him, and he was cured. Day by day while his son lay ill in the hospital his father watched and cared for him in the most tender way, and before they left, father and son were brought into the light. Not only so, but, during their stay with us, the old mother now and again visited them, and she, too, in course of time, believed the Truth. Thus, in that little village which otherwise we should probably never have visited, quite a colony of Christians was soon gathered as the outcome of simple hospital work dedicated and consecrated to the service of the Lord.

AT THE MARKET

It may be that there are some medical students here who are preparing for an honorable profession. Has it ever occurred to you that perhaps the Lord has purposes for you in China: that instead of your settling at home and carrying on the work of a physician or surgeon in this country He has purposes for you in that far-off land? I would be the last one to seek to urge anyone to go, but I would be the first to advise all and to urge all, on their knees before God to ask the quetsion, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

News from Shansi.

We are glad to be able to give our readers, certain and reliable news from this storm swept Province. Mr. Hoste and a company of Missionaries went, on the invitation of the officials to Shansi, and the following letter tells of their reception there. The letter from the Church elders is of the deepest interest, and gives us information that we have been longing to hear, viz., as to the famine and also, the distribution of the funds. For two items in their letter we are profoundly thankful, first, that no Christians died of starvation, and secondly, that the Governor gave 40,000 ounces of silver for relief distribution.

Letter from Mr. Hoste.

YOU will be thankful to hear that we have wonderfully helped and prospered in our journey. At each stopping-place we found inns ready for us and a feast awaiting us; the Magistrate came outside the city to meet us and also called and then made his bow outside the city as we went on our way. The weather, too, has been all that we could wish.

At Sheo-iang we were met by dear Pastor Ch'u and Elders Si and Hsu and one or two others. We were detained for three whole days, and improved the time by daily meetings for special prayer and meditation together on Gods' Word in view of the important and difficult matters which lie before us.

Our reception has been, I think, all that we could wish. Ten miles from the city a fresh detachment of cavalry joined our escort making quite an imposing body, and when ten li from the south gate, we descended from our litters and got into carts, which had been sent for our conveyance. Outside the south gate an immense crowd was gathered; we were met by Shen Tao-t'ai of the Foreign Office, accompanied by the Magistrates, and a large number of the gentry and representative bodies of the various trades in the city. At the Tao-t'ai's invitation we entered a reception room there and drank tea. He speaks English well and is a most intelligent man.

After about twenty minutes we got into our carts, and proceeded into the city, to a "Kong-Kuan" prepared for our reception, where the Fan-t'ai (Provincial Treasurer), Nieh-t'ai (Provincial Judge), Tartar General, the Tao-t'ai and a number of lesser magistrates were on the door-step to receive us. They were all politeness and cordiality, and both the Fan-t'ai and Nieh-t'ai expressed more than once their deep regret for the occurrences of last summer. They are both new officials, the former being the official at Uin-ch'eng, who acted so well last year; I had a long and interesting conversation with him. They stayed for about three quarters of an hour, and, on their departure, three big military officials appeared. The Fan-t'ai told me that Yu Hsien really was dead; he was to have been executed on the 6th of the Chinese first month but committed suicide on the 4th. Tong Fu-hsiang is deprived of all office, and is now a private individual at his own home. So far as I can judge, I think he was telling me the truth.

I am sure the Lord graciously helped us very much in what you can understand was not an easy situation. The officials could not have been more cordial and anxious to show us friendliness and respect. The Governor, who had sent his cards to us at Huai-luh, is now laid up with rather a serious illness, and so was represented by the Fan-t'ai. We are in a large, handsome place, and have foreign food.

This morning a party of us including myself called on four of the higher officials, and to-morrow we shall hope to finish this part of our duties. The Governor has invited us to a feast to-morrow, when the Fan-t'ai will represent him.

Shen Tao-t'ai had the remains of our martyred friends interred in a fresh piece of land some time ago, and, as he tells us, had a flower garden planted by them, so that it seems as though a Memorial Service will be the most appropriate.

The Governor saw Elder Hsu a few days ago, and was very kind. He expressed a hope that arrangements satisfactory for all concerned would speedily be arrived at, on our coming up.

Letter from Pastors and Elders of Shansi Church to Rev. J. W. Stevenson.

WE are glad to inform you that at present all the churches in Shan-si, through God's goodness, are now enjoying a time of peace, owing to the efforts of Governor T'sen, who has sent instructions to all the officials in his jurisdiction to put down the persecutors and protect the Christians. All persecution has ceased, therefore you need not be anxious about us. The sufferings of the Missionaries and their children who laid down their lives for us last year, must have caused great sorrow of heart to all who heard of them. We earnestly pray the Lord will comfort and sustain the friends and relatives of all who were killed. With regard to the present situation of the churches, doubtless Elder Hsu has already told you of the circumstances, so we need not mention them. When Elder Hsu returned he handed us your cards, and calendars which you kindly sent. Please accept our best thanks.

Referring to the Famine Fund; on the last month of last year, we received through T'sien-pao-chen the sum of 1,500 taels, and we therewith proceeded to distribute the same amongst the Christians in P'ing-iang-Fu district, in accordance with the arrangements made by Mr. McKie and the brethren there. Then again in the first month of this year, we received another instalment of 2,000 taels. On this occasion, Mr. Tsien and Deacon Li invited us over to the city to consult about the distribution of this amount, and it was decided it should be distributed among the Christians in the district of P'ing-iang-fu, Luh-an-fu, Sih-cheo, Ta-ning and Kih-cheo. Altogether about twenty-six or twenty-seven places, fearing the money would not extend further than the places mentioned. However, we felt that the Christians in the north of the Province should have a little, too, and we therefore telegraphed to Shanghai asking if there were more famine relief to be sent would we distribute it amongst the natives in the north of Ling-shih, where there were a few "tens" of places and also in Uin-ch'eng district, in the south. We conferred with Mr. T'sien and Deacon Li several times about this matter, saying we thought it would be better to give the Christians in the north a little of what we had in hand now, but they said "No—wait until more money comes and then go there," and as the money was in their hands, we had to consent to their proposals. On this account, we were unable to extend relief to all the districts. We pray you to forgive our failure in not being able to accomplish the task committed to us. Again on June 6th, when Elder Hsu returned from Shanghai, bringing with him about 3,000 taels for famine relief, and after consultation together, we decided that those who had not already received relief, should receive a large share this time, and so make up for their former lack, which we thought would only be just and right. Moreover, the Governor Ts'en, was desirous to give a sum of money to help the people, and decided that the Christians should first be relieved, as he feared many of them would die of starvation after what they had passed through, so he consulted with Chu-ti-wen, a church member in T'ai-yuen, and decided to give 40,000 taels to be divided amongst the Christians, and Mr. Chu was to be responsible for its right distribution. When your telegram arrived advising us not to trust to the pressure of the foreign powers upon the Chinese officials to pay our indemnities, Governor Ts'en had already given and distributed the above sum.

The wheat that was sown last year did not spring up. Owing to the drought not a single grain could be reaped by nine-tenths of the people. In the fourth moon (i.e., from May 16th to June 15th), a little rain fell, and the people were able in some places to sow a little autumn crop, but for want of more rain, what did spring up has been all destroyed. Alas! the people in Shan-si have met with both famine and sword, consequently large numbers of them have died. This is manifestly God's judgment upon them. On the other hand, we are glad to say that the Christians have been protected and preserved by our Heavenly Father, none have died of starvation. The church members who had land, clothing or other things, sold them and so were able to keep themselves alive. These did not receive any help from the Famine Funds as they feared that those who had nothing to sell, might die of hunger. However, at the present time, all are alike poor, and the greater number are trusting to the church for help to save their lives. We ask that as soon as you receive this letter, you will kindly pray that the Lord might open a way for us, and we would also ask you to try and find out some plan to relieve us. There are at present 6,000 to 7,000 enquirers and members in connection with the C.I.M. in Shan-si, most of whom will be without food in the sixth and seventh months, i.e. (July 16th to September 12th), but if God sends rain, then perhaps we will have a little hope in the eighth moon (September 13th to October 11th). (Since this letter was written, the C.I.M. has forwarded 15,000 taels for Famine Relief.)

We pray that the Lord will continue to guide and multiply His grace to you. We have just received a telegram from Shanghai, telling of the visit of Messrs. Hoste, Orr-Ewing, Tjader and Taylor, and asking that the leaders of the churches should go to T'ai-yuen to confer with them on arrival, on church affairs.

We send you our sincere greetings,

(Signed) Shi-ts'ing-lan,
Song-ch'ang-keng,
K'uh-uan-i,
Hsu-pu-uin,
Lui-pei-teh,
Ren-ching-hsu,
Iang-si-iong,
Han-ch'un-t'ai.

A Faithful Chinese Worker.

BY REV. A. R. SAUNDERS.

THE subject of this sketch, Yen Lih-p'an, was born over forty years ago in a village three or four miles east from the city of P'ing-iao called Tong-kueh. He came of a well-to-do class of farmer people, and the old homestead was a very good one, but, as with so many other good families in Shan-si, they suffered terribly from the great famine of 1878-9. In consequence of this, part of the house was allowed to go to ruin, there being no money to repair it, while another part was mortgaged to keep the family alive, and when Yen Lih-p'an came into possession at the death of his father there were only three cave rooms he could call his own, and moreover there were heavy debts of his father and forefathers for which he had now become responsible. A greater misfortune than these, however, befell the subject of our sketch, for he became a slave to that demoralizing drug—opium—which has ruined so many in China. He was at that time a silversmith working in the city of P'ing-iao. I have heard from many that he was a good workman, and had it not been for the opium he would no doubt have been very successful.

The first time he came into contact with foreigners and their Christian books was about twenty years ago, when, as he was going to his village home from the shop in the city, he saw a foreigner in the east suburb selling books, and as he passed by he bought one, which proved to be "The Gospel by Mark." Walking along the road he began to read the words, "The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ the Son of God," and he began to curse the foreigner for his stupidity, saying to himself, "How could God have a son?"

Time went on and Yen went on, too, deeper and deeper into opium smoking, till ten years later our Mission opened a Mission House in the west suburb of the city of P'ing-iao. Yen had heard of the fame of the foreigners in helping people to break off opium, so as to save himself from utter ruin he went into the Refuge to break off his opium habit. He was at the time a very heavy smoker, but being naturally of a resolute mind he had determined that come what might he would leave it off. He was not converted while in the Refuge, nor was he much convinced; however, a good impression had been made, and the work was persistently followed up by both foreigners and their native helper, and occasionally Yen would come to the Sunday services. It was not long before the Spirit of God laid hold of him, and being convinced of sin, he was led to put his whole trust in the Lord Jesus Christ.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

A short time after his conversion one of his fellow-villagers was in great trouble. His only son was very ill, and he had gone to one temple after another promising all manner of gifts to the gods if they would heal his son, going as far as to promise to give a theatrical performance in honor of the god who would help him in his distress. It was all to no purpose, for the child grew daily worse. One day Yen called to see him and said, "Elder brother Li, why don't you pray to Jesus? He can do everything. He has saved me as you know, and He can raise up your boy." Li was a simple-minded farmer and, to use his own words, he decided to "try this Jesus." They knelt together and Yen prayed for the boy, and the Lord graciously heard their prayers. The boy recovered and Li, who was a very heavy opium smoker, said one day to Yen, "If Jesus can do everything He can save me from opium." They decided not to use any medicine, and Yen stayed in Li's house with him for three days, and each time the craving came on they would get on their knees and cry to the Lord to save. The opium was set aside, and although ten years have passed since then, Li is still a non-smoker and is, moreover, a true Christian. It was he who, hearing that we had been driven out from P'ing-iao came out to join us on on the road, and when he knew we were without money he gave us 2,000 cash and volunteered to go and try to get money from the bank for us, and for that service on our behalf he was kept in jail for two months by the

GOING TO MARKET.

P'ing-iao magistrate. He was the first for whose conversion Yen was used by God, and since that time many others have been added to his crown. When Yen turned to God he felt that he could not remain at his trade—that of a silversmith—as there was so much in it that was displeasing to God. He was required by his employer to make articles of silver mixed with brass and to sell them as pure silver, and Yen's conscience quickened by the Spirit of God would not allow him to do this, so he gave up his position, not knowing what to turn to. After a while our brethren, Mr. Orr-Ewing and Mr. Peat, took him on as a sort of gate-keeper and general helper, and he remained in that position for several years, and as he was in every way a very handy man, his services were much valued by the foreigners whom he served. He loved to study the Bible and he grew in grace.

A short time before we took up the work, in January of 1894, it had been arranged that Yen should go up to T'ai-uen Fu to help Dr. Edwards in his medical work, and almost immediately after we had taken up the work we had to part with him. Dr. Edwards very courteously wrote me offering to cancel the engagement if I preferred that Yen should remain at P'ing-iao, but although sorry to lose him, I felt that I should be standing in the way of his best interests if I kept him at P'ing-iao, so he started off full of hope that after several years he would have gained sufficient knowledge and experience to come back to help the people of his native county of P'ing-iao. Yen has ever since remained a faithful member of the P'ing-iao Church, and although working with his whole heart in T'ai-uen Fu he has never lost any interest in the work of his native place. He generally came to our Church Conferences, and at the first he attended after we took up the work we saw that he was a man on whom the Holy Spirit had bestowed gifts of great value to the Church, and we have watched with joy his course at T'ai-uen and we have seen these gifts developing. Dr. Edwards has written to me more than once to say how much he valued Yen, and that he was a man in whom he had every confidence.

In the autumn of 1896 three men were set apart by the Church as Deacons, and, although Yen was still living at T'ai-uen Fu, we valued his counsel so much at our Conference gatherings that he, with Dr. Edwards' full concurrence, was one of the three chosen.

Yen was much used of God in and around T'ai-uen Fu, besides being a valued and able help in the medical work. Largely through his efforts a very encouraging work has been going on in a district to the north-west of and not far from, the city of Tai-uen Fu. In that village the converts have for some time been meeting on Sundays for worship in a house rented by themselves for that purpose.

A few years ago Yen married one of the Christian women of T'ai-uen. He was a widower without any children, and she a widow with one little girl. Mrs. Yen's former husband was one of the couriers who carried our letters to and from Tien-tsin, but once when accompanying a member of the English Baptist Mission to the coast he fell from a mule and died almost immediately.

In April of last year Yen visited P'ing-iao with Mr. Alex. Grant and Dr. and Mrs. Lovitt, and he then told me that on account of his own family matters he would need to return to P'ing-iao when Dr. Edwards came back to China and we were looking forward to having him for a time at least more directly connected with the P'ing-iao work, but the Boxer rising came and some of us were delivered and brought safely to the coast, while others, being put to death by the cruel edict of a wicked Governor, are now in the presence of our Lord. We at first feared that one so well known in the work as Yen was, could not escape, but we were glad to learn a few weeks ago that he had. The boys, Iong-t'ieh and Kang-t'ieh, however, have died.

The Boys and Girls of China.

BY MRS. EASTON, HON-CHONG.

TRAVEL with me in thought, dear young readers, far away over the deep blue sea, past the shores of Europe and Africa, Egypt and Arabia, and away beyond India, till we come to the great and wonderful China; and we will talk together for a little while of the children of that interesting land. We will begin with the baby, and suppose that it is a little boy who opens his eyes for the first time in the Chinese home. He may be the child of wealthy, or only well-to-do people, or his parents may be of the poorest of the land, but as he is a boy, they will be more or less glad to welcome the little stranger.

The wealthy and the well-to-do will have the means to do this, and they will not spare expense. The mother, the aunts, friends and neighbors make the little man all kinds of shoes, silk and velvet, prettily embroidered, and wonderful productions in the way of hats and caps. When baby is a month old a feast will be given, the relatives, friends, and neighbors coming to it, and bringing their presents and congratulations. Baby-boy looks very funny with his little head all shaven clean, a wonderfully funny cap, his little red coat, blue or green trousers, and last but not least, his finely embroidered boots. Dear, fat, funny black-eyed babies! you feel you can love them as much as the fair-haired, blue-eyed, English babies.

Baby grows, and his mother, if she is a poor woman, carries him about on her back (slung there by a broad belt of strong calico) while she cooks the rice, spins cotton, feeds the pigs, does the family washing and makes the boots. Our young Chinaman grows, and learns to talk and walk, and gets into mischief as babies do everywhere. Later on, we see him playing out of doors with other small boys, flying his kite in the spring-time, running races, playing shuttle-cock and many other games.

At the age of seven perhaps, he goes to school (which is often held in one of the temples), and there studies from dawn to dusk in the summer-time, singing the Chinese character at the top of his voice, and when he knows his lesson, turning his back to the teacher (after first making him a respectful bow) while he repeats it.

On the first and fifteenth day of each moon or month the young scholar will be going to one of the many temples, perhaps, to worship the gods, and we see him dressed in his best carrying a little basket with the incense and paper, walking by the side of his mother, who hobbles painfully along with her bound feet.

At the New Year, the great holiday of the year, the boy will be paying visits to relatives and friends in company with his elders. His clothing then is very grand—a red gown, perhaps, a yellow jacket, his little silk cap with its red button and tassel, and his silk or velvet boots made by his mother. He looks and feels very proud as he marches along with his basket, containing packets of cakes and fruits as presents; he may carry a piece of fat pork also.

If a Chinese boy's parents are well off, they will keep their son at school, or rather his studies, until he is twenty or older, in the hope that he may obtain a degree, and get into office. The son of poor people will, after leaving school, learn a trade—carpentering, tailoring, weaving of cotton or silk, bootmaking, etc; or he will go into a shop to serve behind the counter, or he will be a farmer, as so many of them are. And now he is no longer a child we will leave him to follow his own fortune while we hear a little of his less fortunate sister.

Poor little Chinese girls! many of them, especially in the southern parts of China, thrown out to die as soon as they are born, and yet I think, that cruel though it is, it is the better fate for the wee girlie, for we know that the Good Shepherd will gather these little outcasts to Himself while if they live to grow up, their lot is sad, and, oh! how very, very few of them ever hear anything of a Saviour's love.

There is not usually much congratulation at the birth of a daughter, unless it may be that the daughter is an only child, and the parents able to keep her. Generally speaking, it is considered a misfortune to have a little girl born, and members of a family never mention the arrival of the new baby if that baby is a girl.

If our wee girlie's parents are gentle-people, or belonging to the middle-class, she will be fairly happy and comfortable. Her mother will dress her prettily in the smart silk or calico trousers, red, green or blue in color, trimmed with a broad, many-colored silk ribbon. The upper jacket will be of either silk or calico of a contrasting color to the trousers, also trimmed with the broad ribbon. In the winter these garments are lined and wadded with cotton wool, and then our young China-woman looks so warm and cosy. A pretty head-dress and a tiny pair of silk shoes complete the costume.

At first the head is shaved entirely; then, later, a little tuft of hair is left to grow on each side of the head. This is plaited into a queer little tail. As the girl grows the hair is only shaved off across the forehead and the hair combed back and braided into one long plait, a bright red cord running through it and fastening it at the end. A pretty, fragrant flower from the garden in the summer, and in the winter an artificial one, further adorns the hair.

After the age of eleven or twelve the head is not shaved at all; the Chinese girl keeps her hair in a long braid hanging down her back until she is married.

To ask, concerning a young lady, "Has she put up her hair?" is equivalent to asking, "Is she married?"

News from the Field.

Hunan Province.

FROM MR. T. A. P. CLINTON, CH'ANG TEH, HUNAN.

I AM pleased to be able to address you again from this place. We left Hankow on Thursday, 31st of January, by the Hunan steam launch Uenchin and arrived at Ioh-cheo the following Saturday. Mr. Gemmell called on the Tao-t'ai and he kindly invited him to breakfast. Afterwards a boat was arranged for and a gun-boat as escort. The district Magistrate came out to see us and the Tao-t'ai sent up a present of a couple of hams, fowls, ducks and some eggs and wished us a prosperous journey. We were anchored all Sunday at Ioh-cheo, went through the streets of Ioh-cheo to the London Mission and found the people very quiet. Early on Monday we started and had a most pleasant trip to Ch'ang-teh. At Long-yang Hsien another gun-boat came out to meet us and escorted us to Ch'ang-teh and on arriving at Ch'ang-teh another gun-boat drew alongside, the official sent an escort to accompany us to the hall and arranged another boat for our friends to go on to Ch'en-cheo.

We had quite a warm reception at our hall, quite a few of the neighbors expressing pleasure at our return. Deputies from the civil and military officials have called saying they are under instructions to look after us. We have been on the streets several times and with the exception of an occasional bad word the people seem quiet. We have found everything in our hall in good order and I am pleased to say that both the evangelist and door-keeper have managed things with perfect satisfaction. The accounts were all square and the place like a new pin, so that it almost seemed we had been out just for a walk. Yesterday we had a small attendance at worship and to-day being the Chinese New Year we have had several visitors and it was gratifying to-day to have many of our boy friends coming in groups to pay New Year respects.

Chili Province.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. D. J. MILLS.

T'ien-tsin.—Two days ago, a Christian of the A.B.C.F.M., but son of U Sien-seng, C.I.M., native helper at Huen-üen-cheo, arrived here. He says that, last June, when escaping for his life from the Boxers, on the 24th of June he arrived at Ta-t'ong Fu. He found the city in a turmoil. The Mission premises had already been destroyed and the Missionaries were taking refuge in the Hsien Iamen. He left the city the same day, but heard later that the Iamen had been attacked and even the Magistrate, who had been friendly to the Missionaries, was killed a few days after he left the city.

Kiang-su Province.

BY MR. HENRY S. FERGUSON.

Ts'ing-kiang Pu, June 19, 1901.—The Consul at Chin-kiang was very much opposed to ladies leaving the open ports, even to go as far as Iang-cheo. Two ladies of the Presbyterian Mission at Su-chien, 120 li north of here, got permission from the Consul-General to return to their station and under the circumstances our Consul could not refuse them passports. With this precedent I went to him in the end of March and applied for five passports for ladies. The Consul spoke in superlative terms for about an hour on the supreme folly of ladies thinking of leaving the ports at such a time. After having fully expressed himself he admitted that he could not refuse the passports if I was determined to have them. When he found I wanted five beside my wife, he protested again and finally proposed a compromise. He would grant for half the number at once and for the rest after a month if all remained quiet (all circumstances, not the ladies). I might take back my wife and two others, or I might leave my wife and take three others. So early in April Misses Waterman and Robson returned to Ts'ing-kiang Pu and Miss M. A. Reid to An-tong. A month later I again returned to Chin-kiang for my family and the two Misses Trudinger. Miss Bell also came up with them, so the Ts'ing-kiang Pu and An-tong staff is now complete.

In deference to the wishes of the natives and consular authorities we are setting close for the present, making no itinerations. I hope however, to resume that important branch in the early autumn. The street chapel is now my chief point of contact with the people. I have the help of an excellent blind evangelist, Mr. Iao, who knows a great deal of the Bible by heart.

The Christians have stood the year of trial very well. They were subjected to no persecution beyond threatenings and revilings. One man has gone back who has long been negligent in attendance at worship. We hope still for his restoration. There were no other defections.

BY MRS. F. TALBOT.

Iang-cheo, July 3rd.—God has brought us to a place where the soil is hard and results few, although good and faithful work has been done here for many years.

I have noticed signs of new interest among the children of our Sunday School during the last few Sundays, and I am earnestly hoping that a quickening is taking place among them. There has been a decided increase in attendance chiefly, if not entirely, through the efforts of the children themselves, and last Sunday one boy brought four women to the morning and afternoon meetings. Most of these scholars bring their weekly offerings to the Lord, which are given towards the support of an old lady of eighty-nine, living here in the city. One poor little half-starved boy, who had been watching the other children for several weeks dropping their cash into the box, a few Sundays since brought an old broken coin to me with evident pleasure, saying that he wished to give it to the Lord. The old coin lies on the table before me and often teaches me a lesson as I think how the boy brought his all.

I believe that the work among the children is the most hopeful branch we have here.

On counting up the children's subscriptions a fortnight since, I found that we had a hundred cash, which I decided to take to the old lady, taking a boy from our school and a girl from Miss Murray's with me. Soon after reaching the house, I was surprised to feel the little boy taking my New Testament out of my hand, and turning to John 4, he read the story of the feeding of the five thousand, laying special emphasis on the boy who brought his five barley loaves and two small fishes, and then he began to explain to the old lady how Jesus used the supplies which the little boy had brought, to feed the multitude, and this was because the little boy had willingly given his dinner to Jesus. His clear, sweet, little voice was a pleasure to listen to, as he told the Gospel to the poor, half-blind old soul, and at once I began to wonder whether the ministry of children had commenced in this city.

BY REV. WM. TAYLOR.

Kih-an, June 11, 1901.—Thank you, for continued prayer offered for us. There were a good number of trying things to attend to, on returning, but the Lord has been our help. "Difficulties are only stepping-stones to bring us nearer God."

Mrs. Taylor and children joined me in April, and all keep well, save that our little girl—Gracie—has again a skin affection that is very irritating, and for which we would ask prayer.

You will rejoice to hear that nine were baptized here last week, all enquirers of a year or more standing. Numbers more are also coming on, and some of them are manifestly born of God. I do wish Mrs. Helmer and yourself could come out and live for a month in one of our interior stations, and see the work of the Spirit in ignorant and debased heathen, making them "new creatures in Christ Jesus."

The country is needing rain much Our Mandarin has proclaimed a fast from meat for three days, that the idols may give rain, and we can buy no pork just now. Prices are raising and we are asking God to send rain.

BY REV. J. M'ARTHY.

Upper Iang-tsi, May 27, 1901.—We are getting on well up this great river, and hope to be in Ch'ong-king in from four to five days. We have had a very good passage, having passed all the rapids without any mishap, and having had favorable winds a good part of the time. We are very thankful indeed to the Lord for the safe passage, and that we have such a good boat and men. They have worked well from 4.30 a.m. till dark almost every day. Of course we stop every Sunday, and then they get a good rest, and no doubt this helps them physically. Last Sunday I was at Uan-hsien; we have a fair property there now. There were nearly two hundred attentive listeners in the afternoon and that was the third service they had had that day. In addition to the large hall, there is a street chapel and book-shop; also a guest-hall for women, and a girls' school, as well as a boys' school in another part of the premises. There is also a piece of ground for another house for a married Missionary. You can well imagine how thankful I felt. Twenty-four years ago when I was there before, there was not a Mission station in the whole of the Province of Si-ch'uan. I well remember that the man who was with me and myself, had prayer for the people of Uan-hsien, and for the whole Province. We are hoping that the Lord will give times of blessing in Uinnan, too. We are especially in prayer to get the mind of the Lord about the location of the workers. There has been a great deal of hard work in the past, and yet there has been little apparent result. It is a mighty work of the Holy Spirit that is needed; the workers to be filled with the Spirit's power, and the people to be so awakened that they may feel their need of a Savior. You at home can very much help us if you bear in mind our great need. I am feeling very much how absolutely we are cast upon the Lord Himself, if there is to be any real blessing. I must say that I do not feel that the Uinnanese are beyond His power. I am only anxious that they should see and feel His power in our lives. We are praying, too, for medical men in this Province. My remembrance is that while the Province is healthy for the foreign Missionary, the unsanitary condition in which the people live, causes a great deal of sickness. Coitre is dreadfully prevalent in some districts.

I was glad to see Mr. Frost and Mr. Nasmith. I felt, however, as if I would have been glad if he had been going home, instead of to England. They left Shanghai a few days after I did. I just had a line when leaving I-ch-ang from Mr. Fishe, telling of the shipwreck. Was very thankful to hear of the merciful deliverance of all the passengers and crew. We got no particulars, and there has been no way to hear since.

Si-ch'uan.

BY MR. BEN. RIRIE.

Kia-ting, June 8th.—I have just returned from a journey to the east of here, with Mr. Toyne. We visited sixteen towns and had very good times. Open doors and enquirers everwhere. In several places, we had meetings in the homes of the people, which is a new thing. I baptized the first convert at Uin-hsien, in the river, in the presence of a large crowd, who behaved very well. We preached to them on the bank of the river.

BY BISHOP W. W. CASSELS.

Pao-ning, July 2nd.—Our great Uen-tsu Huei, the greatest idolatrous festival of the year in Pao-ning, has just passed. It has always been a time of much anxiety here; but, this time, things have been far more peaceful and quiet than for many years, and not a breath of evil talk reached me. We had no anxiety and no trouble of any kind.

The price of rice continues to rise. In excellent years, it was 300 or 400 cash for our small teo. In normal years, it was 400 to 500 cash. In bad years, we gave as much as 600 or 700. Last year, owing to the drought, it went up to 800 or 900 cash; but now we are giving 1,200 cash a teo, and wheat and maize are equally dear. We have had some rain, just in time to allow the planting of one-third to one-half the usual quantity of rice, but it is to be feared that even this will not live.

Monthly Notes.

ANY FRIENDS who may wish to send packages to our Missionaries in China, to arrive there before Christmas, are requested to communicate at once with Mr. Helmer, at the Mission offices.

At the first of October, Dr. and Mrs. Taylor take up deputation work in the Southern States, entering upon engagements there which will cover several months and will take them through the chief cities of the south. Such a service, with almost daily meetings, will be very exhausting, and we would ask for prayer for our beloved friends that they may be physically supported in the midst of their arduous work. We would ask for prayers also, that they may be made a great blessing to many souls, as they testify concerning the needs of China.

Our Mission Home has been quite full of late, and we have had the privilege of welcoming, among others, a number of Missionaries of our own Mission from various parts. Among these, there have been with us, Mr. Alfred Jennings and Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Joyce, of England, the first of whom stayed with us for some weeks and then returned to England on his way to China, and the last of whom, after being with us a short time, passed on their way to Vancouver and China. Besides these, there have been with us, Miss M. Hancock, Miss R. Palmer, Miss G. Irvin, the Rev. A. W. Lagerquist, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Sibley, and three children, and Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Thor, and three children. All of these last friends, with the exception of Miss Hancock and Miss Palmer, were passing on their way to the west, with the purpose of continuing their journey later on from thence to China.

The joyful tidings have reached us from the heads of the Mission at Shanghai, that we may be free to send out to the work in China those Missionaries at home on furlough, who are physically prepared to return. This means that those who are on the field and who are in a position to judge, consider that the time has come when work in the interior may be safely resumed. We cannot be too thankful, in view of what it means to the heathen, that this is so. According to the advice thus received, we have arranged for the return of our workers, and there have already left us, Miss K. B. Stayner, who sailed for England and China about August 10th; Miss M. King, who left Montreal for Vancouver and China upon September 2nd; and Miss B. G. Taylor, who left Toronto for Vancouver and China upon September 3rd.

After protracted waiting upon God, in daily prayer meetings held in the Mission Home, we have received most gracious answers to prayer in connection with our needs of funds. We had come to the season of the year when it was desirable to engage passages for our outgoing Missionaries but we had no money on hand to guarantee these, and so could not secure them. There were other expenses also, of a general kind, and funds were lacking for these. There was need of prayer, therefore, and we were constrained to offer it. At first, instead of answers to our petitions, there was great and continued testing. But then came the Lord's gracious provision. One gift followed another in quick succession, and one of these, a large one, was specially designated for the Outfit and Passage Account. This provided for present needs and made it possible to send forward to China some of the Missionaries who are in waiting. How often we find, when we put the Lord to the test, that the life of man's faith turns into a life of God's faithfulness! It has been so at the present time, and we rejoice accordingly.

In view of the Lord's provision for us in the matter of funds, we are arranging to send out two missionary parties. The first is expected to sail from Seattle upon October 1st, and the second, from the some place, upon October 16th. These will be made up of the Rev. and Mrs. W. Percy Knight, and child, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Sibley, and three children, the Rev. and Mrs. A. W. Lagerquist, and four children, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, and two children, Miss Theresa Miller and Miss Grace Irvin, all of whom are returning Missionaries; and besides these there will be, Miss Mary E. Waters, and Mr. W. H. Hockman. We trust that other workers will follow in the near future.

It is a happy circumstance that Christians have been entrusted with the distribution of famine funds in north China. The heathen, during the last year, have been brought face to face with many foreigners, in the persons of soldiers and sailors, and have not only felt their power, but also, have seen their ways, which frequently have been anything but godlike. As they regard all foreigners as Christians the spiritual effect of meeting such foreigners has been anything but helpful. But now, in the time of the people's extremity, they are being brought into contact with foreigners of another class, and they are learning to make difference between foreigners and foreigners, between Christians and "Christians." The famine, therefore, is the opportunity of the Church in North China, and nobly is she taking advantage of it, for by gifts at home and through Missionaries abroad, she is literally fulfilling the Master's word: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." No doubt there will follow this forgiving and compassionate ministry, a great revival, the saving not only physically, but also spiritually, of many precious lives. May God grant it!

We would pay our tribute of respect, with all Christendom, to the memory of the great and good President, who has laid down his life in the fulfilment of his public trust. It is impossible to do ought else than mourn the fall of such a man. Pure in life, true to family ties, conscientious in the exercise of official responsibilities, broad in his sympathies with the nations of the earth, in short, a Christian statesman, he has been an example to all public men and a blessing to his own and other lands. It is beyond words shocking that such a man should come to his end in such a way. May God in His compassion, forgive and save the murderer, have mercy upon the mourning widow and nation, and overrule the awful calamity for good.

CHINA'S MILLIONS

Keswick Convention and the Missionary Movement.

BY MR. W. B. SLOAN.

NO one could be present at the Keswick Convention during recent years without being struck at the very large place the subject of Foreign Missions now takes in these most remarkable gatherings.

It will, we feel sure, be interesting to our readers if we glance back and see the way in which the Keswick Convention came to be associated with the direct efforts for the evangelization of the world.

The Convention first met in July, 1875, and the meetings were for "the promotion of practical holiness."

When the leaders of the gatherings were appealed to, some eight years later, with a view to Missionary meetings being held, they did not see their way to accede to the suggestion on the ground that the holding of such meetings would be apt to detract the minds of the friends from the central object of the meetings. There was more to be said for this decision than may appear at first sight. It was often found Christian workers, when brought face to face with the question of their own personal surrender of themselves fully to JESUS CHRIST, seemed to excuse themselves from any such necessity by dwelling upon the work in which they were already engaged. The teaching of Convention on the other hand, pointed out that until this full surrender was made, the worker, either abroad or at home, had not yet taken up his right position with a view to truly successful service.

Although for a time there seemed to be a lack of direct connection between the Keswick Convention and the Missionary movement, this ultimately passed away; and probably now the most powerful apologetic that can be offered on behalf of Keswick lies in this, that the teaching thus given has resulted in an overflow of life which has shown itself in a renewed interest in Missionary effort in all parts of the heathen world.

During the years previous to 1886, when the first Missionary Meeting was held in a tent, quite a large number attending the Convention had found that full surrender to CHRIST meant a new relationship with Him as to the needs of the great world lying in the wicked one, and not a few had already gone forth into the Regions Beyond as His messengers. At the Convention of 1883, Mr. Hudson Taylor was present and took part, and his message at that time is known to have been blessed in calling at least one to the work in China. In the year 1885 a Missionary prayer meeting was announced to be held in the drawing room of one of the larger lodgings situated in Station Road. Mr. Reginald Radcliffe, Mr. Eugene Stock and other leaders came and the room was quickly filled. It was suggested that we should all stand so as to admit as many as possible and soon the room became so packed that not another could be admitted. It was in the following year (1886) that the use of the tent was first granted for a Missionary Meeting and this was repeated in 1887, but so far these gatherings were not a part of the regular Convention and very few of those who were recognized as "speakers" attended.

Finally, in the year 1888, two years after the abovementioned prayer meeting had been held, Missionary meetings obtained a place on the official programme. Mr. Eugene Stock was asked to preside at meetings for prayer on behalf of the World's Evangelization, which were to be held each morning from Tuesday to Friday inclusive; and he was also invited to organize a meeting on the Saturday morning, when accounts of Missionary work should be given. These meetings have been continued year by year up till the present, and their spiritual power and fervor has in no way diminished.

INCREASE OF INTEREST.

As the interest in the work of foreign missions steadily increased it was only natural that the Missionaries who were at home on furlough should desire to be present at Keswick. One or two ladies kindly undertook to arrange accomodation for them, and this increased facility has resulted in a constantly larger number of Missionaries attending the Convention, until there must have been from five to six hundred present this season.

Owing to the number of meetings held each day the Missionary Prayer-Meeting has to be limited to thirty-five minutes, but this only seems to make the prayers more intense and definite. The attendance amounts to about fifteen hundred, and one always gathers the impression that we are all met with one purpose, viz., the coming of the kingdom of GOD, while representing missionary effort in almost every part of the world. On the Thursday afternoon an open-air meeting on one of the Islands in the Lake has now become quite a fixed institution. It commenced informally some years ago; a few friends who were out on the lake in boats landed on the Island, and one and another gave accounts of their work abroad. The gathering proved so successful and impressive that it was agreed to meet in a similiar way the next year, and it has continued ever since.

A young business man who was present this year as he listened to the different speakers on the Island was deeply impressed, with the result that he yielded himself definitely to the Master for work abroad; thus making a surrender from which he had for some time been shrinking back.

ANOTHER LINK ADDED.

Another link which binds "Keswick" to the great world around us is the sending out of some of the speakers to other lands, and on the Wednesday afternoon those who have been engaged in this ministry have an opportunity of telling what the Lord has been pleased to do through them.

Owing to the special way in which South Africa and China have occupied attention recently, a meeting was arranged in the Tent for Friday afternoon, when Mr. Spencer Walton, of the S.A.G.M., told a most interesting story of the work carried on amongst the soldiers, on the field and in the hospitals, during the war.

He was followed by Mr. Conway and Mr. Green, of our own Mission, the former telling of the remarkable way in which he and a small party of Missionaries, including Dr. G. Whitfield Guinness, escaped from the Boxers in the Province of Ho-nan; while the latter described how for six weeks he, with his wife and children and Miss Gregg, had been actually in the hands of the Boxers, and although they seemed constantly to be at the point of death, the Lord marvelously delivered them. The attention of the audience increased all through this meeting, and during the latter part of Mr. Green's testimony people sat spellbound.

Our brief sketch would be incomplete without some account of the great Missionary meeting held in the Tent on Saturday morning. At ten o'clock, when Gen. Hatt Noble gave out the opening hymn, there did not seem to be a vacant seat anywhere. After the reading of Scripture, Mr. Eugene Stock took charge, and although it was far from being a stiff or formal meeting, all the arrangements seemed to go like clockwork.

There were no less than fifteen speakers, but the interest was sustained to the last, and—considering the size of the audience, and that the meeting lasted three hours—the number of people who left before the close was very small.

Mr. Samuel Wilkinson spoke first on behalf of work amongst the Jews, and the spiritual power of his opening words gave a good tone to the meeting.

TWO INTERESTING FEATURES.

Interesting features of this year's meeting were the presence of a Missionary (Mrs. Armstrong) from Burmah, and an account by Miss Florence Young of the C.I.M., of the work which is being carried on in Queensland amongst the Kanakas who are at work there on the sugar plantations.

Then we had an unusually large representation of the Scotch Presbyterian Missions amongst those who took part, the Church of Scotland being represented by the Rev. William Dalgetey, from the Punjaub, and Miss D. Mary Dodds, from Poona. The United Free Church work in Rajpootana was spoken of by the Rev. William Bonnar. Bishop Tucker, who had not been present since 1891, had a wonderful story to tell. When he was last on that platform there were 300 baptized converts in Uganda, and now they numbered 30,000, a truly marvellous expansion in ten years.

When Mr. E. J. Cooper rose he called attention to the contrast between the condition of Uganda, where all seemed so bright, with that of the province of Shan-si in China, where all the Mission stations have been destroyed, the Christians persecuted and scattered, and the Missionaries all killed or driven out of the province. He went on to describe the experiences through which he and others had passed in making their escape to the coast, and closed with an appeal on behalf of this desolated work.

The final words were spoken by Pastor D. J. Findlay, of Glasgow, and the Bishop of Mombassa. The latter sought to bring the whole audience very definitely to the Lord's feet, that the response of our hearts to all that we had heard might truly be given to Him alone.

We are permitted to hear from time to time of the definite result of these meetings, but how little can any of us at present measure all the influences that go forth from Keswick for the coming of Christ's kingdom in the dark places of the earth.

Memorial Services at Tai-uen Fu, Shansi.

BY MR. ARCHIBALD ORR-EWING.

Tai-uen Fu, July 22, 1901.

WE reached Tai uen Fu on the 9th inst., and were accorded a very grand reception. At the ten li village from the city twenty carts were awaiting us, for it was thought inconvenient for us to descend from our litters in order to receive their official welcome. At the reception hall outside the south gate a large number of officials, gentry tradespeople, and others in full dress, lined the way from the entrance to the upper hall, where we partook of slight refreshment, as well as received their congratulations upon our safe arrival. We waited a short time, and then, remounting our carts, we entered the city, proceeding straight to the residence which had been prepared for us. Shun tao-t'ai, who had been appointed minister of foreign affairs by the Governor, and who speaks English very well, had exerted himself to make our quarters as comfortable as could be. The place looked very inviting, and we were pleased to learn that the Governor was providing foreign food for us, using some of the natives who had served those massacred last year. A great deal of calling on officials had to be gone through the first days; but we divided the duties and thus the burden upon us individually was not excessive. We had also a great many visitors. As soon as these preliminary matters were over, an early opportunity was taken to discuss the question of a suitable funeral service for those who had laid down their lives last year, and Shun Tao-t'ai appeared willing to carry out our united wishes. We had heard that, when definite news of our coming was received, the Governor gave orders to the officials to select a burying ground and inter the remains of our friends. No doubt the officials had consulted frequently about the plan to be adopted, and in the end they certainly were fairly successful in making the resting place of our friends a somewhat pretty semi-foreign cemetery. A

THE CEMETERY.

number of us started early one morning in carts to visit the burying ground. It must be quite three miles from the city by road. The site was very fine, commanding a grand view of the city and plain below. But some expressed regret that the martyrs had not been buried in the old burying ground, which was much nearer the city. A wall surrounds the place, which is built with openings, in Chinese style, so that everything is visible from the outside. The gate faces east, and on entering there are trees planted at either side of the path, with large flower beds at the right and left. In front of the gate, some distance down the path, is a Chinese summer house, with a few steps to ascend it both on the eat and west; this has a picturesque, sloping roof peculiar to China, and is painted with rather bright colours. It is furnished with an earthernware table, and some seats of the same kind, which are all in green. Beyond this, to the west, we counted the graves of thirty-four who fell last year, being beheaded in the streets of Tai-uen, outside the Governor's Iamen. The shape of the graves might have been a little more pleasing. They were nearly square in form, $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, and were plastered on the outside. In the centre of each grave was a wooden cross, which is to be replaced later on by one in stone. There were four rows of graves, ten men in the first, eight married ladies in the next, nine children in the third, and seven unmarried ladies in the last. It was a sad, sad sight to look down on all these graves from the summer house. If we had failed to grasp what the awful massacre meant last year, we certainly had the solemn fact borne home to us as we counted the resting places of the departed. Stone slabs with the names of the friends cut in Chinese characters were placed in front, of each row of graves. Regarding the work which had been done as a whole, we were of opinion that the Mandarins had tried their best to show respect for the dead, and that their desire was to make some atonement for the past. Before leaving

THE DEAD HONOURED.

Peking it had been arranged with Li-hung-chang that there should be a " Ming-ching " or (" engraved banner ") the name of the departed written on a banner, which is regarded by the Chinese as a way of specially honoring the memory of those who have passed away. This plan Shen-tao-t'ai was ready to carry out, and in consultation we agreed upon the date for the funeral procession. They strongly objected to the banners starting from the Fu-t'ai Iamen, urging the plea, that there was not the requisite space for all that had to be prepared, so we conceded a point, and consented

SHANSI TEMPLE, IN WINTER.

THE FUNERAL.

to the procession forming in the Prefect's Iamen. But we pressed, that the service to be conducted in the city, should be held on the spot where our friends had fallen. The Governor had not been visible up to this moment, and he still pleaded ill-health as the reason for being unable to attend the ceremony. After many negotiations the funeral was to be held on Thursday, the 18th, starting at 9 a.m. We ourselves had to get suitable mourning, and it was thought that the natives also, especially those holding office in the church, should wear the same as the foreigners. We were most thankful when the day dawned, that it promised to be fine weather, and a little before the hour named, nine chairs, with four bearers each, were sent to our residence. We were carried to the Prefect's Iamen and here we were greeted by the various Mandarins, from the Tan-t'ai down. Personally I had no idea what the "Ming ching" was like, but we discovered that the banner was of red satin, with letters of gold, giving the name or names of the persons; this was stretched on a long wooden frame, for the banner was something like a Mandarin's umbrella, though smaller, made with red cloth. As there were in all nineteen of these "Ming chings" for foreigners, and one for the native Christians, the show was calculated to make an impression. Over and above, the Governor and other officials, the gentry and scholars presented wreaths, which were placed on curiously made stands, all the woodwork being covered with cloth wound round and round. Something, too, in the shape of a roof was made out of bands of different colored cloths interwoven, the whole presenting very much the appearance of the little shrines seen so frequently by the wayside. The officials led the way to the place for the service and we spent half an hour holding a service on the spot of last year's scene, Dr. Edwards conducting. Then the cavalcade formed as follows: men with gongs, the Chinese Mandarins, the wreaths, 200 infantry, fifty cavalry, the foreigners in chairs, the church members, followed by a few soldiers. We moved very slowly through the streets, but everyone appeared respectful and quiet. We had hoped to get to the cemetery about 11 a.m., but it was one o'clock. On arriving we entered one of the tents, which was made by the colored cloth bands interwoven, and stretched across wooden frames; quite a large tent it was. We also partook of refreshment, and ate with a relish the tea and cake provided. Our next move was to enter the cemetery. A few moments later we were asked to assemble in front of the summer-house, and a Mandarin read an address prepared by the Governor for the special occasion. We had previously heard the meaning, for otherwise we should have gathered nothing while it was being read, as it was written in classical language. The officials then returned to the city and we had a service, conducted by Mr. Hoste, which was very appropriate to the intensely solemn occasion."

The Trip to T'ai-uen Fu.

BY MR. D. E. HOSTE.

T'ai-uen Fu, July 12, 1901.

YOU will, I think, be interested to receive an outline of our trip so far. Throughout it, we have been conscious of God's hand upon us, and upon all concerned with us. You probably know that our return to Shan-si is due entirely to the spontaneous invitation of the Governor, and the Viceroy, Li Hung-chang. All along the road we have been respectfully welcomed at each stopping-place by the Mandarin in person; and have been entertained in clean and comfortable rooms prepared for us. The weather has, on the whole, been cool for the time of year, so that the hardships and inconveniences which we had anticipated, have been almost entirely eliminated. Our own party consists of Messrs. Orr-Ewing, Tjader, Ernest Taylor and myself; whilst the other Missions of the Province are represented by Drs. Edwards, and Atwood, A.B.C.F.M.; Creasey, Smith and Mr. Moir Duncan, B.M.S. We have also been accompanied by an officer in the Grenadier Guards, Major Pereira, who is travelling for pleasure, and obtained permission from the Viceroy to accompany us. We have had a small escort of Chinese soldiers, and found perfect quiet and order everywhere.

Our reception at this city, was all that could reasonably be wished for. We were welcomed outside the city by one or two Tao-t'ais and other minor officials, and also by representative bodies of the scholars of the various trades of the place. On the steps of the house prepared for us, we were welcomed by the Provincial Treasurer, the Judge, the Tartar General and a number of other officials, the first-named representing the Governor, who is laid up with rather a severe illness. All were most respectful, and even cordial in their bearing, and the Treasurer expressed two or three times, his deep regret for the occurrences of last year. They sat about three quarters of an hour, and talked freely with us. We are now very comfortably lodged in a large native house, having our food cooked and served up in foreign fashion, whilst such comforts as cold baths, towels, soap, lamps, etc., are provided.

We arrived late in the afternoon of the 9th, and since then have been pretty fully occupied in receiving and returning complimentary calls from all the higher officials. The Tao-t'ai at the head of the newly constituted Foreign Office speaks English well, having been at Cambridge years ago, and is evidently prepared to do all he can towards a satisfactory settlement.

Yesterday the Governor invited us to a very elaboarte dinner, served in a large, beautifully-carpeted hall. The table was laid in foreign style, but the food was Chinese. Champagne and other foreign drinks were offered. We were afterwards photographed in a group along with our host. The Governor was again absent through illness.

To-morrow we are to meet the Treasurer, the Tao-t'ai and the Tao-t'ai of the Foreign Office to consider matters of business. We are all feeling the extreme difficulty of the questions connected with compensation for native Christians, the discipline of the Churches, and other matters which now confront us; and are thankful that our inability to solve these problems is no reason against their being really dealt with by the Lord through us, as we wait upon Him in faith and subjection.

There are between fifteen and twenty of the leading church officers here from the various centres, but we have not been able hitherto, to see much of them, owing to other calls, though we had some profitable times of prayer with a few who met us at Sheo-iang Hsien, two days journey off, where we were detained three days by rain. We have been a very happy party, and have enjoyed much helpful fellowship together along the road, and are hoping soon to visit the stations south of the Province. It is impossible to forecast dates or movements precisely, owing to uncertainty as to the time which the settlement of affairs may take.

We spent a Sunday at Huai-luh, and had a nice service at our Mission House, when five women and three men of our Mission were present. I need not say they were delighted to see us, and I hope that Mr. Brown will be visiting them very shortly. The house is quite intact, with the exception of the worship hall, where a large brick platform for the women has been destroyed. The landlord, who joined the Boxers last summer, has been imprisoned at Pao-ting Fu for two or three months, and I wrote to General Bailloud suggesting his release, but have not, of course, heard since about the matter.

Huai-luh, and indeed all the stations in this Province, are now perfectly safe for residence by foreigners of both sexes. The Tao-t'ai of the Foreign Office here, has been urging me to arrange for the speedy return of more Missionaries.

We shall greatly need your prayers during the next two months. Shan-si has been convulsed from end to end; first, by the Boxer movement, and then latterly by the fear of foreign invasion. There was a general stampede from this city by between four and five hundred of the expectant official class; not a few of those actually in office, who were conscious of guilt have fled. Others have been seized by order of the new Governor, and are now in confinement; others have been deprived of office.

Members of the more prominent Boxers, have been put to death or committed suicide; many more are in hiding, whilst a large number have been heavily fined. Both the Governor and the Treasurer of the Province are thoroughly hostile to Boxerism, and therefore have been acting "con amore" as well as in fear of foreign armies.

I am thankful to say that the prospect of the autumn crops is good, heavy rains having fallen two or three days after our entrance into the Province. We have all been well, with the exception of Mr. Ernest Taylor, who was laid up for two or three days from the effects of the sun, but who is now well again.

The Work at Ü-shan During the Crisis.

BY MISS ANNA JOHANNSEN.

ON arrival at Yu-shan we found a good many of the natives waiting for us, and to our surprise that the house had been cleaned and put in order.

The spirit of love and unity among the four native Christians who were in responsibility during our absence is beautiful. They have been of one mind and one heart all the time. They say there has not been a matter over which they did not all talk together, and, as far as we can see now, they have managed very well, and have been a great help to the Christians, as several of them have told us. It is so clear that the Lord has been working in them, and has given them a love for souls and a burning desire to do His work that they never had before. It seems that God has laid Kwang-sin Fu especially on their hearts, that large, dark city where there are no real witnesses for the Lord Jesus. They have been praying very much and talked over the matter, and had come to the conclusion that they would rent a small house there and get a larger one as the work grew. Each one of them was willing to go and live there and preach the Gospel. They did not mind who it should be, but asked the Lord to guide. Old Mr. Li said that although he was not very strong, he was not afraid. When they heard that we were coming they waited to learn our opinion.

There are a few who have grown cold, or were afraid to confess Christ during the time of persecution; but praise God, the majority have kept true to their Master. For some time after we had gone, the rumors were very sad. It was told all round the country that the people from the chapel had all fled, Mr. Tong's house was broken down, people killed, etc. People would come into the chapel and say to the Evangelist and other Christians, "Well, you can be glad and happy to-day, but to-morrow you will be killed," to which they answered, "We are in the Lord's hand, we have trusted in Him, and so we are calm and leave it all with Him."

When some in the country heard these stories, they fled out of their homes and tried to hide themselves, especially the people in one village; but as soon as possible the Evangelist and one or two others visited them all, telling them not to believe all they heard, but wait till they had a proof of it.

Some of the women have been real lights and a glory to the name of Jesus. One at Shih-ts'ih-t'u, a Mrs. Kwang, stood very bravely, while her friends tried to persuade her to take down the commandment scrolls and flee for her life. Even when her daughter-in law's father came and exhorted her to think of her sons and her daughter-in-law, if she did not care for her own sake, but was ready to be killed, she refused firmly to hear anything about it. She answered, "I know God; I am a disciple of Jesus, He can protect me if He will, and even if I should be killed, I do not mind." Her sons stood beside her; her husband was a little afraid at first, but the bravery of his wife helped him to put fear aside.

Another woman is the wife of a

man called Yang T'ai-shuen. When the trouble was worst, the young women's parents and relatives sent several men to her and begged her to hide somewhere with her family, as she was sure to be killed. She preached the Gospel to them and told them she was not afraid, that she was a believer in the Almighty God and had placed her trust in Him. The next day, her people sent others, but she treated them the same way, refusing to take down the commandment scrolls or do anything for her safety. She said she did not mind if she were killed, as her soul would go to Jesus, but she believed He would protect her and her home, if not she was willing to suffer. All who saw her were influenced by her. Some of her neighbors, whose faith was not as strong, came to exhort her to be careful, but she witnessed so before them that they went home and followed her example.

"Martyred Missionaries of the China Inland Mission."

SEE ADVT. ON COVER.

BY REV. J. HUDSON TAYLOR.

THIS book has already gone far and wide, carrying its full message of what has been permitted to our brothers and sisters in the laying down of their lives for Christ's sake. We cannot offer any review of it, but feel that the introductory words will be valued by those who have yet to see the book itself.

They are: "Let our first note even now be one of thanksgiving and praise to God. 'Unto Him that loved us, and loosed us from our sins by His blood . . . to Him be the glory, the dominion for ever and ever.—Amen.' Let us say with the Psalmist: 'I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live. I will sing praises to my God while I have any being. Let my meditation be sweet unto Him. I will rejoice in the Lord.' Ps. 104: 33, 34, R.V.

We thank Him for the grace that won for Himself our beloved brothers and sisters in Christ whose memory is so precious to us, and to whom grace was given to finish their course with joy and the ministry committed unto them; no fruitless ministry was theirs! Many of those who were led to Christ by them share with them the martyr's joy and the martyr's crown. Their Lord trusted them with great trial, and by His grace they proved trustworthy. Who will follow in their train as they followed their Saviour and King?

We have lost much in losing such fellow-workers, but all we have lost the Lord Jesus has gained; and do not our inmost souls say He is worthy? We cannot forget His words, uttered on the eve of His own martyrdom: 'Father, I long (lit.) that those whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory.' Shall we regret that His longing is fulfilled?

God has made no mistake in what He has permitted; His interest in the spread of Christ's Kingdom is greater than ours. Our hearts cannot but ache for the places left empty and for the shepherdless Christians, and we are thankful for the record that 'Jesus wept,' but we trust our omnipotent Lord, and are sure that His tender heart would not have allowed such trials had there been any easier way of securing the fullest triumphs of the Gospel. The Apostle Paul rejoiced to fill to the full (lit.) his share of the afflictions of Christ in his flesh for the sake of the Chirch.

Let us pray that the record of these sufferings may stimulate us to greater self-denial, and that Christ's people in the homeland may share in the coming blessing, and let us never forget that a million a month in China are dying without God."

Line Upon Line.

BY MISS CORA A. PIKE.

LAST Tuesday I returned from a two weeks' stay in Shih-k'i outstation. These outstation visits alone with the natives, are one of my treats in China. I went out by boat with a woman; then one of the Christian women also stayed with us in the chapel. With the native evangelist, I had a family of other natives. I did enjoy them so much, and trust that in some way the Lord used me to help them, and the natives with whom I came in contact. Some of the time was spent in visiting with the evangelist and woman in the homes of Christians. This was my first long stay in Shih-K'i, and I wanted to get acquainted with the Christians in their homes, that on Sunday I might know the audience fairly well. So kindly received everywhere, and the Chinese Christian hospitality shown in each place, by putting something before one to eat, although many times one wishes they would not bring dishes and ask you to partake; at other times the cup of tea is refreshing.

When in the chapel, the women who came in were told the Gospel or taught a hymn. One morning a neighbor woman came in, learned a verse of a hymn, and then said, "I must go and dry my clothes." It was then I noticed she had a basket of clothes outside the door, which she had washed in the little pond just the other side of the chapel. On her way home (to the five little children she has), she stepped in for a little rest, and to get cool, the sun being very hot, and took away a verse of "I am so glad that our Father in heaven." Another woman daily came in with her little baby. She was not so anxious to learn, but had such a sad face. The little one was restless, and the woman simply followed me about. I often wondered how much she was learning, and if the Spirit was speaking to her heart as she came and went. She was always pleased when the baby was noticed.

One evening, just before service, I went to the door. Outside were ten little folks, from the baby in arms to the girl about twelve. I asked them in, and they quickly accepted the invitation. I began teaching them the little hymn, "Jesus loves me." Then off they went suddenly, so characteristic of the Chinese. Nearly every evening afterwards, some of their friends would come in before service for their little sing, until they knew nearly all the hymn, and many Gospels about God, Jesus, heaven, etc.

Pao-ting Fu—Its Sad Memories.

THE sadly illustrative pictures given on this page are vivid reminders of the ruthless tragedies which took place last year at Pao-ting Fu, the Provincial Capital of the *Chih-li* Province. There on June 30th, 1900, the American Presbyterian Missionaries perished in the flames on their premises, situated to the north of the city, and on July 1st, the little band of workers belonging to the American Board and the C.I.M., south of the city, were led out to suffer a martyr's death by the edge of the sword.

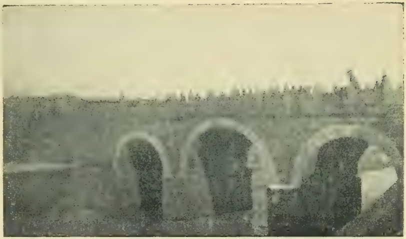
The scene of the tragedy still bears signs of the bitterness of spirit manifested. Even the bricks have been removed, the trees dug up and wells filled in, every effort being made to obliterate all signs of the hated foreigner who, however, will be more present than ever. Even thus does sin defeat itself.

The ruins of the but recently built C. I. M. House show the spot whence our dear friends, Mr. Wm. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall and their daughter Gladys, were led, together with the American Board workers (except Rev. H. T. Pitkin, who had been previously killed), across the stone bridge, which spans the small stream that separates the southern suburb from the city. Imprisoned there for a few hours in the temple, they were speedily led to the place of death "outside the gate."

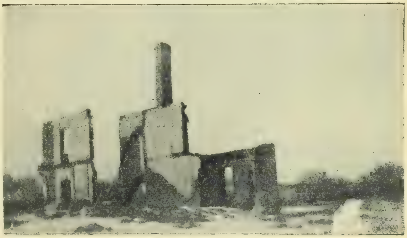
On February 22nd last, Rev. J. W. Lowrie and Dr Edwards found the remains of these beloved friends buried in a shallow pit. These, together with the bodies of the native Christians which had been recovered, were reverently confined and prepared for re-interment.

All needed preparations having been made, Saturday and Sunday, March 23rd and 24th, were fixed, the first for a Memorial Service of those who had perished in the flames north of the city, and Sunday for the Memorial Service and burial of those who had been beheaded on the south side.

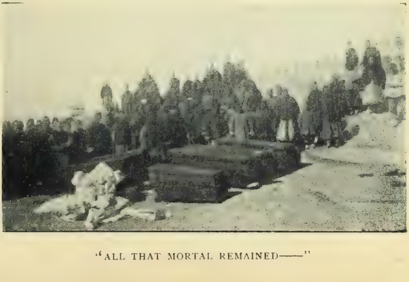
Luther writing of the murder of George Winkler by the Archbishop of Mains, says: "therefore will I translate the cry of his blood from the earth, that such a murder may nevermore be silent until God shall execute vengeance on Satan who brought about the deed, so that instead of one murdered George, a hundred other true-hearted preachers may arise who shall do Satan a thousand-fold more harm than this one man has done!"



BRIDGE OVER WHICH THE MARTYRS WERE LED.



RUINS OF CHINA INLAND MISSION HOME.



"ALL THAT MORTAL REMAINED——"

Medical Missions.

BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

THE medical Missionary cause is indedted to the Archbishop of Canterbury for one of the clearest expositions of the principles which underlie modern medical Missions. Preaching at Croydon for the Medical Mission Auxiliary of the C.M.S., and taking as his text, "Who went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed of the devil," Acts 10 : 38, he pressed the three medical Missionary points which it behoves the Church of Christ to understand and accept if it would in these days fulfil the will and purpose of her Master.

1. First, she must recognize the essential feature which binds together the miraculous healings of our Lord and His Apostles, and the ministry of modern medical Missions. In both it is the "doing good." "You will observe here," says the Archbishop, "that it is not the miraculous character of what He did which is insisted upon; it is the benevolence. He went about, not doing wonderful things, but doing good. He went about doing good, and therefore showed most effectively the true nature of all His services to mankind, that they sprang from love of those to whom He was sent. He went about doing good; and in the same way He charged His Apostles, when they went to preach the Gospel to do good of the same kind."

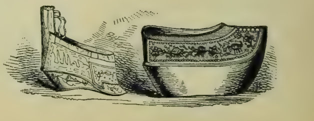
The fulfilment of the Great Commission cannot to-day overlook this characteristic feature of "doing good." The method of our Lord demands, in its spirit, our acceptance quite as much as His great purpose. He is our Master and Teacher, as much in our ways of service, as in the end to which the service tends. And seeing that He set His seal so unmistakeably and authoritatively on the healing of the sick, as His way of doing good, it is surely superfluous to urge that the same way claims the fullest and most diligent pursuit by the Church which has the opportunity, and which has set itself to preach the Gospel to the whole world.

2. Second, "We are, as it were, under the providence of God reviving the fulness of His work when He was here on earth. We are under the guidance of our Lord, following in the steps in which He trod. We are using the gifts that God has given us. Whether they be supernatural or natural, they are still given by God. We are using them to make men feel that it is the love of God that inspires us and that sends us forth. We are doing what we can to touch their hearts. Is there anything which touches men's hearts more than they are touched by the blessing bestowed upon those whom they love when their sickness is healed? I suppose there is hardly anything which touches men's hearts more than healing the sick. And as it was the great token of love in the days of the Apostles, so it was to be the great token of love in our days, too."

The Archbishop has done well to call attention to medical Missions as a reviving of the fulness of our Lord's work when He was here on earth. Even the sceptic might be startled at this aspect of modern Missions. The time has come for the work to be done, and the great Administrator calls into operation the various agents and agencies required. And yet these various agencies are only the counterpart to-day of the method of our Lord Himself. The uprising of the medical Missionary movement, instead of suggesting something strange and new, is in reality one of the seals wherewith God is stamping the Missionary movement of the age as His very own.

3. Third, "The Lord has not given them (the modern medical Misionaries) the power of healing by any miraculous agency. He does not enable them to do what the Apostles did. No, He told us before He left this world that these supernatural aids would be withdrawn. He said we were no longer to expect such things as the provision of all that is necessary for the maintenance of the Missionaries. He asked His disciples whether they ever suffered in consequence of their going forth without any preparation, and they told Him, No. Then He warned them that it would not be so in the future, but that they must take preparation. And this, of course, is incumbent on us now; and so we have to do, by the ordinary means put within the reach of ordinary men, that which they did by the means put in their power by the Lord Himself. But I ask you for a moment, this healing science, this power of healing the sick, which is now possessed by the civilized nations of the earth, whence does it come, I ask you? Is it not, after all, the Lord's gift? Is not all this science guided by His own providence? and is there not a marvellous progress in the use of it. Has God not armed us, as it were, with precisely the same armor, only working on a different system, with which He armed the Apostles themselves?"

We might even go further than the Archbishop and plead that, under the administration of the Spirit, the world-wide exercise of the healing art, and its special application to the furtherance of the Gospel in heathen and Mahommedan lands is, and was intended to be, in its own way, a more wonderful tribute to the glory of the Divine wisdom and compassion than the supernatural acts of healing which attended the opening of the Christian Dispensation.—Medical Missions at Home and Abroad.



CHINESE LADIES' SHOES.

Four of Our New Missionaries.

MISS E. G TAYLOR,
OTTAWA, ONT.

MISS M. E. WATERS,
BALTIMORE, MD.

MR. H. M'LEAN,
BALLINAFAD, ONT.

MR. H. W. HOCKMAN,
LOGANSPORT, INDIANA.

The Floods in China.

BY MR. JOHN S. FIDDLER.

PEOPLE in T'a-ku-t'ang have suffered much from the flood. Our house stands some 150 or 200 feet above the water, upon the face of a hill, but the native city is down by the edge of the lake, all round the foot of this round hill. The water came up, and has stood for forty or fifty days, from three to five feet deep on the streets, also in most of the houses. The walls of about half the houses have fallen, while the frame work and roof is still standing. But many of the houses have altogether collapsed and quite a few have been drowned and killed under the debris. I was sitting in my room one day, about six weeks ago, and heard a great noise, so ran out to see what had happened, and found that six houses had fallen (the one joined and rested upon the other). One old man was killed and another badly injured, but I believe will pull through. Our place has been surrounded by water all these forty or fifty days. The boats have sailed all around the place, and whenever we had to leave here, we had to take a boat ere we could get to the mainland. On the way between here and Kiu-kiang, forty-five li, we had to take three different ferrys. We thank God that this state of things is now over, and the streets are again dry. The water is going down a few inches each day. The people are all very busy building up the tumbled down walls. We have not been able to do any work amongst them, except a little on the hills, as we met them from time to time, and then, too, when they come to the house; they have been coming pretty freely all summer. Many rafts have also passed here, with as many as a hundred odd men on each, and these men have been keeping coming to the house quite often, so have reached not a few in this way. There is no church here, and only one man who is baptized, who acts as Mr. Reid's teacher. The people here are very idolatrous, and are worshipping a great deal in these days. Mrs. Dr. Judd has been with us for a month or more, but hopes to leave shortly for An-ren, while the Dr. is getting a house ready at Rao-cheo.

Abstract of China Accounts.

Dr. *Disposition of Funds remitted from England, America and Australia, and Donations received in China during 1900.* Cr.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	Tls. cts.	Tls. cts.
To Balance					111,772 88
General and Special Accts.:					
Remittances from England:					
Nov. 1899 to Nov. 1900, Funds for General Purposes of the Mission	£18,440	0	0		
Special Donations (including Morton Legacy, £12,526 17 7)	16,120	11	7		
	*£34,560	11	7		
For Missionary's private use	33	0	0		
	£34,593	11	7		
£34,593 11s. 7d. produced at current rates of exchange				244,000 78	
Donations in China and receipts from America and Australia, see list below (=at 2s. 10d. £10,213 5s. 4d.) ...				72,093 66	
From Rents, Exchange and Interest Account (=at 2s. 10d. £1,002 4s. 3d.)				7,074 46	
					323,168 90
				Tls.	434,941 78

Cr.	Tls. cts.	Tls. cts.
General and Special Accounts:		
By payments to Missionaries:		
For personal use	171,060 12	
For the support of native helpers, rents, repairs of houses and chapels, travelling expenses, and sundry outlays on account of stations and outstations of the Mission	47,111 93	
For expenses of boarding and day schools	9,278 99	
For medical missionary work, including hospital, dispensary, and Opium Refuge expenses	1,467 64	
For houses accounts (including special donations, Tls. 50,204.63, for new premises in the following places:—Chefoo, Ch'ong-k'ing, Cheo kia-k'eo, Ku-ling, P'ing-iao, Sui ting, Yang-cheo, etc.)	60,562 77	
		289,481 45
For passages to England, America and Australia (including special donations, Tls. 6,741.43)		29,574 15
		319,055 60
† *Balance carried forward*		115,886 18
	Tls.	434,941 78

(Tls. 434,941.78 at 2s. 10d. = £61,616 14s. 8d.)

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* NOTE This amount includes the sum of £2,577 16s. 3d. remitted to China during November and December, 1899, which was not acknowledged in the Cash Account for 1899. On the other hand, it does not include the sum of £2,002 5s. 7d. remitted to China during November and December, 1900

† It will appear that this balance is large, but most of it can only be used for special objects.

We have examined the above Abstract with the Returns from China, and find it correct.

We have traced the Items charged in the "Home Accounts" as remitted to China, and find they are duly accounted for, with the exception of the Items referred to in the above Note.

1 Finsbury Circus, London, E.C., 1st May, 1901. *(Signed)* ARTHUR J. HILL, VELLACOTT & CO., *Chartered Accountants.*

News from the Field.

Kiang-Si Province.

Miss M. E. Standen, of Ih-iang, writes very interestingly as follows, under date of August 13th: "You would be rejoiced, I am sure, to hear of the return of so many workers to their stations, and no more so than were we to come back. We received a very warm welcome indeed from the Christians, and even the outsiders seemed pleased to see us returning. It is wonderful with what favor the Gospel is received everywhere now. We have fresh people coming from all directions to attend the Sunday services. Of course we feel and know that many of these are not true enquirers after the truth, but they probably have some other motive in coming; still, there does seem to be a number who are really seeking for the light, and we do praise God for these, and trust that they may find salvation in Jesus.

"Last year, owing to the trouble in the north and our absence from the station, we received no new members into the church, so this year there were quite a number of applicants for baptism. As most of these had been coming for three, four and some even five years; and moreover had stood firmly when the country was filled with wild rumors, some not having missed a single Sunday in coming to worship, we felt that we could not any longer refuse them examination, so two weeks ago, when Mr. Pearse, our Superintendent, was here, we asked forty of them to come to be questioned by him and the native pastor.

"Those days were of deep interest to us, I assure you. To an uninterested onlooker, these candidates, some of whom were very poor and uneducated, would seem an odd-looking lot; but to us, each one was very precious. We had watched the effect of the Gospel on their lives; we had seen them turn from idolatry to the worship of the true God, and turning from sin to follow after righteousness; and while they were but weak members of the Body of Christ, still we believed that they had the Christ-life within them. Some of them, especially the women, were very nervous. An examination to these poor things, who had never had a day's schooling in their lives, was a dreadful ordeal, and many of them fairly shook when their turn came. One little woman, called Teh nai-nai, often said to Miss McKenzie and to myself, "Do tell Mr. Pearse that I am an old ignorant woman who never learned character; I don't know much about doctrine, for I've no memory, but I truly believe in Jesus, and I'll believe in Him until I die." Her words were quite true; she could never get much head knowledge of the Bible, but praise God, her life showed that she truly believed and trusted in Christ.

"It was nice to see the deep interest which the Christians took in the examination of the candidates. In the outside Guest Hall, many of the Christian women waited, anxious to hear how each candidate got along. As a fresh one went up stairs to be questioned, those who remained below, prayed that she might be helped by the Holy Spirit. And God did answer their prayers, I am sure, and helped them to give clear evidence that they were truly born again.

"One interesting and encouraging point in the examinations, was the testimony to the work of the Christians in leading these enquirers to the Lord. One case gave us great joy. This was the brother of Mrs. Wang, one of our Christians who died last year. From the time of her conversion, she was deeply desirous that her two brothers should be saved, and before her death, she had the joy of seeing one coming regularly to worship and earnestly enquiring the way of life. He answered very well and seemed to have got a real grasp of salvation. He is quite a wealthy shopkeeper, and might do a lot for the spread of the Gospel. So often his sister used to say, 'Oh, if only I had heard the Gospel twenty years sooner, how much I might have done for the Lord!' We are praying that through this brother, it may be said of her, 'she being dead yet speaketh.' It was really through her prayers and exhortations, that he was led to come, as he himself bore witness. Another interesting case was that of an old man, who had been a vegetarian for twelve years. He came into the hall one day nearly three years ago, and the Gospel was preached to him. He saw the uselessness of his vegetarianism, and decided to give it up and believe the Gospel. From that time he went steadily on, and has become a very intelligent Christian. Having a good knowledge of the Chinese character, he was able to read the Bible for himself, and so well had he got to know it, that he didn't miss answering a question in either the Old or New Testament doctrine. His one anxiety is that his family should be converted. His sons are very much opposed to the Gospel, and will not listen to their father's exhortations. As the old man told us about it, there were tears in his eyes. Mr. Pearse suggested that we pray about it there and then, and so we did, and a very earnest little prayer-meeting it was. The old man has such faith, that we feel confident his prayers will be answered, and trust it may be before long.

"Out of forty candidates examined, thirty-eight were accepted by the church, nineteen men and nineteen women. It was a great joy to see so many confessing Christ publicly. Our one desire now for these new members is, that they may continue to grow in grace, and that they may never lose their first love and zeal. We have to trust them to Him who is able to keep them from falling."

Hunan Province.

Mr. Quirmbach, who has returned to Ch'ang-teh, writes as follows, under date of August 22nd: "On arriving at Ch'ang-teh, I found the brethren had just gotten into a newly bought house, a fine, large place, leading from one street to another, and having splendid opportunities for work of all kinds. We are now busy planning repairs and building, and when the work is done, Ch'ang-teh will have a Mission Compound as well suited for work as any I have seen. We had our first baptisms here last Sunday, two men, enquirers of two or three years' standing being the ones to form the beginning of our little church. We had a very happy time. The services were conducted by Mr. Clinton. One of the men named Wang (Prince), has all his life long been a seeker of truth. When still a child, he intended to become a Buddhist priest, but now Jesus has found him and he rejoices in the Life, the Truth and the Way."

Monthly Notes.

DEPARTURES FOR CHINA. From Seattle on

Oct. 1.

Returning to China, Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Knight, one child; Rev. and Mrs. A. W. Lagerquist and children; Miss Theresa Miller.

Going out for first time, Miss M. E. Waters, Baltimore, Md.; Miss S. Bengston, Sweden.

Oct. 16.

Returning missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Marshall, two children, Mr. and Mrs. H. Sibley three children; Miss Grace Irvin.

Going for first time, Mr. W. H. Hockman of Logansport, Indiana; Mr. H. McLean, Ballinafad, Ont.

Just as we go to press we learn that the vessel this last party were in had been in collision with a large steamer just as she was leaving Seattle, and had to put back for repairs. Our friends may thus have been detained a number of days in port.

Details have been recently coming to hand, concerning the unprecedented rising of the waters in China. The great river Yang Tze has over-flown its banks and wrought havoc and devastation over great tracts of country. Even inland lakes have been affected, and also threatened destruction to those living on their banks. Surely China's cup of affliction is full. War, famine and now flood, have brought untold suffering and death to multitudes. The loss of crops and property must be appalling. In some cases our mission stations have been endangered, and Missionaries have had to leave their homes, or take refuge in the upper storey. What desolation and poverty will now be, where stood smiling faces and pleasent homesteads. Let us continue to pray to God that He might restrain calamity, and give peace and prosperity to distracted China.

On July 9th, 1900, 45 European and American Missionaries were killed by order of the Govenor of Shansi at T'ai-uen Fu and to all human appearance the work of God retarded for years to come. Exactly one year later on July 9th of this year the first party of Missionaries arrived at that Capital, having been invited by the new Governor and were met with every mark of honor. The account given by Mr. Orr-Ewing on page 113 is extremely interesting reading in view of the above fact, as well as for its inherent interest. The call has already come to rebuild the walls of Zion, but where are the builders ?

After prolonged negotiations, the Peace Protocol was signed at Peking on September 6th, all the ministers and Chinese plenipotentiaries being present. Prince Ch'ing, we are told, repeatedly expressed his regret for the atrocities of last year, and declared that China would make every effort to improve her foreign relations. As agreed by the protocol, Peking was to be evacuated on September 17th and the province of Chih-li on September 22nd. That this satisfactory settlement has been accomplished—and that without serious complications among the Allied Powers—is cause for much thanksgiving.

Even in judgment, God remembers mercy. This has been notably the case of late in the Province of Shansi, in north China. It is well remembered that there occured there there last summer a long and terrible persecution of the Lord's witnesses, resulting in the murder of hundreds of these, native and foreign. This was a sin which God could not forget. And so followed judgment. And it came in a form more awful than the Allied Powers could have inflicted: Heaven withheld its rain, the crops entirely failed, and famine stalked through the land slaying its thousands. But there followed this, mercy, swift and sure. The Christians in England and America poured in their gifts of money; the new Governor of Shansi, pro-foreign and compassionate, opened the way for the distribution of these; he himself gave 40,000 taels for the relief of the Protestant Christians; a Protestant Commission, including four members of our own Mission, was entrusted with the task of distributing the money, and so finally thousands of lives have been saved.

The sad news has reached us of the falling asleep of Mrs. Henderson, the beloved wife of Mr. William Henderson of Toronto. She passed away suddenly at Miss Macpherson's Training Home in London, England, upon August 29th, her husband, her father and other relatives being at her side. We would express to all these friends, our deepest sympathy with them in their bereavement. Their loss is a great one. Mrs. Henderson, with her husband, was long resident in the Mission Home, and her quiet, gentle and loving ministry in our midst, makes us to know what those who have known her longer and better, have lost in her being taken from them. May the God of all grace accept of our praise for all this precious life meant to many while it was still on the earth, and may the God of all comfort minister out of His fulness to those who mourn.

For a number of years past, it has been clear that the time would come when we should need a Mission centre in the States, similar to the one we now have in Canada. In view of this apparent and approaching need, we have long been in prayer to be guided aright as to time and place of the establishment of this centre. For the last two years, God's providences have been pointing in the direction of the fulfilment of our desires and prayers. and within the last two weeks, the consummation of these has been granted, and final decisions have been reached. We will give full particulars concerning this new departure in the next number of "China's Millions," but we would announce in the meantime, that the centre which has been chosen, is Philadelphia, and that our Offices there, will be opened for the service of the Mission about the middle of November. The Mission Home will be located a half hour's ride from Philadelphia, at Norristown. Will not our friends pray that the Lord will make this new venture of faith to be full of blessing to the Mission, and thus to China ?

CHINA'S MILLIONS

Happy, Alone with Christ.

BY THE REV. HANDLEY C. G. MOULE, D.D., BISHOP OF DURHAM.

"*And he went on his way rejoicing.*" (*Acts* 8:39.)

THIS was the Ethiopian eunuch, the man of great authority under Candace, the queen, who had charge of all her treasure. We know well his memorable, his most beautiful story. All the way from Abyssinia, down the Nile, through the Egyptian cities, across the wastes, up the rising land to mountainous Jerusalem he had traveled to worship. At Jerusalem, apparently, he had seen no Christian, he had heard no word, certainly no friendly word, about Jesus. But he had worshipped, assuredly, in spirit and in truth, and he possessed at least Isaiah, as a written Word of God; perhaps he had procured the scroll in the city, and was now exploring his new treasure. There he sat in his traveling carriage, moving along the solitary road, and reading, reading aloud as Orientals commonly do. As he read the fifty-third chapter, the chapter of the Cross, a voice accosts and surprises him: "Understandest thou what thou readest?" It is Philip, sent by his Lord to that unlikely spot, with an unerring choice of place and time. So follow the conversation, the faith, the joy, the baptism in the wayside pool. And then — suddenly, in mystery, Philip is gone, and the new Christian is alone. "The Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more, and he" (the Ethiopian traveler) "went on his way rejoicing."

It was a strange close to that blessed interview. And part of the strangeness is the new convert's joy as he goes on, pursuing the vast journey homeward, to meet whatever might meet him there when he arrived, and to meet it alone.

Was it nothing to him to be left alone by his suddenly-found friend and teacher? We may be sure it was not. The very last thing the true Gospel does is to blunt human sensibilities and sympathies; it deepens them. We may modify the words of the grand song of the seventeenth century, and say with a deep meaning:

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not Jesus more."

And oh, how deep and tender are the human sympathies which are the immediate creation of the Gospel. Strong is the bond between the teacher and the taught, the helper and the helpèd, the human instrument of conversion and the convert, in the Gospel life. Most sure we may be that when Philip and the eunuch ascended from the pool and prepared to remount the carriage, they felt their hearts one with a oneness which had never stirred the being of the African treasurer before. May we not lawfully imagine him preparing now to carry his beloved and loving teacher homeward with him, and to learn from him all along the way more of this wonderful, this blessed, Jesus, "glad theme of rapt Isaiah," the Bearer of our sins, who sees the travail of His soul in our salvation?

Then, on a sudden — Philip was gone! "The Spirit caught him away." We can only note the phrase; God only knows all it means. It may have been an actual rapture through the air. It may have been a removal by steps along the ground, but taken with superhuman speed. However, Philip was gone, and the eunuch has to make his way homeward orphaned of him, probably forever on earth.

Does not the experience of that moment come home? Who that is no longer quite young has not somehow lost a Philip? It may be the dear instructor who actually first led you to Jesus, perhaps a blessed parent, perhaps your teacher in the Sunday School or in the Bible-class; your pastor, perhaps, or your college friend, or your aged neighbor, young with the love of God; perhaps it is some helper farther on along your path. You felt a powerful "lift" in your soul's life in that conversation with him, in that address, that sermon he delivered, that letter he wrote to you. Or perhaps it has been simply the "sweet influences" of his (or her) life, in and for the Lord, which have been used to bless you. Anywise, this friend has become very, very much to you, both in nature and in Christ. You love that face, that voice, that fellowship, and you justly love it. Then the Spirit of the Lord has caught the friend away, perhaps to a distant place of life and duty, perhaps to the world to come. Alas, the blank which that going leaves! Life is lonelier all over for that one absence from it.

But now, look once more at the traveler. He is not weeping and wailing, and calling for Philip back again. Behold, the carriage, the cavalcade, is moving. They are off again for Abyssinia. And the new baptized man beams in every look with joy. "He went on his way rejoicing";

"For Philip indeed flies, but Jesus stays,
And travels with His friend."

Yes, he has found the Lord, he possesses the Lord, Yesterday he had never heard of Him; to-day He is His happy servant's all in all. He has Him in the Book, revealed as his Sacrifice of peace, his Life of life. He has Him in the ordinance, sealed to him as his own for ever. He has Him in his converted heart, living there, dwelling there by faith. The Lord Jesus Christ is traveling with him all the way to the court of Candace, and is going to live with him there. Philip is gone; but he has Jesus, and, what is noteworthy, in Jesus he has Philip still.

We need not elaborately point the moral. The Lord knows what the bitterness of our partings is. He has tasted the like grief Himself. "He knows, He knows." But then, let us boldly say it to the silent earth and skies, "He lives, He lives." We have Him, and in Him all things, our blessed ones included. Come, let us go on our way, in our turn, rejoicing.—In "Thoughts for the Sundays of the Year."

Breaking Off the Opium Habit.

BY MISS FORSBERG, AN-REN.

WE have had a rather exciting experience to-day. We have a young enquirer, Kiu-T'ai-teh, here, breaking off the opium habit. He gave it up last year, but while we were away, the enemy got the better of him, and he went back to his opium, which made him ashamed to come to service. After we came back, we heard he was ashamed to face us. I told them to tell him that he need not fear us, we were only saved sinners who wished to help him, so he began to come back to services again, and wished once more to break the awful chain that binds him. We took him in last week. Last night he insisted on going home, so we had to lock his door. This morning he broke the lock, and was just going to rush out through the chapel, when I saw him and shot in front of him, bolted the door, placed myself against it, and called for the evangelist. He and Miss Burton came to my assistance, and together we dragged him into his room, which was not an easy matter, as he was struggling, kicking and catching on to the benches. However, we got him in, and then he declared he would kill himself, at the same time dashing his head against things. Happily, his strength was exhausted, so Mr. Uang went in and made him lie down, and I brought him a cup of milk. He then began to cry. Miss Burton and I came inside and prayed with him, and I know Mr. Uang was praying as he sat there fanning the poor fellow. After a while, I looked in and found him praying. Dear Mr. Uang had talked to him in his quiet way, and showed him some Bible verses. So, praise the Lord, He had triumphed again over the power of the evil one. The poor man is quite meek again, confessed his sin to God, and apologized to us. I am telling you this to show the power of opium, and ask prayers for Kiu-T'ai-teh. This is his name. His mother is a dear Christian woman, who has had trial after trial lately. Her youngest son, a self-willed, lazy spendthrift, took opium to kill himself on Saturday. We had prayer about him, while Uang-sien-seng ran over with an emetic, and he was saved. On Sunday night, news came that Mrs. Kiu's husband had died at another place, and I fear he was not saved.

Li-Hung-Chang and His Successor.

SOME years ago, when Li-Hung-Chang was visiting England, a well-known photograph appeared of the famous Chinese statesman with Mr. Gladstone. Both these remarkable men exercised the same great influence over his fellow-countrymen, and other countries also evinced a unique interest in the doings of each.

Li-Hung-Chang, for the last generation, has been the pilot of Chinese history, and remarkable success attended his efforts in getting his country out of trouble. His representations brought General Gordon to play a very important role, in the quelling of the great Tai P'ing Rebellion. On the murder of Marjary he made the negotiations with a determined and angry British Minister. In bringing to a close the war with Japan, and in steering the ship of state over many dangers, he has been eminently successful.

HIS HIGHNESS, LI-HUNG-CHANG.

At several periods in recent Chinese history, it was within the bounds of possibility for Li to have secured the throne of China, but he was loyal to the ruling dynasty.

He has become rich, as Dr. Martin says, by methods not approved of by a nice morality, though sanctioned by the customs of his country, though the fabulous amounts attributed to him are only exaggerations of oriental and occidental fancy.

Li had all the cunning and wariness of his race, and has often proved more than a match for ministers and ambassadors, who could not descend to the tricks and duplicity of oriental statesmanship. He was, however, sincere in his desire to benefit his country, and initiated many measures that have brought lasting benefit to China. The telegraph, railways, opening up of mines, organizing of steamship companies; all these received his adherence and advocacy. When the telegraph wires were being carried across Chih-Li Province, of which he was Viceroy, there was a good deal of opposition on the part of many of the villagers. At one place the poles were torn down and the workmen had to flee. Next day Li went out and the ringleaders, hoping to regain favor, promised never to do the like again. "I will make sure of that," answered Li, and had the men beheaded on the spot.

As Tientsin was the gateway to Pekin, it followed that all going there, would call on the Viceroy, and it was useless for an official to call without a little token of remembrance for the great man. It required a considerable sum of money, even to get one's card taken into the Viceroy. The underlings and secretaries had to be well bribed.

With the passing of Li-Hung-Chang, there steps into the most important post in the Empire, a man of a very different stamp; and one who has already proved himself a capable and enlightened official. Yüan-Shih-Kai was envoy to Korea, when the difficulties arose, which culminated in the Chinese-Japanese war. As Governor of Shan-Tung during the time of the Boxer rising, he was able to keep the foreign powers in touch with Pekin, for it was he who sent through the first message to the beleagured Europeans; and all through Governor Yüan re-

LI, AND HIS GRAND-CHILDREN.

mained true to the interests of Europeans, and formed the compact with the central Viceroys to keep Boxerdom out of their spheres of influence. On the withdrawal of the allied troops from Pekin, his troops, drilled after European fashion, took over the policing of the capital.

Now he steps into the Viceroyalty of Chih-li and leading official in China, and as such much will be expected of him in his exalted position. Hitherto he has showed himself not unfriendly to Christian Missions, and it would be well here to recall the words of his famous proclamation issued but a few months ago — by some called the Magna Charta of Christians in Shan-tung, and which appeared in our March number. He says:

"I have instructed that proclamations be put out. I propose hereafter to have lasting peace. Church interests will then prosper and your idea of preaching righteousness I can promise. The present overturning (Boxers) is of a most extraordinary character. Everywhere in Shan-tung it is now quiet . . . . and if you (Protestant Missionaries) wish to return to the interior I would beg of you to first give me word, that I may most certainly order the military to carefully protect and escort you."

Famine in Shensi.

BY MR. A. TRUDINGER, CHEO-CHIH.

I AM thankful to say I arrived here without any serious trouble or difficulty. On the road I found the people friendly; they seemed to be much the same as usual. All along the big road from Si-ngan to Ch'en-tu, I met the Uin-nan soldiers returning to their homes. They looked a sorry lot; but few carried weapons, and many were ill and dying. I feared at first they might cause some trouble, but with one or two exceptions I did not even hear a disagreeable word from them. As I got further north prices began to rise steadily, though in the hills the crops seemed very promising. But once out on to the Si-ngan Plain and everything was changed; the whole place seems parched and dried up, as if it had been through a kiln. As far as Feng-siang Fu the autumn crops have come up fairly, though very poorly as compared to former years. But further east only here and there a patch is to be seen; the rest is covered with weeds. I except, of course, the irrigated parts just near the River Uei.

"The people look thin and haggard, many dying and dead lie about, and living skeletons, such as one saw in photos of the Indian Famine, are not at all infrequent. The houses and villages, too, that one passes have an air of desolation and decay. Many dwellings have been pulled down for the sake of the timber, and many others and whole villages in places, are quite deserted. In the market towns and cities, too, the streets seem empty business is stagnant, and most shops only have one or two shutters down, or are closed altogether, on account of the number of beggars and thieves that hang about the doors.

"The reports that one heard as to deaths from starvation are only too true. It would be hard to give any estimate as to numbers just yet; but from what I gather, the winter time, from the 10th moon last year to the beginning of the 3rd moon this year (namely, from November and December to the end of April), was the worst time. In Feng-siang they say the dead were being carried off the streets day and night. In Mei-hsien a dozen or more were found each day, and the boy in charge of the mission there says that hardly a day passed without one or more being found dead on the steps in front of the house. Huge pits were dug outside many towns and cities, in which the dead paupers were thrown, and they are still being used. This is, of course apart from the number that died in their own homes. In the second month (March to April) the Emperor ordered the grain in the granaries to be distributed, and that afforded a measure of relief for a time, though now most of them are empty. But famine fever is raging everywhere, and I think the number of deaths must be as great as ever. It is no respecter of persons, and so the rich as well as the poor are dying.

"Grain is from six to ten times as dear as in ordinary good times, the prices being higher the further east one goes.

"As to the prospects, unless rain soon falls the outlook is appalling. If rain falls soon, the land can still be sown; but if not, there seems to be no hope for the next ten months, and the famine must be really only begun. I am told that a few days ago it rained in Si-ngan and to the east, and I sincerely hope it is so. We pray daily and continually that God would spare the people in these parts

"In Mei-hsien sickness has been very prevalent; nearly every family among the Christians has had one or more ill, and Mr. Li, the evangelist, has been called to his reward. His death will be felt keenly, not only by the Christians, amongst whom he was the natural leader, looked up to by all, but also by the foreigners, for we all valued his help and advice. His life of devotion and humility was a lesson to us all, and we looked forward to many years of usefulness for him. I had especially looked forward to meeting him, and to have his companionship on the plain; but God has planned it otherwise. The services had been kept up regularly in the house of one of the Christians, a plan being drawn up, and the different members leading in turn. Christians and inquirers all seem to have remained true during the times of trouble last year. There are also two or three new inquirers.

"In Cheo-chih the Christians don't seem to have met regularly for worship. I am afraid the spiritual state here and at Feng-siang, of the Christians, is not very high.

"I intend to stay in Mei-hsien during the hottest part of the season. I hope to visit Si-ngan later on. I think it wiser first to make inquiries as to the state of things there, though I don't anticipate any trouble at all. In fact things seem just about the same as usual. For all that one hears about political affairs, the court might still be in Pekin. The Emperor's presence in Si-ngan is generally put down as the cause of the famine. The generally accepted rumor is that he is to leave for Pekin the middle of the 7th moon (August), and everyone seems glad at the idea."

A Freed Opium Slave.

BY MRS. WESTWOOD.

THE young Missionary who, for the first time, is actually confronted with the appalling heathenism of China, may well be thankful if at the same time he is privileged to see, crystallized in one or more consecrated lives, the saving, emancipating power of the Gospel he comes to proclaim. During my first two years in the Province of Kiang-su, often a horror of the thick darkness around came over me, and the great adversary of souls lost no opportunity of reminding me how feeble and weak were we to combat the dense ignorance and gross superstition of the Chinese. Then it was that the sight of Tsüen-lao-ti in our little church gatherings, his voice uplifted in prayer, or the remembrance of his life story cheered and braced my flagging faith and energy, and I saw the grace of God and was glad.

About seventy years old when I first met him, his face tanned with the heat of more than threescore summers, his eyes and ears fast losing some of their natural powers, but the eyes and ears of his soul were quick to see and hear his Lord. His conversation was on this wise: About seventeen years before the old man went down to the city of Chenkiang to look for his brother, and was successful in his search. One day, passing along the street he noticed a Mission Hall, with its door wide open. Seeing people enter, he followed them, and heard the preacher read the wonderful story of the raising of Jairus' daughter. As he listened to the recital of Christ's tenderness and power, he was greatly moved, and began to reason to himself in this way: If Jesus answered the cry of Jairus, why should He not answer mine? Returning to his brother's house, he found that his nephew attended the Mission School, bringing his school books with him. Mr. Tsüen examined the books, and found one of which the Gospel was the subject. He read it, and the next day went off to the Mission Hall to hear more. There he read another book, and the Holy Spirit brought the word home to his soul, but, alas! he was a confirmed opium smoker!

After a time Mr. Tsüen went back to his home at Tsing-kiang-pu, and before long found his way to the Mission Hall there, where a native preacher, named Iao, was stationed. Mr. Iao was a great help to him, exhorting him to repentance and to faith, and gave him a New Testament and hymn book. But this dreadful opium barred Mr. Tsüen's way to complete surrender to Jesus. How was he to be rid of it? Mr. Iao said, "Pray, and I will pray for you." "I will," said Mr. Tsüen. So home he went, with the determination to break off opium by prayer through faith in God. By and by the awful craving came on, but the old man continued in prayer. He was sure now, that it were better for him to die than to continue smoking opium. For four days the struggle went on. The old man lay on his bed weak and exhausted, but still he prayed. His wife besought him with tears to take a little opium and prolong his life, but he was enabled to refuse and to seek his help from God. Late on the fifth night he turned over on his bed and vomited some black matter. Shortly after he felt much better, ate some rice gruel, went to sleep, and awoke weak but well, and, glorious thought, a freed man! From that hour the Lord kept him from opium. His testimony always carried great weight with opium smokers, as he had used the drug for many years, and was therefore considered a hopeless case for reform. Just when and where he accepted the Lord Jesus as his own personal Savior we do not know, but there could be no doubt of his having passed from death unto life. His Testament and hymn book were his favorite books, and he knew them well. He often spent hours in reciting Scripture and hymns, and in conversation he frequently used the words, "The Lord Jesus so plainly tells us"—to enforce his argument—how He valued prayer. Had not His prayers been answered? How cheering even now to recall the old man in the congregation praising God, standing erect, and beating the time of the tune with his fingers on the hymn book. He was never so happy as when speaking to the people about his Lord, and he had the joy of seeing several of his family become Christians. On fine, sunny days he would be found sitting outside his door with his little grandson, to whom he would read out of his Testament.

A NEW MAN IN CHRIST JESUS.

On one occasion the American Presbyterian Mission at Tsing-kiang-pu gave a dinner to a mandarin, and Mr. Tsüen was invited. When the gathering took place, and the dishes were placed on the table, Mr. Tsüen was asked to offer prayer. Rising, he put his hand up his sleeve, and brought out his hymn book, saying, "We will now sing a hymn." He read it through. At the conclusion, the missionary, seeing the viands growing cold, said, "Sing it after dinner." Mr. Tsüen acquiesced, but producing his Testament from his capacious sleeve, he insisted on reading a portion and expounding it, the guests meanwhile proceeding with their dinner. He never lost an opportunity of witnessing for his loved Master.

On the charge of helping the foreigners purchase a house Mr. Tsüen was arrested by the magistrate's underlings, who dragged him about the city for two or three days, their aim being to get money out of him. At last the old man got weary and demanded to be taken to the Yamen. This was acceded to, so he got his Testament and hymn book, and went with them. When brought into the presence of the magistrate, the others who were implicated knelt down, but not Mr. Tsüen. "I will not kneel," he said. The underlings tried to force him to his knees, but were unsuccessful. "I am a Christian and kneel to God," said he. Then the magistrate spoke to him, and told him he would punish his sons instead of him, as he was an old man. (Mr. Tsüen was afterwards asked why he would not kneel, and he told us that rightly only criminals were really bound to kneel before a magistrate, and he would not kneel because he did not consider himself guilty). The news of his conduct in the court soon spread through the tea-shops of the city, and at last the magistrate told him he would send the case to a higher official. The old man was pleased to hear this, he said, as he had a New Testament which he wanted to present to him. However, the old man was never called again.

THE SPIRIT OF JESUS.

The following incident shows Mr. Tüsen's temper under provocation: One evening, at dusk, he was walking slowly up the main street of the city, when he was met by a coolie carrying his load swung to the end of his carrying pole. Just as he passed our friend he swung his pole carelessly from one shoulder to the other, and in doing so caught Mr. Tsüen a blow with the pole on his forehead, which stunned him. The blood fell to the pavement, and the coolie was in a great fright. "Go on," said the old man; "you did not mean to do it," and the coolie made off. A shop-keeper, who knew Mr. Tsüen well, came out and began to exclaim, "Who has done it? Where is he? Lay hold of him!" But of course the coolie was not to be found. Uncomplainingly the follower of Jesus wended his way home, but many days passed before he recovered from the effects of the blow.

PEKING BEFORE THE BOXER TROUBLES.

Time fails one to tell more of the old man, and what he was to us all. In his late years he encountered heavy trials. His dearly loved grandson, with whom he spent so much of his time, teaching him Bible truths, died from hydrophobia, the effects of a dog-bite some months before. This affliction was only another occasion for the heathen to taunt him, but the old man's faith did not waver. He was confident of seeing his darling very soon. There was scarcely a difficult matter that came up in either of the two churches (C.I.M. and Presbyterian) but what his counsel was eagerly sought by foreigners and natives alike. His long experience of life in the law courts, his shrewd judgment of men, and above all his prayerful study of God's Word, fitted him to be a sound adviser in handling the many-sided problems that daily beset pastor and flock in China. Perhaps the reason was that his Heavenly Father was always so real to him. In the chapel one day he remarked, "Ah! the Heavenly Father is up there, and saying, 'There are two of my children, let us listen to what they will say.'"

Since this story was written, the sands of Mr. Tsüen's earthly life have run out, and he has entered into the joy of his Lord. Many touching incidents might be added, showing his fidelity to his faith, and the way in which the revelation of Christ to his soul seems completely to have swept away the ignorance and superstition of his earlier years. In recalling the exceeding riches of grace ministered to such an one as Tsüen-lao-ti, shall we not remember the rock from which he was hewn, the pit from which he was digged, and take courage?

Christian Endeavor in China.

BY MISS M. E. WAY.

ONE of the most interesting Endeavor Societies I have ever seen was shortly after coming to China. In Australia I had the joy of meeting many Societies, and it was my intention to have a Society at my station as soon as I was able to speak the language. While journeying to Shan-Si, in a party escorted by our late beloved Deputy Director, Mr. Wm. Cooper, who is now wearing the martyr's crown, we had a pressing invitation to stay at Tai-yuen-fu. Mr. Cooper accepted, and we stayed from April the 11th to the 17th, with Mr. and Mrs. Stokes.

SHOP FRONT IN PEKING.

Living on the same compound was Miss Coombs, whose fellowship I thoroughly enjoyed. On Sunday an Endeavor meeting was held. I was asked to be present, but having just come to China could not speak to them. Twenty-six bright-looking girls assembled, and Miss Gregg, of Huai-luh. It was nice to see each one read their Bible and hear them pray. The next day Miss Coombs was skipping and playing with them in the courtyard. Their unbound feet made it easy for them to run. After we were all seated together, Miss Coombs told them that I was from Australia, and had never seen snow till I came to China. Tuesday morning came, and I said good-bye, and never shall I forget my visit. Just as the cart was leaving Mrs. Dr. Lovitt lifted up her little boy of two years old to kiss us, and Miss Coombs walked a little distance with us. I promised to write to her, and she asked me to write to Dr. Clark, as he had just arrived at Tientsin. I did so, and received a letter at the last moment before we fled from the mountains to hide from the face of man. After months of weary suffering we were delivered by the K'uh-u Mandarin, two fellow Missionaries and myself. The others of our party, Mr. and Mrs. Kay and child, were killed. Christians from all stations came to see us. I made fullest inquiries about Dr. Clark, and it was not until I reached the coast, almost a year after that Endeavor meeting at Tai-yuen, that I learned he was not among the martyrs.

The dear girls at Tai-yuen-fu were not killed. They were brought before the Mandarin, and he asked them, "Why do you follow the foreigners?" "We do not follow the foreigners, we follow God." "Why do you read the foreigners' books?" "We read God's books." "Why have you got your feet unbound?" "Because God never meant that we should have small feet." "What do you gain by all this?" "We gain Christ and eternal life." They were imprisoned and afterward released, and I heard at a Missionary meeting in Shanghai that they were suffering very much. Miss Coombs' Dr. and Mrs. Lovitt and the dear baby boy, Mr. and Mrs. Stokes and others are all wearing the martyr's crown. Of we three who were together at the Endeavor meeting, Miss Gregg, like myself, was delivered after much suffering, escaping with Mr. and Mrs. Green, but dear Miss Coombs passed through a fiery furnace into the presence of the King. Her loved girls still need the help that only our prayers can give.

A Faithful Endeavorer.

ABOUT thirty miles from our station in Shansi, lived a native Christian named Yuen-ri. He was not prominent in the church, but was one whose being was full of the Spirit of God. He had a young wife, a mother, father and sister, and a comfortable little home. The family were all Christians. When Yüen-ri heard our great danger he came forward and offered to find a place for us to hide in. He succeeded, and on July the 4th, when Miss Chapman, Mr. McKie and myself escaped out of the city he met us a short distance away in the dark, and took us to the house of an old thief and murderer. Here we remained for six weeks, sleeping on coffin-boards, in an old loft. The place was overrun with rats and vermin, in the corner was a heap of rubbish, the odor being almost unbearable. Faithful Yüen-ri handed us food every day through a hole, and at night when we went out for a breath, he kept watch. During the day he would go about seeking information for us, and would often weep bitterly when he came to us with the reports of massacres at the various stations. He would pray with us and ask God to fit us for heaven, as it seemed impossible we could ever get out of the Province. He said again and again that he was willing to die for Christ, and would never leave us, but would die with us. On one occasion, we started to walk 700 miles, to Sing-ngan-fu, our intention being to walk at night and hide during the day. The day after starting he was caught with others and bound with ropes in a temple for several days, and threatened to be beheaded. When released and warned to have nothing to do with us, as he would surely lose his life, he refused to listen and went in search of us, finding us lost in the mountains after three days without food and two without water. He found food and led us about in company with an old thief to places where no human being would think of going. He would sleep out on the mountains with us, sometimes in terrible thunder-storms. In trying to lead us through dense places a large stone fell on his foot, seriously injuring it. It was swollen twice the size and had suffered intense agony for about seven weeks. In answer to definite prayer his foot was healed, and he was able again to lead us about. During his illness, an enquirer brought us bread and water at midnight, and on one occasion a quarrel was raised, and Yüen-ri told us we must go to his home, as he thought, to await death. His wife had gone away to hide but he would get her back to help us; we were welcome to the bit of food they had, "It was not much, but it would keep life till it pleased God to take us to our heavenly home, where we longed and prayed to go." God prevented us from going to Yüen-ri's home, and thus spared our lives. for it was destroyed by the Boxers. He saved our lives many times, under God, and one night prevented an old thief from killing us. Great was his joy when the proclamation was out for our protection; he could not get to us quick enough, and he persuaded an enquirer to take us into his loft. After great persuasion he took us from the cave where we had hidden for a fortnight, then Yüen-ri took us to two other places, and on October the 21st we were delivered by a Mandarin who had been commanded to protect us. He stayed with us when we joined another lady, Mrs. Ogren, who had survived the suffering; she buried her husband just before we reached her. He was a great comfort to us all during her dangerous illness. We started for Shanghai, five weeks' of difficult travel and in the depth of winter, on January the 6th. Yüen went with us. He was loving, kind and thoughtful to Mrs. Ogren's babies, and was the only native she would trust to hold them. Could you have seen his face just as we were nearing Hang-kow, you would never have forgotten it. It was he who first caught sight of the band of Missionaries coming to meet us, shouting "Glory, hallelujah," and "Welcome home." He was looked upon as a hero, but God kept him unspoiled by the attention and praise. On reaching Shanghai Mr. Stevenson, Deputy-Director of the C.I. M. thanked him personally, and we were glad to give him as a slight reward for his months of self-sacrificing devotion, a house, land and animals, to the value of 130 taels (about 100 gold dollars) in place of his little home destroyed by the Boxers.

He has returned to Shansi; already two parties of Missionaries have gone forward and the Governor has urged all to return. There were many Endeavorers among the Shansi martyrs. We trust Yüen-ri may become a leader among the Shansi Societies, for he is indeed a true Endeavorer.

Revisiting Honan.

MR. ARCH. GRACIE.

NOTHING, perhaps, could give us a better idea of the altered attitude of many of the people and officials than the following graphic details, culled from the letters of Mr. A. Gracie, who has been permitted with a small party of Missionaries to re-enter Ho-nan.

"September 5th. — "After dinner, we started again for the last part of our journey to Shae-k'i-tien, a distance of twenty-five li, not knowing of the grand reception that was awaiting us. When we got to within five li of the city we heard trumpets blowing, and, looking out of our carts, we saw soldiers coming towards us carrying banners, etc., and a Mandarin riding in front. The soldiers numbered about fifty. When we drew near a soldier came running forward and presented a card, announcing that they had come to receive us. We thereupon got down from the carts and walked forward a few steps to meet the official, who had already dismounted and was coming towards us. We then bowed and greeted one another, whilst a herald, kneeling down on the ground, shouted out a welcome to us, saying that the officials, gentry and others, extended a hearty welcome to the great teachers! This was followed by a cheer. The official then invited us to get into our carts, and he formed his soldiers in line and they marched on in front of us.

"After going forward a little farther, we saw more banners flying and crowds of people on both sides of the road, right up to the city gates. We were again stopped and asked to come down form our carts, a messenger stepping forward and telling us that the church members had come to welcome us. We bowed and exchanged greetings; then went forward a few paces, and another messenger came running with a card, saying the merchants were coming, their followers carrying flags and banners. After saluting them, they marched around our carts and then stood in line by the side of the road. Then another messenger announced that the officials and elders of the town had arrived, and they also received and greeted us. We then walked up to the city gates, where the leaders of the gentry and scholars were waiting to receive us. After bowing, they presented us with the freedom of the city.

"We then got into our carts and were driven through the streets — which were crowded with people, all straining their necks to get a peep at us — right up to the door of the kong-kuan that the official had rented for us.

"If outward display means anything, their reception certainly helped to make up for the work of destruction last year.

September 7th. — "To-day, we went over to look at our old premises. What a desolation! The whole place is full of long grass and weeds, and nothing but part of the bare walls left standing.

"We have had several visits from the leading gentry, and all seem very friendly and glad we have returned. Our not accepting compensation has doubtless a good deal to do with their friendly attitude.

"The Christians are discussing the question of compensation. They seem to be a good deal upset because of our decision. We are holding two meetings each day with them, for spiritual benefit, and we are looking to the Lord to bring them into a better state of mind. They have already confessed to having claimed for more than their losses.

September 11th. — "We left Shae-k'i-tien this morning in grand style. The Nan-iang Hsien official had breakfast with us and waited to see us off. He had given orders for a large number of soldiers to escort us; so, when we were ready to start, the soldiers formed up in line and marched out of the town before us. When we got outside the town, we found the officials waiting, dressed in their full robes and behind them stood the leading gentry. We thanked them for their kindness in receiving us back. Before we left the house, they sent in 10,000 cash for our use on the way. The military official, too, was out with his soldiers.

"I must say that we left Shae-k'i-tien with one or two regrets. We were sorry to see bitterness in the hearts of some, especially the country Christians, owing to the position we took up in connection with their claims. We could not claim for them, neither could we get evil-doers punished, as some of them thought we ought to do. This is a most difficult and critical time for the Church in Ho-nan. We need much prayer for ourselves and for them.

September 13th. — "We reached Siang Hsien to-night and had a hearty welcome from the people, in the south suburb. When we reached a place ten li from the city, we found the Christians waiting to receive and welcome us. It was a great joy to see them, and they were rejoiced to see us. Having gone a little farther, we were met by two small officials with a band of soldiers; then, farther on, we found a large number of people waiting for us, with flags and banners. They came forward and welcomed us back to Siang Hsien.

September 14th. — "To-day, we were visited by all the officials in the town. When the Hsien came, we asked him to open the doors of our premises, which he did. On entering, we found every room empty, the doors and windows having been removed. The whole place looked very desolate. We then went over to our dwelling house, to have a look at it, too. From the outside, it appeared to be intact; but a different picture met our eyes inside. We found a good deal of the inside roofs completely removed and the walls destroyed. In other rooms, all the wood that could be removed had been cleared away; but the walls and roofs were left intact, except where the windows and doors had been removed. It will take a good deal of money to put the house in order again.

September 15th. — "We have had a good day; three large meetings and a good deal of blessing. I am glad to know that the Christians are standing, and on the whole have done very well. Many of them have suffered much, both in body and mind.

Hsü-cheo, September 19th. — "I have left our two native helpers in charge of the work at Siang Hsien: Mr. Chang to look after the repairs to the house, and Mr. T'ien to preach the Gospel and look after the Christians. I was so glad to find that nothing had been done by the Christians in claiming compensation for their losses or in going to law with the people who had stolen their things. I believe that some of them had asked the evangelist to take up their cases, but he refused, saying that they were to wait until I returned and then they would be looked into. So far as I could make out, most of them claimed for less than their actual losses.

September 21st. — "We arrived at T'ai-k'ang, this afternoon. We first went to the Yamen and saw the official. We thanked him for his kindness in looking after our premises and for guarding the Christians from persecution. He said that he had given orders to open our hall door and to make everything ready for us; so when we came in, we found the place swept and ready for our reception. A number of the Christians were waiting to receive us. We looked over the house and found everything just as Mr. and Mrs. Ford had left it, not a single thing seems to have been touched — the only station in Ho-nan of which such a thing can be said. We also find that none of the Christians have been harmed in any way, and that they have been allowed to quietly meet together for worship, in their own homes, all the time. The iao-ien was very prevalent at the time of the crisis last year.

September 22nd. — "We have had three large meetings to-day. There were about 100, men and women, at the forenoon and afternoon services. I believe that the most of the members have been steadfast and attended the services regularly all the time.

September 25th. — "We left T'ai-k'ang this morning and reached Ch'en-cheo Fu in the afternoon. Kwo Loa-siang, the deacon whom the Lord has used to care for the work since the crisis of last year, returned from Cheo-kia-k'eo, where he had gone to meet us, so we were able to arange for the carrying on of the work.

"We have opened the hall and left the old door-keeper in charge, to attend to visitors. We have asked Kwo Lao-siang to continue to look after the members and others, as he has been doing, until the Missionary returns. He has kept the work well in hand, and is apparently a very spiritually minded man. The Church at T'ai-k'ang seems to be in a good spiritual condition, with the exception of one or two members.

"The Hsien official sent out a large military escort to receive us, before we reached Ch'en-cheo, and when we got to the north suburb we found the Hsien and military officials awaiting us. The official who was in office last year has been removed.

September 26th. — "To-day, we visited all the officials, first going to the Fu Yamen, where we were received by the old man in a very friendly manner. We asked him to kindly put out a proclamation, to let the people know that we had come back. We also asked him to put out proclamations at Ch'ong-ts'ang, where the three Swedish ladies were robbed; and at Siao-iao, where Mr. Bird was ill-treated. He promised to do so at once.

"In the afternoon, the three officials came to open the door of the Mission house. We all went in and found that a good deal of damage had been done to it since the official took it in charge. He has offered to repair it, and has sent a builder and carpenter to begin operations.

"The church members here have not suffered at all, so they have no claims for compensation. We have been holding two meetings daily with the Christians. I am glad to say that they have been going forward, the women especially.

September 30th. — "We left Ch'en-cheo Fu this morning and reached Cheo-kia-k'eo in the afternoon. We were accompanied by Mr. Ien (the official who received the Missionaries into his house and protected them at the time of the riot) and four of the gentry from Cheo-kia-k'eo, who came to, Ch'en-cheo, two days before, to receive us. When we got near the town, the military official, with about 200 soldiers, came out to meet us and take us to the kong-kuan prepared for us. When we reached the gate we found the officials from Si-hua and Cheo-kia-k'eo awaiting us, and in the evening the official from Shang-shiu came to give us a welcome.

October 1st. — "This morning, we returned calls, and in the afternoon we visited our three places, with the Hsien official. We went first of all to Ho-peh. We found the front leo had been taken down, and in the back leo all the wood — windows, doors and flooring — had been removed, and also the wood of the other rooms taken away. We next went to Ho-si, and found just a bare piece of ground, and at Ho-nan the same spectacle met our eyes, not one brick left upon another. This place has given me a very bad impression; the people, even now, are not at all friendly. Yesterday, the Mandarin sent a man along the streets to beat a gong and warn the people that they were to keep quiet.

October 3rd. — "To-day we went to the San-fu's Yamen for breakfast. After the feast was over we hurried back to the kong-kuan, to get ready to start for Si-hua. We left with a large escort of soldiers, and after going about fifteen li we found the Si-hua Mandarin waiting to receive us. It was very courteous of him to come so far to meet us. When we got to the temple just outside the town, we found the gentry awaiting us. There were also one or two from Siao-iao, where Mr. Bird was ill-treated. They escorted us to the Examination Hall, where they had prepared rooms for our reception.

October 4th. — "We have been busy to-day returning calls, receiving guests and talking over matters concerning the Church here. The members are making out their claims. We require to go over their papers with them, as we find many of them are tempted to claim for more than they lost.

"In all the stations that we have visited, we have asked the officials to do what they could to have our things which were stolen returned to us. In most of the stations we have got back a few things, but they are not of much consequence; the valuables have either been destroyed or are hidden away.

October 5th. — "We are back in Cheo-kia-k'eo again, having left Si-hua at noon. Before leaving, the claims of the church members were sent in, amounting to 225,000 cash, and were paid. We asked the official to get us another house, if it can be had, and he has promised to do so.

CHINA INLAND MISSION HOME AT I-CH'ANG, WEST CHINA.

News from the Field.

Kan-suh Province.

TS'IN-CHEO.—Messrs Hall and Harding arrived at this station on the 10th July, and a few days later the Mission premises were handed over to them by the officials. It was found that the premises had been occupied since the Missionaries left, and many things had been stolen. Of the church, Mr. Hall writes:

"You will be glad to hear that the men have been meeting regularly for worship, and that the women have been diligently visited in their homes by the two Bible-women. We had a good gathering last Lord's Day, in the chapel, when a few outsiders were present, as well as the Christians. There are a few enquirers also. I think there is much here to gladden one's heart and yet not a little to sadden.

"We hope to go to Fu-k'iang soon, where the Ko-lao Huei is in great strength and breathing out slaughter and threatenings against the Church."

Kiang-si Province.

BY MISS CORA A. PIKE.

Huang-ki-ling.—The first month after Miss Gibson and I returned to Ho-keo, we spent the time visiting the out-stations that we might know how the country Christians had stood during the months we were all at the coast. Soon afterward, Miss Leffingwell arrived to spend the summer with us, and a short time ago, Miss Hall returned, so that our family now numbers four. Since the first month of visiting, I have been in Ho-keo about three weeks of the time; the others were out visiting, and the station was left to my charge. Last week, Thursday, it seemed best for me to make another trip out, so I left for this out-station, about twenty-five miles from Ho'keo. Accompanied by Mr. Ren, our Christian teacher and helper, and Mrs. Ting, the Bible-woman, we started about seven o'clock in the morning. After two months in the central station, it was a pleasure to get out into the country again, and the foliage everywhere was a beautiful green after the recent rain. About eighteen miles from Ho-keo, is Hu-fang, where we also have a station. I spent Thursday night there. Although it was not their regular meeting night, the Christians and several enquirers gathered for a service. The next morning, they also came for a service before I left. With the promise that I would spend a Sunday with them when I returned, I left them and came on to Huang k'i-ling.

In spite of the rain all day Sunday, the chapel here was more than full, several sitting outside under the projecting roof. About twenty new enquirers were present. Ten men, two women and one little boy at the afternoon service, repeated the whole or part of 1 Cor. 12. This they have learned since our last visit. I enquired the reason of so many enquirers coming since the new year. They all seem to be well-to-do, nice people, some shop-keepers from the street. The native helper said that last year they were protected and kept during the trouble, and these people feel that it must have been the true God that protected them. So since the new year they have been coming to worship. The work now to be done, is to teach them; they come, but the truth of the Jesus doctrine has not entered their hearts. It is the same in Hu-fang—new enquirers coming regularly to the services. I would ask special prayer for these, that the native Christians may themselves rise to the occasion, and faithfully teach them; and that as they are taught, the Holy Spirit may reveal Jesus to them as their Saviour.

It is more and more apparent to me as I mingle with the natives, that the foreigners' duty is to teach the truth by life and word, and let the Holy Spirit work it out in them, while we stand at one side to guide and direct where they because of ignorance or lack of experience, fail to see the best course of action. Every day is so full, that it is difficult to decide which duty demands first attention. We have had some very warm weather, but a few days of rain have cooled the atmosphere. More women came this afternoon to be taught. One woman sixty-two years old, very active and energetic, learned very quickly what we taught her. Late in the afternoon, the Bible woman and I went to a village about a mile away to visit one of the Christian women who has had a shock, and one side of her body is affected. She can never speak so as to be understood, but at first she was unable to walk; she is now able to walk to the chapel to service. We had a little prayer and singing in the home. When I asked her what hymn she would like us to sing, she said, "There is a Gate that Stands Ajar." If there had been time, we could have spent several hours in the village, telling the Gospel. In fact, I was scarcely able to get back before dark, as the Bible-woman wanted to stop and speak to every woman she met, exhorting them to repent and worship. She never seems to tire of telling the Jesus doctrine, no matter to whom or in what place. I have seldom seen a person so constantly faithful in telling the Gospel as she.

Cheh-Kiang Province.

BY MR. CHARLES FAIRCLOUGH.

T'ien-t'ai, August 23rd.—"I am glad to state that renewed interest in the Gospel is being aroused in the Tsing-deo-tsiang district and in the villages amongst the hills. I regret to say that the old native doctor, who I believe was one of the mainstays of the Church there in former times, has just been called away. He was undoubtedly a man of prayer. The day before yesterday, I went to conduct the funeral service, and it was most gratifying to hear the crowd of people who assembled all speaking of this man's faith in God and how 'his' God really did answer his prayers. Just before he died, he sent a message to me that he was now about to leave this world, but that he was full of joy in the great hope which he had for the future. He also left strict instructions that the funeral was to be left to me, to arrange according to the Bible. This bright witness for the Lord, I feel, will be a great loss to the district; but it may be that God will raise up many more, whose hearts have been touched by the testimony of this faithful one."

Monthly Notes.

THE AUTUMN REINFORCEMENTS FROM ENGLAND—The total number of Missionaries who are sailing, or have already sailed for China from England this autumn in connection with the C.I.M. is 76. Of these 60 are returning and 16 are new workers. It is interesting to know that the 60 returning have already rendered an aggregate of 655 years of service to China, or, within a fraction, an average of eleven years each. But for the fact that some of those returning came home sooner than usual, in consequence of the Boxer troubles, the average would have been higher still. What a testimony to the faithfulness of God these figures are! Shall we not give praise for all that has been accomplished, and ask that the years to come may be abundantly more fruitful than those now past?

The party of our Missionaries which sailed from Seattle on October 1st, safely arrived in China on October 23rd.

We are glad to say that another party of new Missionaries hope to sail for China from Seattle, on Dec. 3rd. This time two fully qualified medical men, Dr. John MacWillie, of Toronto, and Dr. Walter T. Clark, of London, Ont. Dr. MacWillie has been waiting since last year, as owing to the troubles in China, he was unable to proceed, while Dr. Clark was accepted this summer for service in China. They sail (D.V.) on the above date by the Kinshu Maru from Seattle, and we hope to give their pictures in our December issue.

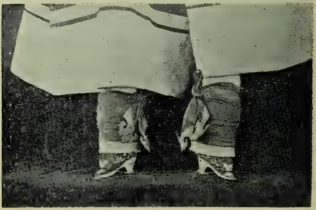
Mrs. Stott who came from Australia to this country last April, and who has been doing much valued deputation work both in United States and Canada, sails in the beginning of December per the S. S. Umbria for England. After a summer in England, she expects to return next September and make her headquarters in Toronto. During her stay here she has had large and appreciative audiences, and many who have been blessed by her words, will now follow her by their prayers.

We had intended publishing in this issue a letter from Mr. Frost, giving details regarding the new branch of the work in Philadelphia. Mr. Frost has been unable to let us have the letter for this month, but we hope to have it in the December issue. Meanwhile we are glad to give the address of the office in Philadelphia, and also that of Mr. Frost, which is, 702 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Philanthropy in Missions" is the title of a small but very effective book, that ought to be in the hands of all Missionaries. It is one of the Ecumenical Missionary Conference studies, and contains in 70 pages, the gist of the deliberations at that famous Conference. Under such headings as, "Personal Presentation of the Gospel," "Medical Work," "Educational Work" are focussed the suggestions and experiences of those who took part in these meetings. It is a veritable handbook to missions, and we strongly recommend everyone interested in missions to procure it. The price is only 25 cts., and it can be had from Foreign Mission Library, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

We would like to draw the attention of our readers to our list of publications on the outer page. These publications are sent post free at the prices named. Many of the booklets are suitable for distribution, or putting in letters and thus often be the means of stirring up interest in the missionary cause. The books by Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, have been of untold blessing to many, and the "Retrospect," a short account of his own life is of perennial interest, as showing from what small beginnings the Mission has sprung. The little book "In Deaths Oft," contains the detailed account of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Green's escape from the Boxers. Mrs. Howard Taylor's book, "One of China's Scholars," is full of details as to the education and bringing up of an educated Chinaman, showing much insight into the varied life of a Chinese scholar. This book has been well recommended by the press in both America and England.

There seems to be much doubt, as to the future residence of the Court of China. From the telegrams we learn that the Emperor and Empress Dowager and all their retinue have arrived at K'ai Feng Fu, the capital city of Honan, a place of very great strength and wealth. Whether the Royal progress will be continued to Peking remains to be seen. In any case their coming back from their western retirement will be fraught with vast issues for China's weal or woe. It may be that the Empress has learned nothing and forgotten nothing, but surely surrounding her there are those for whom the past events must have had very significant lessons, and who will use their influence to mould the future of China.



HOW THE FEET ARE BOUND IN CHINA.

An Open Letter.

To The Friends of The Mission,

Beloved Fellow-Workers: —

Ever since the work of the China Inland Mission in North America was begun, in 1889, it has been recognized by those responsible for its management that the location of its official centre at Toronto, was but the beginning of the development which was likely to take place upon this continent, and that, ultimately, the Mission would need a centre in the United States as well as the one established in Canada. The guidance to Toronto, and the making of the Mission Home and Offices there the centre of the work of the Mission for North America, was so clear that there has never been any doubt that this was the preliminary step which God desired us to take; and this guidance has been confirmed by many tokens of favor granted to us during the twelve years of service which have followed. But alongside of this experience, there has been ever increasing evidence, and therefore an ever increasing conviction, that the impression first formed concerning extension and enlargement, were also of the Lord. Hence, for all the years we have been located in Toronto, and more particularly for ten years past, our thoughts, and prayers, and hopes, have been in the direction of opening another centre somewhere in the States, to be to the work in that section of America what Toronto had become to the work in Canada. And what God had thus put, and has thus kept in mind and heart, has at last been realized.

The particular reason why we have felt, especially of late, that God would have us extend the work, and that the time for such extension had come, has been the following:— it is the fact that, in spite of our being located in Canada, our chief development has taken place in the United States, three fourths of our constituency now being in that territory. This condition gave rise to not a little difficulty in the management of Mission affairs, our centre in Toronto being so far removed from the area in which the larger number of friends of the Mission lived as to put us considerably out of touch with them, and themselves out of touch with us. For this reason there has been, on our part, an increasing sense of need to be nearer to those whom we were serving and who were serving us, and also, on their part, there has been a growing desire to have us closer at hand. For the last two years, therefore, in a particular way, we have felt constrained to seek God's guidance as to what His will was in the matter; and our petitions have often been breathed in His holy presence, to the end that He would not only indicate to us if a centre in the States should be opened, but also when and where it should be.

The deputation work of Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor, carried on in the States last winter and summer, first in the colleges and then in churches and in conferences, brought the need of a United States centre before us even more prominently than it had been before. The more God blessed these dear friends in their service—and that blessing from first to last was a very large one—the more it became necessary to stand behind them with such provision of office arrangements as would facilitate their labors. Hence, at last, since it was impossible to be the help to them from Canada that we could be from some point nearer at hand, we felt that the Lord had given, in this need, the guidance for which we had asked, both as to whether a new Mission centre should be established, and as to the time when it should be begun. There only remained in mind, subsequent to this, the question of location.

As to the place in the States where the new centre should be opened, we had providential guidance from the fact that by far the larger part of our American constituency was located in the east, in and about the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. This made it evident, if we were to come closely into touch with our American friends, and were to satisfy their desire to have us near at hand, that we must locate somewhere in the centre of these places. Thus the cities of New York and Philadelphia came prominently into mind. Later, after studying the matter in connection with a personal visit to these cities, we became convinced that Philadelphia was the more favorable of the two centres, both because it was the more economical place in which to live, and because its location was rather more central, as related to all the cities mentioned, and to the east at large, than the other city in consideration. This judgment became confirmed, subsequently, by warm and loving invitations being extended to us from friends in and near Philadelphia, such as did not come to us from other eastern points, and also, by a remarkable and opportune providence, the offer of a beloved donor to purchase for us, if we should decide upon Philadelphia as a centre, a commodious and comfortable house at Norristown, near that city, to serve as a Mission Home. Thus finally, we were persuaded that God had heard and answered prayer to the full. We had waited upon Him for ten years; the time of His answer had at last come; and we found, as ever, that a peculiar blessing was in reserve for those who should wait, not only upon God, but also for God. Now that His time had fully come, we were not left to walk in darkness, nor even in the shadows; we had light full and effulgent upon our path, and we could go forward, knowing that we were in the way of the Lord, and that His full blessing would be upon us. So the decision to take the long meditated step was definitely reached, and the place of location was decided upon. In two days, our generous friend had purchased us a beautiful home at Norristown, a large colonial house, standing among great trees, and surrounded with lawns and gardens; and in another day, offices were rented in the centrally located, and well-known Witherspoon Building, in Philadelphia.

It had always been our thought, if such a development as the above should take place, that we, as a family, might remain in Toronto. But, while the Lord had done so much for us in guidance and outward provision, He had not raised up anyone to undertake the secretarial duties at Philadelphia, and it soon became evident that we should have to remove to the east, and that I should have to assume these responsibilities. One was loath to face this fact, in view of what it meant to us personally in leaving Toronto. But the claim of God was so apparent, that we could not hesitate. It was finally determined, therefore, that we should take up our residence in the new home at Norristown, and that our personal service should largely centre, henceforth, in and about Philadelphia.

The decisions which have been reached, and the removal of ourselves to the east, have given rise to the fear that it is our intention to abandon the work in Toronto. May we say that there is no such purpose in view. We are convinced that God, Himself, established the Mission in Toronto, and that it is He who has developed the work of the Mission which now exists in and about that centre. In view of this, we can have no thought of turning backward from it. On the contrary, it is our intention to do all that in us lies to increase the work which has been so blessedly begun. We believe that Canada has much to give to China, and it is our ardent hope that the Mission may be made the means, by God's grace, of making the one country a blessing to the other. We purpose, therefore, to strengthen the work in Canada as fully and speedily as possible, especially by securing for it the presence of helpful deputation workers, who will make known the needs of China to those devoted Canadian Christians, who only need information in order that they should be inspired to the holy service of praying, giving and going. In establishing the centre in Philadelphia, we are simply dividing the responsibility relating to a large territory, with the hope of being able thus, to give better service to each. For the present, Mr. Helmer will remain in charge of the work at Toronto, and may be reached there by correspondents as formerly. In passing, we would bespeak for this beloved brother, as for his beloved wife, the earnest prayers of our friends.

According to the decisions noted above, we have transferred our personal residence to the east, and are now located in the home at Norristown, and in the offices at Philadelphia. We shall be exceedingly glad to greet at the one place and the other any friends who may find it convenient to call upon us, and to welcome to our Friday evening prayer-meeting at Norristown, those who may find it possible to be in that city at that time. Correspondents from the States—and those from all quarters who wish to reach me personally—should address me hereafter at the new offices, 702 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

We would earnestly beseech the many friends, who have upheld our hands in the service of the Lord, so faithfully and so lovingly, and for so long a time, to still further remember us. Words cannot describe our feeling of helplessness as we go forward into this new and large venture of faith, and we trust that we shall not be left to stand alone, but that we shall be upheld and strengthened by the prayers of those who are laborers together with us. Through God we may do valiantly. But this will only be as we learn afresh, before our new and larger need, to abide in Him, and to count upon His love, and faithfulness, and power. Will our friends kindly ask, for the glory of the name of Christ, and for the salvation of precious souls in China, that our lives may be made complete in Christ, in whom is all the fulness of God. Thus shall our united desires be realized, in this new service and in all the service of the Mission;—the work of the Mission will be further prospered, the needy land of China will be increasingly blessed, and the coming of our Lord, for the establishment of His universal kingdom on earth, will be hastened.

With grateful thanks for all you have been and are to us, and with fervent prayers that the Lord's recompense may be yours, both now and in "that day,"

I remain,

Your faithful servant in Christ,

HENRY W. FROST.

In Memory of Dr. Lesslie M. Sweetnam.

FOR the third time in the history of the work of the Mission in this country, our Council has been bereft of one of its members. In the year 1889, the Lord removed from our midst, Mr. William Gooderham, of Toronto, and again, in 1898, He took from us Mr. Edmund Savage, of Hamilton. The same sovereign hand has now taken from us, our beloved medical examiner and adviser, Dr. Lesslie M. Sweetnam, of Toronto. Stricken in the prime of life — at only forty-two years of age — and in the midst of successful service, his death has come to a multitude of friends as a great shock and blow; and to no one, outside of his immediate connections, does it fall more sadly and heavily, than upon us.

DR. LESSLIE M. SWEETNAM.

Dr. Sweetnam was brought into connection with the Mission in the year of its establishment in the city of Toronto. Visiting the Mission Home to serve, medically, one who was then resident with us, he enquired as to the use of the Home, and became at once interested in the Mission which it represented. A few days after, he sent word that he would be glad to serve us in any way possible; and for twelve years, he fulfilled the generous expression of this desire, by faithful, loving and unremitting service, in the examination of Mission candidates, and in professional help given to returned Missionaries and to the staff located in the Mission Home. During all these years almost all the Mission candidates were examined by him, and his advice was so wise and helpful, not only in respect to their physical condition, but also in regard to their general preparedness, that we had come to depend largely upon the counsel which he might give us from these two standpoints. In addition to this, through his skilled practice, not a few of our returned Missionaries were led from physical weakness to physical strength, and their lives were thus preserved for work in China. And still, in addition, more than one member of our Mission family, owe, under God, the continuance of life itself to his professional ministry. Through a connection so intimate and helpful, this beloved physician had become far more to us than an esteemed practitioner; he was loved as a brother and friend.

Through close association with Dr. Sweetnam, and through standing beside him at some of the darkest passages of his life — especially when he lost his only child and his beloved father — we had come to know that deeper part of his spiritual life which the average person had little opportunity of discovering. The heavy afflictions referred to, together with a serious illness which he passed through in 1895, left him older in experience than he was in years, and in his case, sorrow and suffering had their perfect fruit, in the ripening of his Christian character and in educating him to a large-hearted service both toward God and man. In some way or other, probably as a result of the deaths and critical illness referred to, he seemed to have a premonition that his service in this life, would not be for long, and more than once he made reference to this. It was evident, on this account, that he was living under the power of another world, and with the thought in mind that he must do all that he could for God and men in the short time of service allotted to him. The spiritual aspect of the constraint which was thus upon him, expressed itself in the high conception which he had of his medical and surgical practice, and also in the way in which he rendered it. We are told that he never went to an operation, but that first of all he bent the knee in prayer before the Lord whom he served and upon whom he depended. We know it is a fact, too, that, though largely called upon by the best and richest families for professional ministry, his practice was even more largely among the poor, who had nothing to return to him but their thanks and love. And we know by blessed experience, that his services for the Mission had no other motive than that of glorifying God and of helping mankind to the ends of the earth, for, while he was ever ready to respond to our calls, he always absolutely refused compensation of any kind. Thus he served to the end of his life. His last act of ministry was to a poor man in the hospital, without promise of reward, who had sent for him when his condition gave little hope of successful issue in surgical operation, the wounds made by the shot of a gun being already gangrened. The Dr. had had recently one hundred successful capital operations, but he said the day before he went to this one: "I shall not be successful to-morrow; poor fellow, he has come to me too late"; and for this young man he laid down his life. After the operation, blood-poisoning set in, and though he went at once to the well-known Johns Hopkin's Hospital, in Baltimore, and received there the most faithful and expert aid, he passed away upon the morning of Wednesday, December 11th. It was a fitting close, in spite of the intense sadness of it, to a life, which from the beginning, had given itself in sacrifice for men. The funeral was held in Toronto, on Friday, December 13th, and was attended by a large concourse of representative and sorrowing friends. The body, which had been so often weary in life was laid at rest in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, beside that of Aileen, the precious daughter who had passed away eight years before.

At the last meeting of the Council of the Mission, Dr. Sweetnam's death was announced to the brethren gathered together, and remarks appreciative of his character and service, were made by several present. The sorrow and suffering of the bereaved widow were not forgotten, and a special season of prayer was held in tender remembrance of her. Subsequently the following Resolution was read and approved:

"The members of the Council of the China Inland Mission have heard with deep sorrow of the death of their beloved brother and fellow-laborer, Dr. Lesslie M. Sweetnam. Having been associated with him for twelve years in service, in behalf of the Mission and of China, and having seen the beauty and self-sacrifice of his life, not only in this service, but also in general Christian service in connection with his professional career, particularly in his ministry to the poor, they had formed a high conception of his character and had come to hold him in most loving esteem. For this reason, they desire to put on record their appreciation of all he was and did, and to offer their profound sympathy to those who mourn his loss.

"Be it resolved, therefore, that we record the deep sense of loss which this Council and the China Inland Mission have sustained; that we acknowledge our fervent gratitude to God our Father, for the fellowship we have enjoyed with our brother and for the example he has set before us of a high, noble and generous Christian manhood; and that we express our ardent sympathy with the friends and relatives who have been so sadly bereft, and especially for the stricken and now widowed wife, whom we affectionately and prayerfully commend to the comforting of God."

Adopted unanimously at the meeting of the Council upon December 19, 1901.

Resuming Work in Honan.

BY MR. EDWARD G. BEVIS.

SIANG-HSIEN, September 16, 1901.—You will doubtless be glad to see by the above address, that after a year's absence, the Lord has opened the way to this province. You will have received my letter written from Kan-cheo. I did not know then how soon the way would open to Honan. It proved to be but a short period of three months. During that time Mr. Horne, along with Messrs. Craig and Tyler, with myself, had blessed times together, for those months were filled up with many trying things, and the prospect looked very dark several times. Hence we were drawn together in a special way for prayer and counsel over the difficulties that faced us. Later, after the telegrams came regarding the Emperor's speedy return to Peking, things became more settled. During these months, however, we were able to carry on our inside meetings, etc. I was able also, to finish my study on, and pass my third examination. It was a great privilege to see them all again. Some of the Christians made very marked advance in the Christian life in our absence, and I never knew I had such a place in their hearts till I came to leaving them. The parting from some I shall never forget. May God richly bless them, and greatly add to their numbers. I trust also, that God will send more laborers into that needy field. I received a wire from Mr. Stevenson on July 16th, asking me to join the first Honan party at Hankow. I left Kan-cheo on July 22nd and reached Hankow August 1st. Messrs. Gracie, Shearer, Lack and myself left there by boat for Fan-ch'eng on August 9th. We had a fairly comfortable journey, considering it was midsummer, and reached Fan-ch'eng August 23rd. We have been well cared for by the officials all the way, and several of the Honan Mandarins have treated us with the most marked kindness and attention. We arrived at Shae-k'i-tien on September 5th, and got a splendid reception from the officials and gentry of the place. We stayed with them five days, and held several meetings every day with the Christians and inquirers. There were many difficulties to face regarding the losses of the Christians and it was wonderful to see how the Lord worked for us. The officials so far have proved willing to act on behalf of the Church, the matter being put wholly in their hands. We got here on the 13th inst., and did not get such a warm reception as at the last place, but things are very satisfactory. We had three big meetings on Sunday, and there is much to encourage us. I shall have to close now. The few days at each station are completely filled up. We shall be travelling for over a month yet, then Mr. Gracie and myself expect to return here for a time.

Vera Green—A Child Martyr.

BY MISS GREGG.

Address at Annual Meeting of C. I. M. in London.

THIS afternoon I want, with God's help, to tell you a little bit about one, perhaps, of the youngest of the martyrs who laid down their lives in North China. I mean little Vera Green. Almost before that little darling could toddle I have seen her dragging the chairs along and putting them in a row, and then standing before them with her little hymn-book in her hand and singing; and then she has knelt down in her childish way, has buried her little face in her hands and prayed. Perhaps she did not know what she was doing then, but I do know that her greatest joy was to sing and to hear about the love of Jesus.

One night, before we left our home, her mother was putting her to bed. The child called her to her side and said: "Mother, darling, I have given my heart to Jesus." Yes, and I believe that little one really was one of Jesus' little lambs.

It was about midnight on the 5th of July that our little home was broken up and we fled to the mountains. We were not a very large party, only Mrs. Green and the two children—little Vera, who was just under five years old, and little John, under three years old—and myself. Just before leaving, Mrs. Green took Vera aside and told her what we were going to do and that we should have to leave home, and tried to comfort her little heart. We thought that, if she knew, to a certain extent it would help her in keeping quiet when we wanted her to be quiet. On that 5th of July at midnight she seemed to understand the position. She never murmured at all as she was carried out from that home in the arms of one of our servants, out of the city and up the country road, and away into a high mountain.

A MISSIONARY SANITARIUM AMONG THE HILLS OF CHINA.

SHE WAS FOND OF SINGING.

As you may imagine, it was very difficult, because she was so very fond of singing, to keep her and little John quiet, all those weary, weary weeks of hiding. Many an hour have I stood beside that little girl, telling her Bible stories. There was one story above all others that she loved to hear. She would say: "Aunty, tell me about

Jesus dying on Mount Calvary"; and over and over again we hold her of the wonderful love of God. One day, as we sat together, I told her about the soldiers nailing the hands of our blessed Lord, and I turned to her and said: "Yes, darling, this was because God loved us." She wept as if her little heart would break, and said: "Did He really love us as much as all this?" Oh, the love of God! How I learnt to know more of the love of God in that month of hiding! Why, that little child led me into a secret that I shall never forget all my life! She taught me as no one ever did of the love of God.

Early in August our hiding-place was suddenly surrounded by a band of armed Boxers, and the cries of those children were piteous to hear; they pierced us through and through. When we told them that very soon perhaps they would be with Jesus, it seemed to quiet all their fears, and they were quite restful and happy to know that they would go and be with Jesus, whom they loved.

For some unknown reason the men did not kill us, but took us as prisoners to the capital—Pao-t'ing Fu. On the way darling little Vera touched the hearts of those men; she played with them and she talked with them, and they sometimes bought her a piece of water-melon, or a few nuts, or a cake. The Chinese Mandarin at Pao-ting Fu decided to send us down to Tien-tsin. But we were really handed over to a band of Boxers. However, God had His purpose for us, and he used this darling child to save our lives. She had won the hearts of those people. They made us leave the boat and get on the bank, and as she stepped on the bank this dear child turned round, and in her Chinese way, put her little hands together and gave them a Chinese bow and thanked them. What did we see? Why we saw tears roll down the cheeks of the head Boxer of all and the boats glided by and we were left standing on the bank of that river. Very soon after being set free by this band of Boxers, we were captured by another and fiercer band, who beat us, and tied us up and carried us on poles to their meeting-house. The children were tied up, too, and they were taken to the meeting-house. When we got there we looked for the children, and we heard their cries. They had been taken to a room, and the Boxers could not quiet them at all, and so they untied their hands and their feet, and we saw those little children going across the wet, muddy courtyard to their mother. Little Vera soon forgot her own trouble. She trotted across the courtyard, and she saw her mother lying on the ground there, in the wet mud, and she went to her and with her little hands stroked her mother's face and tried to comfort her. At this place we were kept in that temple for three weeks. Sometimes we knew what it was to be very, very hungry, and were so grateful to God when he sent us anything extra for the children. But whatever came in, it must always be divided amongst us. If it was only one apple we always had our bite of it. Mrs. Green was suffering from dysentry; in fact all the time she did not raise herself up from that temple floor. She was ill the whole three weeks. One day an apple was thrown to little Vera and she took it and gave it to her mother, but of course, her mother who was so ill did not take a very large bite of it, and Vera seemed concerned and said, "Oh, mother, you must take a bigger bite than that." Those little things—how they did help us! Those little gleams of sunshine in those dreary days seemed to bear us up and let us see, more than ever, that God is love. At the end of three weeks about one hundred Boxers determined to come and kill us, and those whose prisoners we were hid us in a very dark, damp, filthy room. Perhaps those were the darkest forty-eight hours that we ever spent in China. We almost seemed to lose our faith. And what, think you, cheered us up? That little child's words. As we were pent up in that dirty, filthy room, she said to her mother, putting her little hands into her mother's lap, "Why mother, we are like Paul and Silas: are we not?" A message from the living God to us. She often thought of her home and wondered when we were going back to it and to the toys she had left behind—the swing and her dolls particularly. We told her that we did not think she would have those things again, and her mother tried to make her understand that she was suffering for Jesus' sake. A very few days after that we were cast down, and she turned round to us and said, "Oh, mother, I am so glad that I am suffering for Jesus' sake." Here was our little one teaching us.

TIED UP BY THE BOXERS.

One day, while in Pao-ting Fu, we were sitting in the little bit of garden connected with the house, and talking of our long imprisonment and wondering when release would come. Vera, who was on the ground playing with the dirt with a little bit of stick, heard us, and, looking up, said, "Why, aunty, the Lord looseth the prisoners." Only a few days before we had been reading together Psalm 146, and we had taken as a promise and had taught the children that little text, "The Lord looseth the prisoners," and here, you see, the little learner had turned round on us; we accepted it as a rebuke from the Lord.

It pleased the Lord to gather that tired little lamb to His bosom. Just after she was five years old she died of dysentery while we were at Pao-ting Fu.

There are other things I should like to say about her, but I fear I cannot say them; but there is one thing that has impressed me—it is being burnt into my spirit—and it is this: the way of the Cross means sacrifice. Before we left our station there came round to us a little leaflet containing a hymn, entitled "The Way of the Cross." I do not know who sent it. This hymn took hold of me, and I have been asked to sing it to you. Often in those weary months I said that hymn to myself, "The way of the Cross means sacrifice." If you will listen, I should like to sing it to you, that God may bless it to your souls as He has done to our souls.

The complete story of Mr. and Mrs. Green's trials, entitled "In Deaths Oft," can be had from our offices; price 20 cents.

The First Iron Link with China—The Trans-Siberian Railway.

BY REV. C. A. MORGAN, B.A.

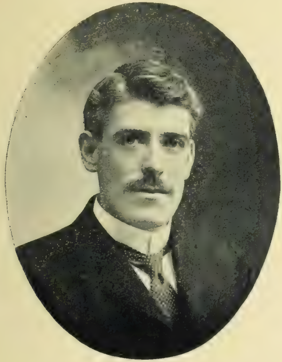
THE Empire of the North has been the first to boast of an iron link between the far East and the near West. H.I.M. Alexander III. was the founder of the great line, and now the present Czar has carried out its construction, and occupies the position of President of the Board of Directors. The correct way to speak of this enterprise is to apply the term "Trans-Siberian Railway" to that line only which connects Irkutsk with Samara on the Volga, a distance of about 2,625 miles. The latter place is well connected with other continental lines, making the journey from there to England only a matter of about five days. Having arrived at Samara, therefore, we may start on our journey eastward at this terminus of the Siberian Railway, reaching Irkutsk in about ten days. This may be still further shortened to about six days if the traveller makes use of the cars on the express trains provided by the "Campanie des Wagons Internationles."

At Irkutsk we start again by another line called the "Trans-Baikalian Railway." In this case our objective is Stretensk, a small town on the Shilka, a river which is tributary to the Great Amur. The journey is most varied and interesting, but owing to the difficult country, and also to the imperfect construction of the line, at least four days should be allowed for its performance.

At Stretensk, a river steamer will take us down to Blagovestchensk, and on to Khabarovka, where we can take the train by a third line named "The Ussuri Railway." By this we are carried in a southerly direction to Vladivostock, the great port of Eastern Siberia, where there is steam connection by fortnightly calls of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, or by the less regular calls of the English vessels, with Shanghai direct, or via Nagasaki.

The voyage down river should not occupy much more than a fortnight, and the third railway journey is usually performed in a day and a half. Five days should suffice for the sea journey of one thousand miles from Vladivostock to Shanghai. The whole time taken up by travelling would amount, therefore, to about forty days, but as much delay is caused by unpunctuality, and the crowded state of the traffic, we shall not be disappointed if we reach Shanghai in fifty days from London. As is the case in all journeys, not taken for pleasure, the matter of cost is of much weight. The total amount spent in fares and travelling expenses by rail and steamer in the writer's own case came to $150.

Incidental expenses caused by delays, hotels and provisions by the way, brought the expenditure en route up to something under $200. This sum should be ample to cover all requirements.


DR. WALTER T. CLARK, LONDON, ONT.

DR. JOHN MACWILLIE, TORONTO, ONT.

TWO OF OUR NEW MISSIONARIES.

No adequate description of this exceedingly interesting journey can be given here, but we may mention that Siberia is no sandy desert, but a fertile country of the Creator's own planting, scarcely seen by man, and a place where nature's wonders are in full beauty and grandeur. Missionaries who are suffering from the effect of the life in China, might greatly benefit by taking this route in returning to England.

It may be well to say here that missionary zeal has but few outlets in the Russian Empire. If its people do not like Missionaries it is because they do not understand them. Their own country was never evangelized by their agency, but Christianity, in its Eastern form, was established by the venerated Vladimir, and spread by the example, influence, and command of the lesser princes of that time.

No one who treats the Siberians in a proper manner need fear that they will not be a most warm-hearted, hospitable folk.

The Bible is sold in six languages at all the large towns, and is faithfully read by many. The writer may add that instead of coming amongst this people to preach or teach, it might be well for a God-fearing man to learn humbly what he can from these whose privileges are fewer, and light more dim than his own.

No man can look upon the unspeakable ravages of "Watke" (spirit) and be unmoved. This fiery liquor has wrought havoc and desolation among these simple country people both far and wide.

The Chinese abound in great numbers from Vladivostock to Irkutsk, and will be ready to interpret for a small fee, since they have acquired the language of Russia sufficiently to make themselves understood. The traveller will find Vladivostock a most remarkably situated town, with a beautiful natural harbor, all gay with the presence of the army and navy. Khabarovka is peopled chiefly with soldiers, but is not more than an overgrown village. The scenery on the Amur is sometimes very picturesque, but the Shilka more so on account of its sides being more mountainous. The Trans-Baikalian Railway affords exceptional views of country, and makes an ascent of some two thousand feet before descending again to the eastern shore of the lake Kaikal. This elongated strip of water is frozen most of the year, and is crossed by the great railway ferry and ice breaker, with the train safely stowed within its hull until it steams forth on the opposite shore bound for Irkutsk.

We must leave others to describe the dense forests with their open fields abounding in wild fruit, the great plains with luxuriant flowers and pasture, the immense lake district, teeming with wild fowl and game, the beautiful park-like plantations, extending hundreds of miles, and the kindred races and peoples, all assembled on the territory of the great Czar.

The comfort, cheapness, and interesting character of this journey may yet make it a channel for Missionaries to the east.

Country Work in Cheh-Kiang Province.

BY MRS. GRIERSON.

We have been staying here at 18th ward for the past week, having made a promise several months ago to our Christians here to come and teach them for a few days. We have a room in the large Chinese house where the Sunday services are held. The house is built around a court and is occupied by seven families, all more or less related to one another and nineteen of whom believe the Gospel.

Our work begins with a hymn and prayer all together, about 9 a.m., after which the men and women separate, Mr. Grierson taking up Luke with the former and I teaching a hymn and a chapter of Genesis to the women. We have a second session in the afternoon and all have prayers together in the evening with lessons from the Psalms. We labor under not a little difficulty in teaching here on account of the language. The people here all speak the Amoy dialect, although they are only seven miles from Bing-yie. They understand Wenchow fairly well, but they always read, sing and pray in their own dialect. There is fortunately a daughter in the house who reads the Chinese characters in the Amoy dialect very well, so I have her read the chapter over and explain any hard places where Wenchow is not plain to them. The girl is a purely native production, never having come in contact with foreigners. She has learned to read the characters better in the past four years than many Chinese do in ten, and she has never been to school or had a regular teacher. She is one of the most modest Chinese girls I ever saw. Unfortunately, she was betrothed before her parents were converted to an outsider and we are sorry to think of her going out to live among people who do not know the Gospel; but we hope and pray that she may be strong in the faith and be the means of leading her husband's family to the truth. We hope you will remember her in prayer. We hear that her husband and mother-in-law are not opposed to the Gospel, and have been quite willing for her to learn to read.

Our sympathy has gone out very much for the past two days to a young man, only twenty-two years old, who is trying to break off opium. He had gotten so low that, even the opium dens, knowing he was out of money, would no longer give him shelter. He spent one night in a deserted temple, where he found an empty coffin, in which he spent the night. At last he wandered home to his mother, who has been married a second time to one of the Christians living in this house and she has appealed to us for medicine to help him in breaking off this awful habit. He has gone three days now without his opium and has suffered more than we can realize. I thought yesterday when I saw him that I had never seen such an utter wreck. We pray that he may learn to trust the Savior, for without divine help I fear he cannot stand. I have been amazed at the large number of opium smokers I have found among those who come for medicine.

A FLOOD.

Day before yesterday, at the invitation of one of our Christians, I was induced to go to his house in a village some four or five miles distant to hold a meeting for the women. When the women here found out I was going they were eager to accompany me. As they all have bound feet (which I hope they may unbind soon)I had them start off early, the Biblewoman and I starting two hours behind them. After reaching our destination we had a very good meeting and started back about 3.30 p.m. It was raining slightly when we started, but we did not apprehend a heavy rain. When we had come about half way the rain came down heavily and the seven Chinese women with me began taking off their best clothing and folded it up to keep it from getting wet. (The Chinese always wear several suits of clothing except in very hot weather and think nothing of taking off an outer or inner suit during a Sunday service or when walking along the road when they get too warm.) We reached the stream in front of the village just at dark and the father of some of my companions, being a little in advance, crossed the stream just as the flood of water, caused by the swelling of the mountain streams on every side, came down and changed our innocent little rivulet to a rushing torrent. When the people here found he had arrived safely and heard that we were close behind, they all came down to the river to meet us, but alas! the situation was too critical, for they could not get to us and we could not cross over to them. After wandering up and down and shouting for a time we took refuge from the rain in a shed containing fired earth, which the Chinese farmers use for enriching their fields. It had a good thatched roof, but walls only on three sides and no floor. By this time it was pitch dark and we could not see each other's faces as we sat waiting for the abatement of the flood. By this time we were all more or less soaked as to our feet and lower garments and we did not much relish the idea of sitting in our wet clothing. The women soon transferred one of their garments to me to replace my wet bodice. The Biblewoman had fallen into a mud-hole and felt rather forlorn, as her garments were dirty as well as wet.

We had several prayers for deliverance and then we sang some Chinese hymns. In about two hours the water went down a good deal and the anxious friends on the other side came down with torches and tried to cross, but the risk was too great. After that we all sat down and made ourselves as comfortable as we could on the hard earth. The women robbed themselves of garments to cover me and sat shivering themselves. I should never doubt being kindly cared for by Christian Chinese in time of trouble, for they did everything they could for me during the night. Two of our party were little girls, only eleven years old, but they were as brave as could be and never complained of hunger or cold. We dared not sleep much, lest we get chilled, so we talked most of the night. Just before dawn, sleep overcame me and I slumbered peacefully, with my head resting on a soft heap of earth. One of the women unbuttoned her only remaining garment and spread half of it over me as I slept. Just at daybreak the friends came down again, but the water was still too deep, so we all started up the stream and at last spied a place where there was a bridge part way across the stream and the water flowing at the end of it was not very swift nor too deep for safety. The news was shouted across and a ladder brought to help us up the high boulder on which the bridge rested. The men carried us through water nearly to their waists and deposited us on the ladder, up which we climbed, with the assistance of friendly hands, and walked down the opposite side to our destination, a happy, though wet and hungry crowd. My husband met me with a basket of provisions and change of clothing, but I was then nearly to the house, so I preferred waiting until I reached the safe haven of our room. The anxious father and husbands had not slept all night, and my husband looked much more tired than I felt. How good the hot coffee did taste after our long fast, for we had eaten no supper the night before. I will not soon forget this place and my night by the river.

The Christians in this house were among those who had to flee to the mountains during the persecutions of last year and their house was nearly all torn down. It is good to see them all so firm in the faith in spite of those experiences.

We are expecting to go back to Bing yie on Monday and on to another out-station on Wednesday, to spend a week. If we return home on furlough next spring we will find it hard to pay all the visits we have planned.

Here a Little and There a Little.

BY MR. J. B. MILLER, T'ONG-LU

I CAME here early in March, and found everything very quiet and the people friendly. My first work was to try and get the house into habitable order, and second to settle down to the study of the Mandarin. Guests began to pour in upon me, and keep me fairly busy. Among my first visitors was the Military Mandarin, named Cheo, a Mohammedan, and since then he has proved himself a friend indeed. A year ago — rather more, for it was in May — I met the chief of the Mohammedans in this district at a village some thirty li from here. We had some conversation at the time, and then separated, not expecting to meet again. Shortly after my arrival her, this man Han — for that is his name — called upon me. He heard the foreigner had come, and said, "that must be Mr. Miller, whom I met last year; I know him." So he came to visit us, and he has been very often since. He lives with Cheo-da-ren. I had a long talk with him about the Gospel, and he said he meant to be a Christian. He has brought others to me, and recommends them to become Christians. The matter of how is he to live if he becomes a Christian, is his hindrance. He has been with me on the street bookselling and preaching as much of the Gospel as he knows, which is quite a lot. Another of my early visitors was Mr. Chen, Chao-da-ren's secretary. On may 3rd, he called and asked if there was any cure for opium smoking. I said there was one never-failing cure for opium smoking, and that was to repent of his sin and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and he would be saved. On Sunday, the 5th, he called again, and told me he really repented and believed on Christ. Mr. Hammond was with me, so we prayed for him and his countenance revealed that the Lord was at work. I gave him a bottle of Douthwaite's anti-opium tabloids, and from that day Mr. Chen has been free from opium, although he had smoked the drug for over sixteen years. No opium refuge is needed for the men who truly repent. He had no sickness after giving up the opium. I do praise God for a living Savior to present to sinners, and one who can save opium smokers on the instant. I have seen it more than once in China.

In June we had a big flood, and for days the town was half under water. The officials again proved their friendship. The Mandarin has been to America and Europe, and is a real fine fellow. Mr. Chen speaks of the officials as my "beloved brethren," so close is our friendship, from the Mandarin downwards.

SEEKING FOR LISTENERS.

Thinking that I had spent quite long enough in study, and as the people do not come to the chapel in sufficient numbers to satisfy me, I thought I would go to them. At the beginning of the month, I went forth to "storm the forts of darkness" by visiting the tea-shops and preaching on the streets as opportunities occurred. As I did not go out to sell books, but to preach, I only took a very few books with me to serve as an introduction. I found the people most willing to listen, and it was a real joy to hear men in different parts of the shop discussing the doctrine. Every day, about four p.m., I started forth, and returned home at about 7.30 p.m., full of praise to God for all His goodness. After a time, I thought someone might buy a New Testament, if they saw it, so I took a cloth bound one, and the first people I met were three Yamen officials, who looked at the New Testament, inquired as to its contents and price, and the three of them decided to buy one each. Mr, Chen on a visit saw me with a leather bound New Testament at forty cents Mexican, so he bought it and a Bible at sixty cents. Mr. Chen's other two secretaries have each a New Testament, and all three were at the meeting last Sunday afternoon.

SEEKING TO PRAY.

Recently on a visit from Mr. Chen, he asked me how to pray. I rejoiced inwardly at such a question, and as best I could, I told him how to pray. "Behold he prayeth," may be said of Mr. Chen. He is reading in Genesis just now. I was exhorting him a short time since to take a bold stand for God. "Go slowly, Mr. Miller," he said, "I don't know much yet, but you will help me, and I'll help you, and so we will get on." Shortly after, he and the leader of the Mohammedans came out on the street near their house, and sold books and told what they knew of the Gospel, Mr. Chen testifying to having been saved from opium. To-day, his (Mr. Chen's) eyes are very sore, and he is nearly blind. I don't know what is the matter with them. I called on him this morning, and he told me he had prayed to God twice about his eyes. I do verily believe he is seeking God. I covet him for Christ. He has bought a New Testament, and as he lay on his bed smoking opium, I lay on the other end preaching Jesus to him as a Savior from sin. He, too, means to give up opium smoking. The Mandarin has asked for Douthwaite's anti-opium tabloids, as he wishes to be saved from tobacco smoking. Pray that my visits to these officials may be fruitful in the conversion of some of them. Seven of them possess New Testaments. By constantly visiting them, and by their visiting me, I hope they will soon understand and acknowledge the claims of God. To-day Han-sfu called, and speaking of Chen-s-yia, he said, "Chen-s-yia is really honest; trust him, for he really believes in Jesus, and he has twice prayed about his eyes." That coming as it did from the head of the Mohammedans, gives me more faith in Chen-s-yia.

A soldier, an opium smoker, got saved from the drug two weeks ago, and he, too, bought a New Testament, and has been to the meeting. These are a few cases to pray for. T'ong-lu was hard to open; now it is really open, and there are an abundance of opportunities of preaching the Gospel.

By the time this reaches you, I hope to have begun visiting the other three Hsien towns and the Fu, in all of which there is as yet no resident witness for God. The field is large, and my desire is that I may be faithful, and then whether I visit all these towns, or stop in T'ong-lu, God's purpose will be accomplished. It is not the amount of work that we do, but the quality that God is concerned about. One may run hither and thither and be very busy about many things, and yet one's life may be a failure in the sight of God.

Dark Clouds on the Tibetan Border.

BY MR. C. POLHILL-TURNER.

DURING the present year our hearts have rejoiced at the successive re-opening of doors throughout China, closed during the time of the Boxer outbreak. First to districts near the coast; then to Si-ch'uen and the Western Provinces; next the remarkable reception of the special mission to blood-stained Shan-si, with the resulting wide opening of that Province to the Missionary; and, lastly, the removal of the prohibition to lady workers to return to their stations in Si-ch'uen. For all this we are most grateful to our heavenly Father, who Himself has done it. May I draw the attention of our praying friends, however, to one small portion of the field, access to which is still forbidden. I allude to Da-chien-luh, on the Si-ch'uen Tibetan border, around which, according to the last news we had, a local rebellion is still in progress, marauding bands scouring the country in search of loot and pillage, so that Mr. William Strong, who was on his way to Da-chien-luh, to re-open the work, has been detained at Sui-fu, the Consul forbidding him continuing the journey to the Tibetan frontier for the present. It will be remembered that last spring, at the same time that a Roman Catholic priest in the neighborhood of Da-chien-luh was caught and imprisoned, rebels entered our place, made off with all that they could lay hands on of our property, and then burned the Mission premises. So Mr. Amundsen and the late Mr. Soutter's work of nearly five months was destroyed in a few hours. This is the hour of darkness. Of the little Mission commenced four years ago so hopefully, what remains? The lamp of witness extinguished, the home destroyed, the workers scattered (one removed to higher service), the work, as far as human vision is concerned, chaos. Now is their hour, and the power of darkness! now triumphs the enemy; he has struck a swift and well-dealt blow at this recent effort on behalf of the Tibetans, with — judged merely from a human standpoint — complete success. From the commencement at Da-chien-luh the "adversary" has assailed us. We mourn the sudden removal through death of Mr. W. Soutter, and then of Mr. Radford; we reckoned that utmost faith and strength were taxed to cope with the terrible prevailing superstition, tradition, idolatry, fear of man, and iniquity; under ordinary circumstances the long and carefully-entrenched position was hard enough to storm; now the workers are driven from the position with loss, and scattered, and the enemy's advance guard bars the way to a return to the assault. Stormy skies still lower over the scene. Our comfort is: "Greater is He that is with us than they that be with them." God knows; God allows; God shall choose His own time, and then. . . . "mountains shall be removed and thrown into the midst of the sea," obstacles shall vanish, gates of brass shall be cut in sunder, peace shall reign in place of storm, bright skies succeed the cloud. Only for this God will be enquired of: "prayer moves the hand, that moves the world." Who will come to our help at this time of straitness and need? Where are those who will stand in the gap and repair the breach? When Israel was fighting the hosts of Amalek in the vale of Rephidim, we are told, "Moses, Aaron, and Hur went up to the top of the hill; and it came to pass when Moses held up his hand that Israel prevailed, and when he let down his hand Amalek prevailed." So let us learn the lesson that prayer has a present availing power with God in this world of activity and struggle. As Aaron and Hur "stayed up" Moses' hands, even so, will not you, who read these lines, help by your fellowship in prayer the workers for God in Tibet? We are confident that this shall turn out victoriously "through your prayer, and the supply of the Spirit of Christ." Brethren, pray for us.

A NATIVE OF TIBET.

Monthly Notes.

ORDERS CAN NOW BE TAKEN for the Annual Bound Volume of CHINA'S MILLIONS for 1901. Price, 50 cents.

As we shall soon be sending out the Prayer Union cards, members of the Prayer Union are specially requested to notify us at once of any change in their address, also their former address.

We would also remind our readers that all subscriptions for CHINA'S MILLIONS close with the last month of the year.

We hope to send forward another party of Missionaries with the opening of the year. This time three ladies will sail from Seattle on the 14th of January, on the "Kaga Maru". Miss Rose Palmer from Dunmore, Philadelphia, returning to China; Miss Lottie L. McMorran, from Toronto, and Miss A. Mildred Cable, from England, going out for the first time, constitute the party. Miss Palmer was one of the Missionaries who escaped from Shansi during the reign of terror there, and we are thankful that she feels so well as to be able thus soon to return to China.

We would draw the special attention of our readers to two features of this present number. The "Open Letter," by Mr. Frost, tells of the beginnings of the work in Philadelphia, and of the Lord's great goodness, both in His leadings and dealings. As a consequence of this extension of the work, additional necessary arrangements have been made in the adding of new Council members, also in the opening of additional offices. For these details see the inside of the cover.

. . . .

Also to many of us the picture of the beloved physician, the lamented Dr. Sweetnam, will be very welcome, as well as the article accompanying it.

It has been our custom hitherto in the closing number of the year to publish a detailed list of all our stations and work. Owing to the troubles in China, our work has to a large extent been disorganized, and consequently statistics have been difficult to obtain. In this connection we would like to quote a sentence from a letter sent out by Rev. J. W. Stevenson to the members of the Mission:

"Our fellowship in the C.I.M. has been consecrated in a very solemn way through the honor put upon our beloved brothers and sisters who are now wearing the martyr's crown, and it behooves us to pray that we may be worthy of such a heritage. The memory of those sainted and glorified ones calls us to the deepest contrition of heart for lack of love and devotion to Christ in the past, and to renewed taking hold of God and the resources He has so abundantly placed at our disposel for the maintaining of our own spiritual life and for the efficient discharge of the weighty responsibility committed to us. Through the faith and toil of the Lord's honored servants in past years, we are now established within reach of the unsaved masses of this land. Our opportunity is almost unique in the history of Christian Missions. Whilst asking forgiveness for our manifold mistakes in the past, do we not need, as never before, to earnestly and in faith unite in seeking for grace that we may rise to the possibilities of the future?

One of the notable signs of the times in China is the springing up of a great demand for literature of all sorts. Already there is manifest some such spirit as existed at the time of the famous edicts of the Emperor. Even the Empress Dowager has issued an edict which is remarkable for its reforming tone. New printing presses are being set to work and old ones being run to their utmost capacity. Book shops are alive with customers, and it is difficult to supply the demand. All this augurs well for the future, especially as the Christian societies for the printing and diffusion of distinctively Christian literature are fully alive to the occasion.

The work recently inaugurated in Philadelphia and Norristown has been prospered from its inception. The new Mission Home at Norristown has been found delightfully suitable in every particular, and the new offices in the Witherspoon Building in Philadelphia, are proving entirely serviceable. Many friends in and around Philadelphia have expressed by letter or in person, their hearty welcome to the Mission in locating in the States, and not a few have added to this their practical offer to help the cause the Mission represents in every way possible. We are devoutly thankful to God for thus making our way, in this new undertaking, an open and easy one, and we trust that the gracious favor which has been so markedly with us at the beginning may continue with us to the end. We earnestly ask the prayers of our friends for this new part of our service.

The sad news has reached us of the falling asleep of Mr. Henry B. Gibbud, of Springfield, Mass. Mr. Gibbud was one of our oldest personal and Mission friends, and one who was, because of many gifts and graces, greatly beloved. Through his work in New York City as an all-night Missionary, and more lately, through his Mission work at Syracuse, Springfield, and in the hop-fields of the State of New York, as also through his substitute-work in behalf of the foreign field, he was widely known and deeply valued. Our beloved friend was a man who gave himself without restraint to God and to his needy fellowmen, and with remarkable ability, he devised new and original ways to reach the outcast and fallen. There have preceded him into the glory, hundreds who were led to Christ through his instrumentality, and there are hundreds more on earth, who were saved and blessed through his life and ministry, who mourn his loss. His funeral at Springfield, upon the 9th, inst., was largely attended, and those who were there say that its keynote from beginning to end was that of triumph and praise. We offer our heartfelt sympathy to the widow and daughter, who have been the ever faithful companions of the husband and father's loving and self-denying service. May the comforting of God be theirs!

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